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THE SCENE OF THE RIOTS IN CHINA :

TWELVE HUNDRED MILES ON THE YANGTZE-KIANG.

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RISING in the eternal ice-fields of the Tibetan plateau, draining, but little lower in its course, a considerable portion of the Kuenlun range of mountains,—for from these distant peaks the three rivers of Nameitu, Toktani, and Ketsi flow into the main stream, augmented by the many torrents and rivers of Se-chuen, and in its lower course the recipient of hundreds of tributaries, one of which alone, the Han river, though it mixes its waters with the Yangtze at a spot six hundred miles from the sea, is itself navigable in summer for six hundred miles,—the Yangtze-Kiang, or, as it is often called by the Chinese, the Ta-Kiang, or great river, holds a place second to none in the rivers of Asia. In length three other Asian rivers surpass it, the three so little known, the

Yenesei, the Lena, and the Obi. Yet, in spite that it ranks only fourth of the rivers of its continent in size, the area drained by it is so large and of such vast population, while the traffic upon its waters, in a country where there are no railways, and where roads are but few, owing to the enormous number of canals and streams that have to be crossed, is so important, that it may be stated without exaggeration that regarding its utility to the natives of China, and the facility rendered by it to trade and travel, it can compare with any other river in the world.

The recent outbreak against Europeans has turned Western attention prominently toward the towns on the Yangtze; and very soon after the voyage up its course, which I am now going to describe, several

of the towns which I visited were invested with a painful interest through the ill-treatment inflicted upon European residents by the Chinese mobs; and among the victims of their atrocity were some who were my fellow-passengers on the cruise.

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The clock in the great club at Shanghai told us it was time to embark; for although our steamer was not to leave the landing stage on the *bund* before the early morning tide, yet we had made up our minds on the recommendation of friends to sleep on board, rather than have to leave our comfortable beds and embark at the unearthly hour of between two and three o'clock in the morning.

The club porter hailed two jinrikshas, for our luggage had been already sent on board. A dozen long and lanky betailed Chinamen galloped up to the door, rattling their jinrikshas behind them. Longer and lankier than ever appeared the sober Celestial under the white glare of the electric light. The *bund* was deserted, except for the little group round the club door, and here and there a native policeman or a European hurrying home from a dinner at a smart walk, for the night was cold. A jinriksha rattles down the street, otherwise Shanghai has gone to bed and to sleep. We settle ourselves in our hand-carriages, the coolies raise the shafts, the porter tells them where to go to, and we are off, breaking the silence of the still autumn night with the rattle of the wheels. What a scurry down the *bund*, with its merchants' palaces and banks on one side, and its wide walk, shaded by trees and the river, on the other, and with the electric light throwing its unnatural glare over all!

The jetty! Our coolies stop with a jerk; we alight. There is no difficulty to be experienced in finding our steamer. From the landing-stage we step straight on board. On the gangway we are met by a most respectable creature, a wizened Chinaman, who might, judging from his appearance, be any age from fifty to a hundred, with a small round black cap on his head, and tortoise-shell spectacles, large enough, one would suppose, to see all the world through, on his nose. On the crown of his black cap he wears a red button. He is therefore ennobled. My

companion, A., with that delightful gift of casual indifference to everything which he possesses to perfection, not being read in the mysteries of the ratios of Chinese rank to colored buttons, accosted this lofty Celestial with an insurpassable *sang froid*—

"Boy! where are our cabins?"

My one hope was that he did not understand English. He, the lofty mandarin, to be addressed as "boy." I trembled! A.'s familiarity, not to say almost vulgar way of addressing the potentate, took my breath away. He had got us into the scrape, and no doubt it would fall to me to drag us both out again. Imagine my relief when I discovered that, probably following the old adage that the exception proves the rule, A. had made no mistake, and that this *was* the steward. His being ennobled was later explained to me. He had passed the lowest of the literary examinations, had been presented with the rank represented by a red button, and made a contract with the steamship owner to run the catering department at so much per head for each passenger. Whether owing to his literary attainments, or to the fact that the stewards under him whom he had to provide by his contract were as near perfection as one could imagine servants to be, I know not; but certain it is that a most excellent steward he was, and his whole department on board was managed with extraordinary success.

The Yangtze steamers leave nothing to be desired, unless it is longer passages in them. They steam fast, almost too fast; the cabins are light and airy, and all on deck; the food is of the very best, and above one's bunk are hung innumerable arms, rifles, cutlasses, etc., in case of an attack by pirates,—a precaution about as useful as the fastening of cork belts to the roof in the cabins of some of the large mail-steamers. These boats are for the most part three-deckers, and many are built with the old-fashioned beam-engine, which takes the form of a gigantic seesaw, protruding from the uppermost deck.

So quietly we left the jetty at Shanghai that neither A. nor myself woke, and when we rose the following morning the sun was shining brightly, and we had left the Hoang-pu river and the Woo-sung forts at its junction with the Yangtze far behind, and were steaming at the rate of some fourteen knots an hour, in spite of the strong tides and current, through the

muddiest water I think it has ever been my lot in life to look upon. So thick did the concoction appear that it seemed almost a possibility to get out and walk on its surface. Before the days of my initiation into the regions of Chinese rivers I had been wont to think the Thames dirty in London; but now I can lean over the bridges and almost imagine I can see the dead cats and empty tins at the bottom, in comparison to the Yangtze.

We were a hundred miles from the sea, and yet all the view to be obtained of the river-banks was a far-away bank of mud that had got too thick to run. But a change came during the morning, the banks began to close in as we proceeded on our way, but offered no attractive scene, consisting for the most part of dense reedy swamps, beyond which one could now and again with difficulty descry cultivated land and villages.

No places of importance were passed until the evening, although once or twice during the afternoon we stopped off some village to pick up a boat-load of passengers who had been waiting in mid-stream for the steamer's arrival. The reedy shore had given place now and again to steep mud-banks fringed with green grass, and it was generally opposite a collection of huts upon the summit of the stiff clay that these stray passengers were picked up.

Toward evening, however, we arrived at Chin-Kiang, the first of the larger towns, and although it was already sunset by the time we had made fast, A. and I were not to be deterred from going ashore, and under the guidance of her Britannic Majesty's consul we visited the British Consulate, which in 1888 was destroyed in the riots that took place in this town, when also the houses of the European missionaries were burned. The riots were said to have been occasioned by an Indian policeman in the service of the British Government having, in arresting a scoundrel, been obliged to use force, upon which the native population, as ready as gunpowder to burst into flame, rose *en masse*. Fortunately no lives were lost, but the European residents had to fly by night from the town and seek a place of hiding and safety in the open country. But of Chin Kiang there is a far more tragic story to be told. When in 1842, after the quelling of the Tai-ping rebellion, the allied troops retiring from Nan-

king entered Chin-Kiang, they discovered the place to be in very truth a city of the dead, for, rather than fall into the hands of the soldiers of the "foreign devils," the men of the city had murdered their wives and children and then committed suicide—a most unnecessary precaution, for no attack was intended upon their town. It was a pity they did not live long enough to regret their hastiness.

As at most of the Yangtze ports, the steamers at Chin-Kiang are moored alongside a hulk, floating a little way out in the river, and connected by the mainland with large gangways. The hulks answer their purpose exceedingly well; for not only do they render unnecessary any deepening of the river, but also in the case of riots, which are so common unfortunately all along the river's course, they afford a more secure retreat than many of the houses ashore, as by raising the gangways the hulks can be entirely cut off from any direct communication with the land; while, being very high out of the water, any successful attempt, skilful as are the Chinese in any work of the kind, to gain an entrance from the boats would be almost impracticable. It is almost sad to recognize in these old hulks the remains of the once famous clipper ships, whose races to land the first cargoes of tea in England once caused so much excitement. Even now with the steamers much competition still exists, and many means are resorted to by ships' captains and agents to make the voyages successful. The captain of one rather old and slow steamer, finding that he would have to be a long time in China before he received a full cargo of tea, and would have probably to return largely in ballast, began, to every one's astonishment, to say that, owing to the repairs that had been done to his engines, he hoped to make a racing passage. Then, still more to the astonishment of the captains of the fast steamers and the world at large, he commenced to back himself to make the fastest passage home. In such very considerable sums of money did he wager that people began to think there was something in it, and the merchants sent their tea almost entirely to his ship, arguing that, as the captain stood to lose £500, the repairs to his steamer's engines had probably put him in a position to bet almost on a certainty. Of course the steamer, whose greatest speed was

eight knots an hour, arrived in England weeks after the others, and the captain lost his £500; but instead of having to lie in China waiting his chance of cargo coming in from the interior—a probable delay of weeks—he had cleared in a few days, after his bets became known to the public, with a full ship, thus recouping to his owners, who of course paid his betting losses, a considerable number of thousands of pounds profit.

Chin-Kiang owes its importance more to the reason that it is the principal port of the province of Kiang-su than to any other fact, and the shipments of rice and tea made yearly are very considerable. The town much resembles any other Chinese city, being full of gilt sign-boards, pigs, and dirt, with a prevalence of a variety of unpleasant smells in every street. The European quarter is, as is the case in almost all Chinese cities, separate from the native city, and is pleasantly situated on the banks of the river, with a shady *bund* stretching its whole length, many of the houses possessing pretty gardens. Near Chin-Kiang is the one terminus of the Great Canal, by which the Yangtze is connected with the Ho-hang-ho, one terminus of the second largest river of China. During the night we passed Nanking, but on our way down a few weeks later were able to see a little more of this historical old city, in associations second to none in China. The town itself is situated a little way back from the river, but a port has grown up on the very banks of the Yangtze, enclosed itself within the long walls of the capital further inland.

For a long time Nanking was the largest city in the world, when the seat of the emperors of the Ming dynasty, the last before the accession of the present Manchu reigning house. At the fall of the Chinese emperors and the succession of the Tartar rule, Nanking lost much of its importance, though still a flourishing centre, until the leader of the Tai-ping rebellion, in the flush of success, made it his capital, with the intention of once more raising it to the position of the most important city in China. At his overthrow the city fell into the hands of the Government, and is now the residence of the Viceroy of Kiang-nan, and is celebrated chiefly for its manufacture of satins, which has taken the place to a large extent of its famous pottery-works, though the Yangtze can

still boast of the largest pottery manufacturing cities of China,—one, Kiu-kiang, situated on the river itself; the other two, Namchang and King-ho-chew, lying some little way back, the former being in direct communication with the river by means of the Poyang lake, to the east of which it is situated. The most beautiful monument of China once stood within Nanking—namely, the celebrated porcelain pagoda, destroyed at the time of the Tai-ping revolt; but still it can make some boast of antiquities, curious if not beautiful, in the tombs of the Ming emperors, standing without the city walls, and carved into the strange forms of elephants, camels, tortoises bearing columns on their backs, and many other varieties of shape.

In the morning we tied up alongside the hulk at Wu-hu, where there is not very much to see, though the place is important, owing to the exceedingly large amount of tea and rice shipped from there. There are but few European inhabitants, and those there are for the most part missionaries, who possess the largest house and garden in the place, and one of the smallest churches, probably, in the world. Any comparison between the house of God and the residential buildings is very largely in favor of the latter. Near Wu-hu the Yangtze formerly turned in a more southerly direction, and it is only in geologically recent times that it has followed its present course. A huge river winding through level plains is always liable to eccentric deviations, and one city formerly on the Yangtze, between Hankow and I-chang, and doing a most flourishing river trade, suddenly found itself with nothing before it but a muddy empty channel. The superstitious inhabitants, believing that offence had been given to the waters, spent a fortune in flags and crackers of propitiation, and held a great festival to the honor of all the local deities, but in vain, for the Yangtze, having found a shorter passage to the sea, utterly refused to approach within fourteen miles of the town in question.

The pleasure of travelling on the great water-way of China does not altogether centre in the towns on its banks. The river teems with life, both animal and celestial, the former principally wild-fowl, the latter of the human kind, though in this case the term Celestial is applied in its more generally understood sense in

regard to China than with any attempt at using it literally. It is not, I believe, generally known that the name Celestial is not applied by the Chinese to themselves.

Strange junks float down or sail up the river, sometimes mere planks nailed together in an uncouth manner, sometimes built in the regular river-junk fashion, and well built too, of varnished wood, with raised deck-houses high above the stern, and sails of matting; and not seldom some bepainted and bespangled mandarin boat is passed, covered with gold dragons in contortions, and resembling more the advertisement van of some second-rate circus than anything else. Yet they are most picturesque: the grotesque animals, whose protruding necks form the bow, and whose open jaws are filled with scarlet teeth, are a marvel: but they are not alone in their glory, for the whole ship is a mass of tangled reptiles and beautiful but mythical birds and beasts. The cabin, with its gay awning and brilliantly painted walls, stands on the deck like a Paris *bonbonnière*, while from above fly a multitude of flags, long narrow pennants bearing the mandarin owner's name and titles, flags with curly dragons—flags, in fact, of every color and every design. Every day we were passing these boats, and each was a picture. The decks from which the sailors row are very low to the water, and on one occasion the wash of our passing steamer caused such a strain upon the heavy oars that two of a crew were washed overboard. We saw them picked up again, and then proceeded on our way, the gaudy and infuriated mandarin cursing us volubly from the roof of his cabin. All Chinese boats have one delightful peculiarity in common—an eye painted on the bows; for, argues the simple-minded Celestial, "No got eye, no makee see; no makee see, no can go." A treatise on ships by a Chinaman would be very good reading. I am told that they firmly believe that the size of a ship is in ratio to the number of her masts, and that the smallest of our three-masted gunboats is considered to be larger than our biggest one-masted ironclads. "Him very big ship," says Ah Sin; "three piecee bamboo stick have got."

The villages passed offer but little variety or beauty. Usually they are composed of rude hovels of timber, plastered

over with mud, and at the time of our visit were nearly all half flooded, owing to the summer rise in the river having been so extreme. Altogether a Chinese village on the plains of the lower Yangtze is about as melancholy a picture of desolation as one could imagine. Even the pigs look depressed. But happily now and again there is a change, and hills, in some cases high hills, run parallel with the river a few miles inland, or a pagoda rears its head, and breaks the monotony of the dull flats. The island of Panski is a charming spot for instance, with its curious "joss houses" or temples, and its half ruined pagoda. "Joss," by the by, so far from being, as I among others always imagined, a Chinese word, is merely the mispronunciation of the Spanish *dios*, God. The discovery of this fell heavily upon me. It reduced my knowledge of Chinese from two words to one; but I have learned several since, but will not write them here, as I do not know what they mean. A. and the writer both started with the determination of studying Chinese, and the writer let A. buy a grammar; but on discovering that the single letter *i* had one hundred and forty-five ways of being pronounced, and that each pronunciation had an entirely different meaning, we said that there was no poetry about the Chinese language, that it was not worth learning, and A.'s grammar was secretly consigned to the river mud by being dropped overboard. Wu-hu is left behind, and once more the steamer is making her way upstream. The river has narrowed considerably, and at this part, to a great deal higher up, is about a mile in breadth, though by being often broken up into numerous channels and islands one cannot always realize the fact.

Very early in the morning following our departure from Wu-hu, we arrived at Ngan-king, and as the moon was very bright, one could see the place tolerably well, and it looked more picturesque under the refining influences of night than it would otherwise have done. This city is the capital of Ngan-hwei, and is situated on the north bank of the river. It stretches far along the water's edge, and ends on the east with a fine pagoda. This reflected in the smooth surface of the river, lighted by a brilliant moon and a myriad stars, formed a lovely picture. This, indeed, was China of one's child-

hood. It wanted but little imagination to believe that all was built of porcelain, like the palace of the Emperor in Hans Christian Andersen's tale of the "Nightingale and the Emperor of China." How calm and still everything was! Just as we saw the pagoda on the river-bank against the vault of heaven, so it was reflected on the water, till a boat passing by shattered its mirrored form into a hundred thousand fragments, as if it really had been porcelain. A gentle breeze blew from the shore, bearing us the homely odors of China, opium, man, and pig—especially pig. But in spite of the beauties of Ngan-king by night, it is specially and indelibly fixed in the writer's mind by the fact that the morning after he had become the proud and sole possessor of a cold, which he afterward, in a fit of conscientious generosity, handed over to A. for a week or two.

Above Ngan-king is a charming spot, a solitary rock standing in the centre of the stream, and known by the poetic name of "The Little Orphan." The tiny island, a sugar-loaf in form, is crowned by a low pagoda, while clinging to its side is a Buddhist monastery, the whole forming a lovely picture. Thousands of birds build their nests every spring on its steep precipices, for the most part cormorants, which a violent shriek from our steam whistle sent flying in every direction. A little higher up on the south side is the entrance to the great Poyang lake, through which in the far away can be seen another solitary rock, larger than that already passed, and known as "The Great Orphan." On the east shore of the channel which connects the river and lake stands the large and handsome monastery of Hu-kau, a group of picturesque buildings, of which it is difficult to gather any idea, except that they consist of a tangled mass of upturned roofs covered with gorgeous tile-work, and long terraces. This great lake of Poyang is one of the centres of the porcelain manufacture of China, the city of Nam-chang, situated to the east of the lake, being especially famous.

Kiu-Kiang was the next place our steamer stopped at, and here we visited the native town, with its narrow streets, half blocked with long hanging sign-boards, and piles of refuse and dirt. Silver-work and pottery are the two artistic manufactures of Kiu-Kiang; and some of

the china shops, containing the wares of their own town, as well as those of King-ho-chew and Nam-chang, are by no means to be despised, and for coloring and artistic design the modern artists are but little behind their predecessors, whose works are so much admired in England. Especially lovely are the small snuff-bottles, for some of which, even though modern, very large prices are asked; while for antique specimens the sums demanded and paid are astonishing. A small vase of red porcelain, known as *sang de bœuf*, sold in America for six thousand dollars a few years ago.

At any spot a Chinese crowd is interesting, and we sat for half an hour or so watching the people streaming past us through the narrow streets. There is, it is said, no nation in the world whose features give more appearance of composure and want of expression than the celestial Chinaman. To guess of what he may be thinking, or whether his thoughts are happy or otherwise, or even if he is thinking at all, I believe to be an impossibility: he wears a mask as impenetrable as iron. The women are the same, except that they smile now and again, more, it seems, because they know it is becoming than from any motive. The female of the Yangtze is preferable to her sisters of the coast, for as a rule she does not, except in the cases of the wives of wealthy men, follow the fashions sufficiently conscientiously to deform her feet, though the large-footed lady as she approaches those of the "lily feet" may overhear such remarks—and nastiness is apparently common all over the world—as these: "Look at those two big boats coming along;" or, "Here come two old ducks,"—the boats and ducks referring to the lady in question's natural-sized feet. The subject is a nasty one, and so covered, as a rule, are their cramped ankles with sores, that the removal of the bandages with which the contraction is maintained is a most unpleasant process. The difficulty and discomfort of the victim in getting about, and the hideous waddling gait small feet necessitate, ought, one would think, from common-sense to abolish the custom; but the Chinaman wishes to abolish nothing except the European and European influence, and this he finds difficult.

About ten the following morning, nearly three days and a half after leaving Shang-

hai, we arrived in Hankow, and made fast to one of the many hulks that line the shore along the most respectable portion of the Chinese city.

The most important town on the Yangtze-Kiang, the capital of the province of Hu-peh, the largest centre of the tea-trade in the world, Hankow is too well known to need much description. Suffice it to say it is a town of great size, consisting of two distinct portions, the native city and the European concession, which together with the city of Woo-chang on the opposite shore of the Yangtze and the town of Han-yang on the east bank of the Han river, which at this spot joins the main stream, form a group of townships more or less united, and only separated from one another by the two rivers, scarcely to be equalled in Europe. The European concession is the finest, with the exception of Shanghai, in this portion of China. The mansions—no other word fully describes them—of the merchants are magnificent, and nearly all situated looking over the wide *bund*, the riverside walk of which is built on the summit of a strong stone embankment, and shaded by umbrageous trees. Here the European babies and their Chinese nurses “most do congregate,” and a funny picture they make, not decreased in grotesqueness by the native policemen who perambulate the *bund* with light elastic tread, stopping now and again to hold a little conversation, perhaps a little flirtation, with the Chinese nursery maids.

Hankow boasts several large tea factories, of which the speciality is the preparing of “brick” or consolidated tea for the Central Asian overland route into Russia.

At Hankow ends the lower Yangtze, which portion of the river may thus be described as the lowest six hundred and fifty miles. For this distance it is seldom under a mile in breadth, and generally considerably more, and its width is maintained to a great extent yet further up. The principal exports of this portion of the river are tea, silk, rice, hemp, sugar, tobacco, cotton, and many kinds of cereals, all of which testify not only to the industry of the native, but also to the fertility or suitability of the soil and its products.

The native city of Hankow is well worth a visit. It is large, dirty, smelly, and in-

teresting. Some of the shops, notably those in which are sold silks and furs, are very well worth seeing. The shop people are polite, which is more than one can say for the general crowd, and do not seem to care whether one buys anything or not. Perhaps indifferent is a more expressive term for their demeanor than polite. Two rather striking buildings are to be seen in this part of the city, the two large tea-guilds in which the native merchants collect to do business. Both are modern buildings, rich in stone and wood carving, with roofs of gorgeous yellow tiles pointing their twisted corners up to the sky, and gaudy with colored pictures and shrines. Some of the work is really good, and one or two of the *kakemonos*—to borrow a Japanese term—or wall-paintings, are by no means to be despised as works of art. At one end of the long hall presides a scarlet-and-gold deity of huge proportions, who appears to be issuing from a lady's hanging wardrobe, while on a table in front are bronze incense-jars and ornaments. At the further end of the same half-open court is a stage, where the drama is performed upon certain days.

Any one who is going to China ought to go to see a Chinese play, not a whole one of course, for that might occupy many years of his life, as they are apt to be long. There is said, though I will not vouch for the fact, to be one Chinese play going on that has been in a state of performance for—I forget how many centuries. Each actor goes through a scene or two, his natural lifetime probably, and the play will be over—I forget when. The second representation will then commence, and it is said that by order of the Government it will not be allowed to last over five hundred years. Why the play takes so long is because it is historical, and the various lives of the many emperors are represented, and each life has to be acted in the same length of time as that emperor lived or reigned. We may be very thankful such a thing does not exist in England: imagine a Passion-play in which Methuselah's life had to be represented—and so little incident in it that we know of. But a Chinese theatre is well worth seeing for once as a curiosity. The scenery, the dresses, and the acting explain nothing; while, to add to the confusion, the constant beating of gongs and letting off of crackers is taking place.

Outside the European concession of Hankow is the race-course, no doubt an excellent one, though unfortunately we did not see it to advantage, as nearly two feet of water over its whole surface gave it an appearance of being more suitable for a regatta than for horse-racing. However, the Europeans get up a wild excitement for their meetings, which, as a rule, are very well managed and most successful.

Across the Han river, which flows into the Yangtze at Hankow from the north, is situated Han-yang, forming one of the three cities of this group. The place is large, but noticeable only as possessing two fine joss-houses or temples, one ancient and one modern, of which the outline is the best part,—a remark that may refer to a great many of the Chinese temples.

The Han river is itself of no mean size, as will be shown by the fact that it is navigable in summer for no less than six hundred miles. Not far up is situated the great lake of Tung-ting, over two thousand square miles in extent. This lake acts as an overflow for the Han floods, and thus saves an immense tract of country from deluge each year, which would otherwise be the case. It is situated in the province of Hunan, to the natives of which, especially the soldiers, the Chinese and European officials put down most of the late rioting, though no doubt secret societies are also much implicated. So many accounts have recently appeared of these Chinese secret societies that the barest mention of them here will suffice. Their strength consists in secrecy and oaths, and their weakness in want of co-operation and amalgamation. To Chinese as well as to European interests they are most dangerous, although, judging from the titles they rejoice in, one would expect them to be as mild as a village reading society. What sounds more pure and innocent than the name "The White Lily Society" or "The Society for Gazing on the Moon"! by which it must be by no means taken for granted that they are lunatics. Far from it: these secret societies are the cause of the greatest concern to all lovers of order and peace, both Chinese and Europeans.

Opposite Hankow is the city of Woo-chang, in which, with the exception of a few missionaries, no Europeans reside.

We spent a day in visiting this curious city, under the auspices of an excellent guide whom the consul at Hankow procured for us. Although six hundred miles of river lie between Hankow and the sea, the river is over a mile in breadth at this part. We crossed over in a sailing-boat, dodging among the craft that almost cover the river at this part, so many are there. At a rough landing-stage we stepped ashore, and proceeding at first by a squalid quarter of the city, and then by streets in better repair, found ourselves among a collection of temples known as the "Hoang-ho-loo," or the "Yellow Crane" temples. They are a very dirty and much-out-of-repair collection of buildings, boasting little of any beauty, except for the handsome stone steps and several fine terraces, from which one obtains a panorama of the river and the cities of Hankow and Han-yang on the opposite side; while at one's feet—for Hoang-ho-loo is on the side of a steep hill—lies the great town of Woo-chang. Looking down upon a Chinese city one can gain but little idea of anything except its size: the narrow streets are rendered all the narrower, if not completely invisible, by the overhanging roofs, which entirely obstruct any view of the houses themselves. But in this case the river, dotted with its many boats, and all the hum and stir of river-life, added a charm to what otherwise would have been a none too striking picture. The parting junks, gay with flags and wreathed in the smoke of the god-propitiating crackers, the beating of gongs and drums, and the cries of the natives themselves from boat to boat, filled the air with a strange medley of sound.

The fat little gods, who sit complacently in their dirty shrines, and smile or frown, as the case may be, from the grimy depths of the temples, seem to have been almost deserted by worshippers, although in one or two cases a devotee had brought a long scented taper, which still glowed before the altar, filling the temple with heavy smoke. One image represents a worthy Chinaman dead or in bed, it is difficult to say which. The face is cleverly wrought in wax, and the figure is richly dressed, and lying out full length under a glass case. Perhaps the most interesting feature of Hoang-ho-loo is a stone dagoba of very Burmese design, bearing upon its bas-relief sculptures of elephants, and

thus, except for some of the Ming tombs at Nanking, unique upon the Yangtze river. No doubt the artist had studied in Burmah, and wandering through the province of Yunnan found an opportunity upon his arrival at this spot of exhibiting his artistic skill. Near this dagoba formerly stood a handsome pagoda, built of wood, and standing upon a stone pedestal; but the wooden structure was destroyed by fire some few years ago.

Although the inhabitants of Woo-chang have not a reputation as being lovers of peace and order, we passed through their city without molestation, the lively abuse which was hurled at us not in the least disturbing our peace of mind, and the vehemence with which the incomprehensible curses were showered did little but amuse.

During our stay at Hankow we visited a duck-farm. The process of keeping the ducks is very simple. A large wooden shed stands near the edge of the river, where the owner of the farm or an employee spends the night with his feathered friends. There must have been several thousands of ducks in the farm we visited. Before sunrise the door of the shed is opened, and out run the ducks, scrambling one over the other into the river, where they spend the day feeding. As soon as sunset approaches, from all parts of the river they come, for they wander far among the rushes and islands during the day, and there is still more hurry and scurry to get into the shed than there was to get out at dawn. The reason is simple. Immovable by the door sits the Chinaman, a long cane in his hand, and woe betide the last duck to enter, for down on its back comes the long bamboo with a pain-inflicting thud. In this way punctuality is ensured among the ducks. We once passed a whole farm on the move. The owner was seated in a small boat, and his ducks swam ahead. The Celestial spent his time between paddling his boat downstream and then letting it glide on, while he with his cane punished the laggards, and so kept up the pace in a marvellous way. Pork and duck seem to be the staple food of the Chinaman, varied now and again by fish, frogs, and locusts. Puppy-dog and birds' nest soup are also partaken of, but rather as luxuries than as the common articles of food.

The breeding of ducks is practised to

an enormous extent on the Yangtze, and this, together with fishing, constitutes one of the principal occupations of the river-villager; for on the low land, so liable to floods, but little grows, while on these very inundations, so ruinous to all other labor, the fisherman and the duck-farmer thrive. The commonest means of taking fish is by a circular net hanging on the end of a long pole, acting on the same principle as the water-raising *shadowuf* of the Nile—that is to say, the pole can be raised or lowered by a single man, the whole working on a lever. A considerable number of fish are thus easily secured; and wherever the bank of the river is suitable, they are to be found, scarcely a hundred yards apart, and often much nearer.

After a few days' stay in Hankow, where we were most kindly entertained by Mr. Lay, chief commissioner of Chinese customs, we again embarked, this time on a much smaller steamer, to pursue our way farther into Central China. Among the passengers on this our new boat were the French sisters, whose cruel treatment by the natives at I-chang a few months ago caused such a feeling of indignation throughout Europe. Six girls, who had just come from their convent, to whom everything was a novelty and a pleasure, whose knowledge of the world was *nil*, and who looked forward to the hard work before them with the zeal that only religion can give,—it was indeed sad to read how, injured, they had fled for their lives to a Chinese temple, and there received protection. The Mother Superior, who was escorting these novices as far as I-chang, there to be put under the charge of a Catholic missionary bishop, returned after her work was accomplished to Ceylon, and thus escaped the persecution.*

Between Hankow and I-chang, a distance of between three and four hundred miles, a few considerable towns are passed. The first of these is Se-too, where there was some excitement on the occasion of our stopping there, caused in picking up a worthy mandarin, who was brought alongside in a gilded gunboat, to the music of drums and trumpets and the loud explosions of crackers. The craft in

* Since writing the above I read in Lord Connemara's letter to the "Times" that this Mother Superior was at I-chang during the riots.

which the noble was travelling was of a peculiar kind of the usual circus type, only over the gilded dragon, from whose mouth red-painted flames were issuing, and which formed the bow of the boat, issued an antiquated bronze cannon. There were the usual number of flags and decorations. The crew, however, were very smart—a well-drilled, neatly dressed body of men—accounted for by the fact that our new passenger was a “lord high admiral,” or something of the sort.

At places the deep channel ran so closely under the mud-banks as to allow the villagers to pelt us with stones and mud, screaming at us the while; but the stones did no damage, and the mud fell harmlessly into the river, and as to their screaming, it amused us. There are comparatively few steamers on this part of the river, as only two small boats are employed in the navigation from Hankow to I-chang, so that one passes perhaps on an average of once a week. In these upper reaches of the river these steamers do not proceed by night, but anchor at sunset. So irregular is the river in its ways, that often where in the course of the last journey there may have been eight or ten fathoms of water, there would be found a week later only a very few feet, insufficient to allow the steamer to pass over, and necessitating the discovery of some new and deeper channel.

The next town passed was a long straggling place, by name Ho-hin, of no importance or beauty. Close above this town we anchored for the night, and the following morning spent two or three hours off Sha sze, a city of some importance, as being the outlet for the trade of Kinchow-fu, situated a few miles inland. Sha-sze, as seen from the river in a shower of rain, is about as depressing a looking place as one can well imagine. The houses are built in no regular streets, but stand scattered in disorder on the steep muddy banks, a few brick buildings of the native merchants but adding to the appearance of decay of the wooden houses. Yet, judging from the enormous number of junks lying along the river's edge, and at anchor in the stream, the trade must be very considerable indeed. There is but one redeeming feature to the town as seen from the river, for we did not land, and that is a rather superior seven-storied pagoda, which stands at its eastern end.

Painted white, and with little alcoves containing statues, it looks in better condition than many of the pagodas of China.

One of the most interesting features of this part of the Yangtze is the great embankment which protects the country on the north side of the river from inundation. It is a great work of earth and stone, showing no little skill and an enormous amount of labor in its construction. On its summit runs the highroad from Hankow, or rather Han-yang, the suburb across the Han river, to I-chang, *via* Sha-sze. The road and embankment does not altogether follow the course of the river, but is carried as nearly as possible in a straight line. The system with which some Chinese State works are carried out is well exemplified in this case, for every hundred yards or so along the road stands a stone bearing a number or mark, so that should any portion become damaged by flood or otherwise, the authorities in whose department it lies to repair know the exact spot to which workmen must be despatched.

One of the sights to be seen upon the Yangtze steamers is the “China saloon,” formed by the lowest of the tier of decks, and closed in by high bulwarks—the tier above forming its roof; so that, with the exception of the engine-room, the “China saloon” occupies the whole size of the steamer. Round the bulkheads and along the centre are arranged berths one above the other; but bedding and all such things are brought by the native passengers, who, being great travellers, and in spite of their hatred of the foreigners, do not disdain his steamboats, and crowd in great numbers on to these ships. Sometimes many hundreds are on board at one time. The sickly smell of opium which pervades these saloons is most unpleasant, to which the savor of John Chinaman himself adds a piquancy not altogether to be appreciated. Yet in spite of this it is well worth while to visit one of these places, and see the Celestial *en voyage*. A thousand queer things we saw in our voyages on the Yangtze in the way of human beings and their belongings. A great number travel with birds, to which the natives are most devoted. The cages are built of cane, and are in many cases marvels of art and workmanship. The favorite bird is the Chinese or Tientsin nightingale, whose notes, partly natural and partly

owing to training, are almost the most exquisite, if not the most, of all singing birds. Early in the morning before dawn, a native pilot whose cabin was near mine could be heard whistling to his nightingale, the bird repeating after him. It had already learned the song-notes of two different birds. The facility with which they pick up and remember not only the notes of other birds, but even tunes whistled to them by man, or else the perseverance of those who teach them, I know not which, is marvellous. Needless to say, they fetch a very high price—the Chinese themselves outbidding the Europeans in their offers for a good specimen.

A few hours before reaching I-chang, one sees the last of the plains and their dreariness; and from this point almost to the Yangtze's source, its course is through wild mountainous country. The banks become hilly, and it is as if Nature, in making up for the poorness of her handiwork below, has embellished this portion of the river with more than its due share of picturesqueness. The river narrows, and the hills on either side take peculiar conical forms as one passes through the "Tiger's Teeth Gorge." Here and there some strange freak of Nature is displayed. In one place it is a fine archway of natural rock, through which one can catch a glimpse of scenery beyond. How delightful is the change, one can imagine. No longer the mud-banks and the tall rushes; now rocks are to be seen, and mountains and cliffs. As one proceeds, the mountains take a pyramidal form—some being so symmetrical that, were it not for their great size, one would believe the hand of man had helped to shape them. On the summit of one, over two thousand feet above the river's surface, can be seen a Buddhist monastery.

Turning a slight bend in the river, I-chang comes into sight, and with it more clay-banks—for it is on the summit of a wall of stiff mud that the town is situated. The place is prettier to look at than most of the native towns, on account of the many fantastic temples to be seen; but here there is no European quarter, and accordingly no trees. The Christian residents of I-chang can be almost counted on one's fingers. We have a consul, who is there at times. There are two or three Europeans in the customs service of the Chinese Emperor, and a handful

of missionaries, and possibly one or two others.

At present I-chang is the terminus of steamboat traffic; for although by treaty rights European-owned steamers may proceed as far as Chung-king, some hundreds of miles further up, yet to the present time the Government has successfully prevented this being carried out, and the matter has never been much pushed, as the navigation of the rapids in any but the flood season would be extremely difficult and dangerous. One or two steamers were built for the purpose of navigating the river between I-chang and Chung-king; but rather than permit their being made use of, they were purchased by the native Government. So up to the present day all navigation above I-chang—that is to say, above a spot about eleven hundred miles up the river—has to be carried on by native sailing craft.

Our arrival at the town was rendered most entertaining by the disembarking of our "high admiral" passenger, whose dull blue clothes were now exchanged for the robes of office; while on his black hat he wore a white cut crystal button and a long peacock feather, which, together with the embroidered square on the breast of his robe, betokened his very exalted rank. In fact, he was a gaudy old butterfly altogether.

There was a great reception awaiting him: a gunboat, as gorgeous as that which had brought him off at Se too, and several other painted and beflagged vessels, laden with petty mandarins and reception committees, came alongside, and our deck was covered with the hurrying natives; while numbers of soldiers, more for the sake of curiosity than anything else, crowded on board, taking advantage of the opportunity to inspect the steamer. On the shore troops were drawn up, and more gaudy officials could be seen galloping here, there, and everywhere on fat Tartar ponies. At the landing a scarlet tent was arranged, and here a great deal of bowing went on, until after half an hour or so a procession was formed, and the Celestial admiral, amid the banging of fireworks, under a huge scarlet umbrella, proceeded on his way, accompanied by a crowd of officials, soldiers, and civilians. Before many hours had been spent at I-chang, through the kindness of Captain Jankowsky and the agency of our interpreter and native

servants, a boat was engaged, bedding and provisions put on board, and a start made.

Our new craft was a strange one—a river-junk of the usual type, with a small cabin over the stern and a larger one amidships, half sunk below the level of the deck and half raised above it, with roofing composed of close matting thickly covered with tar on the outside, and so rendered rain and cold proof. Within there was plenty of room to spread our mattresses; and a hatchway, raised above the level of the cabin floor, served as a table. In the small cabin our interpreter and servants took up their abode, and it also served as a kitchen.

As soon as everything was arranged—and a very few hours sufficed—a start was made.

Our companions consisted of "the captain," a Se chuen sailor, put in charge by the boat's owner, our interpreter and two servants, and a crew of ten or eleven men. The junk appeared too small to accommodate such a number; but of a night the crew would creep down through a hatchway into a dark hold, so low that any position except a recumbent one was impossible in it, and from which, through the deck, would issue the fumes of opium and bad cabbage.

An easterly wind favored us, and our sail was hauled up. What a sail! It consisted principally of holes, joined together here and there by rags. It had been furled when the boat was engaged, and in the hurry had not been examined. Now, however, it was looked through and through. A. was satisfied with it. He said it did not obstruct the view. That was true; but it scarcely obstructed the wind either. In a dim past it had been square, and, like all Chinese sails, what remained of it was held together by cross pieces of bamboo-cane about six inches apart, any number of which can be fastened together, and thus the sail reefed. As progress seemed slow, "the captain" was told to let down another of these reefs. He did so. The result was, two bamboos held together by an enormous hole. Sarcastically I asked for another reef. "The captain" gazed at the river and the sky, and evidently thinking the mast could not carry it, shook his head.

The I-chang reach is about six miles in length and very wide, the shores being again low, while straight ahead a large

range of mountains appears to block the way. So much does the river widen between these mountains and the "Tiger's Teeth Gorge" below I-chang, that it has the appearance of a large lake, no possible outlet or inlet for its waters being visible.

Close up to the foot of the mountain-range we sailed, and even here there seemed to be no passage for our further progress, until suddenly there burst into view the lower end of the I-chang gorge.

The afternoon was well on, and heavy gray clouds hung gloomily over the mountain-tops, forming a roof high above the river, and the narrow entrance to the gorge seemed as though it might lead to the nether regions. As we sailed on, the stillness became almost overpowering; for the wind freshening through the narrow gorge was sufficient to render our speed considerable, in spite of the rapidity of the current. Every hundred yards we proceeded, the walls of rock on either hand increased in height, the heavy mass of cloud above hiding their tops in impenetrable gloom. Steeper and steeper grew the precipices, and darker and darker grew the evening. A few heavy drops of rain fell. Soon nothing could be seen but the gray river, the gray rocks, and the gray clouds above. One could scarcely perceive where river or rock or cloud began or ended.

Far away could be heard boatmen, floating down-stream on great dismasted junks, singing monotonous songs that a thousand echoes rendered still more monotonous and unearthly. The oppression was almost painful. The wind fell, and our boatmen took to their oars, issuing strange cries at each stroke—cries that the rocks echoed and re-echoed again and again. I fired my gun, and the sound died away like peals of distant thunder.

"Dinner ledly," cried our servant, to whom, as to all Chinamen, the letter *r* is unpronounceable, and A. and I scrambled off the roof of the cabin to answer his call. How cheery and bright the little cabin looked, with its candles and dinner laid on a clean white cloth! What a change from the dull gloom without!

A few minutes later our captain tied up for the night, making fast our junk at a spot where a ledge of rock had allowed the building of a few huts for a *Li-kin* or customs station, and where a few enter-

prising natives, owing to this spot being made a halting-place for nearly all the river traffic, had instituted a few tea-shops. The whole village does not probably number more than a dozen huts, if as many, and is known as Pin-san-pa. Here already were moored a very considerable number of boats, the lights and movement on board of which added to a fantastic scene, and helped, in no little way, to dispel the memory of the previous gloom. Every now and then, however, we would be reminded of the narrow gorge and the high precipices by the echo of the voices of the coolies.

A little later we retired to rest; but the fumes of opium and rotten cabbage crept up through the cracks in the deck, and were anything but pleasant, though, perhaps, the former, by its soporific effect, helped us to become oblivious to the displeasing odor of the latter more quickly than we might otherwise have done.

Before daylight our men were astir, and by sunrise we were well on our way through the I-chang gorge, a fair wind favoring us, while the men worked at the oars with commendable vigor. The clear sky overhead was cheering, and the gloom of the yesternight was once for all dispelled. Sitting on the roof of our cabin, we urged our boatmen on to work, now and again joining in the strange shouts and songs. A merry crew they were, always singing and laughing and smoking opium.

The back currents and eddies, often almost as strong as the fast-flowing stream itself, helped our upward progress wonderfully, and by keeping close under the steep cliffs the full advantage of them was obtained; and not infrequently we were carried in our upward course at no slight speed, when only a yard or two away the main stream was hurrying in its downward course. During one of these spells of back current, there was suddenly a bump that almost dislodged us from our elevated seat on the cabin-roof. A minute later we discovered that water was pouring in through a hole in the bows, occasioned by our having come in collision with an invisible rock. Luckily we found a small sheltered cove, and ran the boat in, raising its bows out of the water by all congregating on the stern, by which means the hole was elevated sufficiently above the surface to allow our old captain, in a

novel but by no means inefficacious manner, to stop the leak, which he accomplished by tearing the wool padding out of his quilted coat and stuffing it into the opening.

At very few places do the cliffs allow of landing; but now and again, where huge boulders have collected at the water's edge, dislodged and fallen from the precipices above, the coolies could step ashore and tow the boat with a long line made fast to the mast.

Some of the larger junks sailing upstream would discharge a crew of a hundred men or more, and it was an amusing sight to see them scrambling over the boulders and rocks in long single file. So rough were the rocks at the places in which it was possible to go ashore at all, that sometimes some of the trackers would be fifty or a hundred feet above the level of the river, while others were on the level of the river's edge. However, but comparatively few large junks make the upward ascent—comparatively few, that is to say, to those that come down. For at Chung-king and Quei-chow and the cities above wood is cheap, and it is found better to let the roughly-put-together junks float down and be broken up and sold for old timber at their destination.

The I-chang gorge is by no means straight in its course. The great river in forcing its way through the range of mountains has chosen a curiously serpentine route, and so sudden are some of the turns that at times one appears to be landlocked, until on reaching a corner a new stretch of river opens out to view. It is after rounding one of the most angular of these points that the "Needle of Heaven" comes into view, a solitary rock eighteen hundred feet in height, a very pillar, perpendicular on all sides, the breadth at the base being maintained with but very slight diminution to its summit, at which inaccessible spot is a cluster of pine-trees. This rock, with its great altitude, and rising from the water's edge, is the finest of the many fine sights in the I-chang gorge. Near by on the side of a precipice a land-slip has formed sufficient level space to allow the building of a small village, by name Nan-to, merely a collection of some fifty houses. Although this spot is so near to I-chang, for the gorge in all is of no very great length, one finds here a totally different and very superior style of

building. Possibly the Chinaman of the plains, accustomed year by year to see his domicile washed away, has become disheartened, and argues that as his home will probably only last until the next spring freshets, it is useless to expend much time or trouble upon it. He labors at a disadvantage too, want of stone and proper building material. Here, as soon as one has left I-chang behind, quite another style is in practice. An everlasting supply of stone has put greater facility in the way of the Chinese to construct durable dwellings; while the natural instincts of these upper river people are totally at variance with the dwellers of the plains, being much more cleanly and more pleasant in their ways and habits. A great number come from the province of Se-chuen, the borders of which this portion of the Yangtze skirts; and the Se-chuenese are said by authorities to be the most enlightened of the country population of China, and the most pleasant in every way. Emerging from the gorge a little way above the "Needle of Heaven" and Nan-to, the scenery opens out, and the mountains on either side take a direction more at right angles to the river. On the southern side the range breaks up into jagged peaks, below which runs an extraordinary cliff of white rock. The peaks at this spot are several thousand feet above the level of the river.

Below the gorges the river scenes had been for the most part depressing, but here everything tended to elate. One might have been in another world, and it was difficult to realize that so near on the same river were the great mud-flats. But at this part a very different view met the eye. Nothing could be prettier than the boulder-strewn river, its undulating banks dotted with villages half hidden in groves of rich green bamboos, every hamlet possessing its temple of gorgeous tilework and fantastic roofing; while the long masts decked in flags, which stand beside the joss-house entrances, add to the gay coloring. Cultivated fields, built in terraces, showed that the science of agriculture was by no means neglected in this valley of the upper Yangtze. A background of sober pine-clad mountains and torn peaks added a charm to a scene as fascinating as one could picture. From Shanghai to I-chang we had scarcely seen a tree, except in the European concessions of the

towns; but here were woods and forests, groves of bamboos and fruit-gardens. Higher up the mountains took a conical form, allowing tiny streams and even rivers to dash down between them, to mix their waters in the river. At this spot has to be ascended the first of a series of rapids, the whole extending, between I-chang and Quei-chow, for a distance of a hundred and fourteen miles. The lowest of the rapids is not of such swiftness or so dangerous as those above, yet it often forms a serious obstacle to traffic. A number of men live by the banks of the river near the rapids, and gain a scanty livelihood by towing the boats up. How great a volume of water passes over these rapids, and how considerably the volume varies, can be imagined by the fact that there is a difference of between sixty and seventy feet in the height of the river in summer and in winter, the summer being the greater, owing to the melting snows which are continually pouring their torrent into the Yangtze.

Along the shore stand rows of huts, erected for the accommodation of the "trackers;" while some few are tea-houses, to entice the traveller to leave his boat for a while and sip tea from the little blue cups in the midst of this charming scene.

To the nervous the scene presented by the rapids is by no means a reassuring one. The shores are strewn with wreckage, the momentoes of unsuccessful passages, while here and there a salvaged cargo awaits some other boat to take it on to its destination. The principal danger in the passage is owing to the great numbers of rocks with which the river-bed is strewn, some rising above the surface of the water, and still more invisible. The eddies here are stronger than ever, and often the back current was bearing us fast up-stream, when, only a few feet away, the water was surging and foaming in the other direction.

We landed while our boats were in tow, taking our more valuable property, such as guns, etc., with a precaution against shipwreck, and sat ourselves down upon a high boulder, watching the many craft shooting down upon the stream. One raft, a mere collection of timber, will never fade from my memory. A solitary old Chinaman steered it, and for cargo it supported a few household goods, a mangy

dog, and a large coffin. The practice of, on changing one's abode, removing one's ancestors also, is much in vogue in China, and no doubt this elderly Celestial was traveller with his father or grandfather. What an illustration it formed for the lines—

"Crossed . . . the melancholy flood
With that grim ferryman that poets speak of,
Into the region of perpetual night."

And the mouth of the gorge below looked the entrance to a "region of perpetual night."

Our men, with some assistance from the trackers on shore, soon pulled our boat over this first rapid, and we quickly found ourselves aboard again and proceeding on our way.

The grandeur had departed from the scenery to some extent, but had been exchanged for a scarcely less lovely and certainly more cheering view. In the gardens oranges and pomelos were ripening on the trees, bananas waved their great green leaves to and fro, several varieties of little palms peeped from the verdure, and, in spite of its being November, young peas were coming up in the terraced fields, while here and there the gay temples and flourishing villages added life to the scene.

The next group of rapids to be ascended are known as the Ta-tung, a much more serious obstacle than those below, and we were obliged to lighten our boat of all our goods, so as to give as little work as possible to the "trackers," of whom, for some ridiculously small sum, we hired about a hundred. Our boat, being light and small, was passed up without any serious difficulty; but this was not the case with several large junks making the passage at the same time as we were. In one case a junk had reached the upper end of the rapid when the rope broke. A hundred or so men were thrown on their faces on the sand by the relaxation of the "taut" rope, while the junk itself gayly sailed down again, at the imminent risk of being dashed to pieces on one or other of the many rocks. Luckily it escaped, and by a considerable amount of skill was brought into a protected cove by the crew on board, and, as we left, was once more starting up the rapid; but half a day's work was lost.

To watch the "trackers" is a great

amusement. At any time a hundred or two men pulling at a long rope, with but the bad foothold of a bowlder-strewn beach, is a sight worth seeing; but to add to the fun, each band is accompanied by a professional jester, who urges his men on to work by cracking jokes, and beating his companions with painless rods of split bamboos. The noise each blow makes as it falls upon the individual's back was, I suppose, the reason for a missionary I afterward met speaking of the cruelty of Chinese slavery as exemplified by the "task-masters" of the rapids of the upper Yangtze!

Temples become commoner and more frequent as one proceeds, and at one or two spots the hill-sides are almost lined with them, often their long poles a mass of colored flags. A high peak in the far distance bears on its pointed summit a monastery.

Again a range of mountains appeared to block our way, and again we found before us the entrance to another gorge; but as evening was approaching, we did not proceed any further, but made fast our junk, about an hour before sunset, at the village of Hu-ai-tsze, at the entrance of the Lu-kan gorge. Here we landed and scrambled up a steep path to the little village, which is situated overlooking both the river and the entrance to the gorge and a small gully, through which flows a stream of clear mountain water. The houses are solidly built, and the natives, whom we found exceedingly pleasant, seemed well to do. A crowd of laughing men, women, and children, and dogs thronged around us; but, except that they were very inquisitive, they were perfectly inoffensive.

We climbed still higher up the hill to a little joss-house, a poor little temple certainly, with its tarnished carvings and placid image of Buddha. Some little Indian figures of brass stood on the altar. I asked whence they came, and an old priest told my servant from far away up the river. Doubtless they had been carried from India *via* Tibet, and presented to this wayside shrine by some weary pilgrim.

Early morning found clouds hanging over the peaks of the Lu-kan gorge; but as the sun rose they dispersed, exposing to view a scene of perfect loveliness—a chain of great mountains capped with the virgin snows of autumn, which glittered

and shone in the bright sunshine all pink and gold against a pale-blue sky.

No words of mine can describe the Lu-kan gorge. The immense height of the precipices that rise on each side of the here narrow river cannot be realized. It is only when one has some great junk with its hundreds of crew and passengers to compare the walls of rock with, that one can gain any idea of the immensity of the scene; and junks of this kind look like toy boats as they float along at the foot of the cliffs. Here and there, where some ledge has formed, the natives have erected little temples, almost overhanging the river below. How they can ascend to them and descend again I know not. Perhaps they never do.

A little way along the gorge on the south side, a narrow gully, as if sawn in the rock, opens out, and through this mere strip of an opening one can catch a glimpse of still higher snow-peaks beyond, torn into fantastic shapes by the hand of time.

A fair wind kept our boat moving, a mere speck in the enormous scene that surrounded us. There may be cañons in America as fine as these Yangtze gorges, but the feeling of romance is not the same. They lack, too, the fantastic temples of China, and the curious junks that one is forever passing. Here one is nearly twelve hundred miles from the sea, on a river whose banks are a succession of histories, in a country that boasts the oldest civilization in the world; yet how few are the travellers who turn aside from the more general routes to gaze upon some of the most wonderful scenery in the world!

At the upper end of the Lu-kan gorge, with its precipices thousands of feet in height, and its eternal gloom, we turned back. With what reluctance we watched our boat's head once more pointing downstream! for away still further up lies a land of unexplored wonders,—the highlands of Se-chuen and the great O mountain; the wild Lolo and Mantze tribes, unconquered in their fastnesses; and still further away, Batang, the city of Lamas, and the huge mountains of Tibet.

The stream carried us quickly down. The coolies laid aside their oars and lolled about smoking their opium. As we proceeded, the pace of the boat increased, and we approached the rapids. The very danger added to the enjoyment as we were

whirled down among the rocks. The water, tossed into eddies and whirlpools, foamed around us. Some we kept clear of, others we passed through, experiencing a pleasant dancing sensation. Our voices were almost drowned at times by the sound of the boiling and hissing water. Once a rock rising from midstream seemed to threaten us. Our Celestial "captain" was at the helm. He steered straight for it. A smash seemed inevitable; but so fast ran the current that its very force swung the bow out when only a few feet away, and sent us faster than ever flying down the river.

At Hong-ming-me-au, a village with about twice as many houses as there are syllables in its name, we went ashore, only to beat a retreat under a cloud of stones and mud with which the inhabitants welcomed us; very different behavior from that we experienced in most of the places we had landed at. We found that by beating a hasty retreat we but increased the number of missiles, while any attempt to face the foe, armed though we were, would have led to serious results; so we adopted the only other plan, and sauntered back, smiling and taking no notice, as though we really rather enjoyed it. Back through the grand I-chang gorge we floated, until once more we found ourselves opposite the town which gives to it its name. Here we embarked on the steamer which had carried us from Hankow, and next morning were under steam again. Our journey from I-chang to Hankow was uneventful, except that, the river having fallen very considerably since our ascent, we spent a number of hours on a mud-bank in mid-stream, a predicament which might have been of more serious inconvenience had not our captain been a most skilful and careful navigator. At Hankow we were as hospitably treated as we had been before, and after two days' stay there proceeded to Shanghai.

Off Woo-sung the Chinese fleet was lying. Besides the several ironclads brought from England, there were many of the old war-junks, rich in scarlet and gold dragons and gaudy flags, which, in contrast to the dull gray men-of-war, looked doubly antiquated. A few hours later we landed on the *bund* at Shanghai.

Pleasantest among the many pleasant recollections of a tour in the far East is this voyage up the Yangtze-Kiang to me.

Yet the events of this summer and autumn have cast a gloom over the river. Riots have broken out, lives have been lost, property destroyed, and a crisis brought about in China. Some of those who were most kind to us have been

cruelly treated; saddest of all, perhaps, the attack on the French Catholic sisters at I-chang, who had been our fellow-companions on the first part of our voyage so few months before.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

THE DECAY OF ORIGINALITY.

BY C. B. ROYLANCE KENT.

"THE grand leading principle toward which every argument unfolded in these pages directly converges is the absolute and essential importance of human development in its richest diversity." These words, quoted from Humboldt's work on *The Sphere and Duties of Government*, form the key-note of Mr. Mill's treatise *On Liberty*. They express the central idea which he takes up, and amplifies with all his wealth of argument and illustration. If Mr. Mill thought it necessary in his own time to address his emphatic words to the world, much more, we think, would he consider it so now. For in these days it would seem as if individuality and originality stood in as great danger of being dwarfed and crushed as they ever did under any tyranny or despotism, howsoever oppressive. "The absolute and essential importance of human development in its richest diversity" is a principle which is too much lost sight of; or, rather, it is a principle which is in a great measure incompatible and inconsistent with that tendency or flow of things which marks our present social and political state. This tendency we may call the tendency to uniformity; the tendency which goes to develop humanity "in its richest diversity" we may call the tendency to individuality. Now, it is the tendency to uniformity which crushes and dwarfs the spirit of individuality, and more and more seems likely to become supreme in our society. It is a tendency that, although felt as an indivisible whole, is made up of several elements. It is like a river that pours onward in a mighty flood, increased by many streams.

Of such a nature is the tendency to uniformity which we at present witness. It derives its whole volume from three distinct sources. The first source is of a political nature; the second is of an eco-

nomic nature; the third is of an educational nature. In other words, the tendency which now crushes the spirit of individuality may be traced to these three sources. They are the *fons et origo* of the whole evil, for an evil this loss of individuality must certainly be called. The first source we have called political, because it is from our present polity that this tendency to uniformity in a great measure flows. And we will take the political source first, because it is the most important. It is important because politics (which are only a grosser form of ethics) have to deal with conduct; and conduct is the greatest part of life—three-fourths of it, according to Mr. Matthew Arnold—art and science being one-eighth each; therefore we will consider the political source first, because it deals with the moral part of our nature, which is the greatest part, and then take up the economic and educational sources, which deal with the æsthetical and intellectual parts, which are smaller, but still important.

Although our constitution has outwardly the form of a limited monarchy, it is inwardly and essentially a democracy; it only differs from a republic by having an hereditary instead of an elective head; it is only a republic in gold trappings, with a few more dashes of ceremony thrown in. When Philip II. reproved his ambassador for forgetting substance in ceremony, the ambassador replied, "Your Majesty forgets that you are only a ceremony yourself." And if Philip II. was "only a ceremony," much more is the monarch of our time. In any case, the majority now rules; and this is an essential part of the matter, for where the majority rules there is democracy. It has been well said that democracy is a sort of inverted monarchy; the monarch and his ministers rule the people; but in democ-

racy the people, or rather the majority of the people, make the ministers of government and the monarch (where the constitution is a limited monarchy) their servants; the governing body no longer make the people obey, but the governing body obey the people and do their behests. This is the well-spring of democracy, and from it flows at once one part of the stream that swells the volume of the tendency that makes for uniformity. For mark what happens. The people elect representatives of their own mode of thinking, and imbued with their ideas on matters of policy; and the representatives in their turns express the thoughts and ideas of the people, and try to model the policy and legislation of the country upon them. And so it comes about that the people get brought back to them in the concrete form of laws and policy the very ideas the working out of which they had entrusted to their representatives. And these very laws and policies engender like modes of thinking, and fresh ideas of a similar nature. Thus things work round and round in an unending circle. The people elect representatives of their own ideas; the representatives carry out the ideas of the people; the ideas thus carried out engender like ideas. And so the people move round and round over the same ground, like the prisoner of Chillon, chained to a pillar of fixed ideas and furrowing deep footprints in the sands of time. But it may be answered that this is not so, that the elected governors instil new ideas into the minds of the people. And truly this might be so in an ideal democracy. But is it not the fact that the representatives of the people are more and more reduced to the position of delegates and mere mouthpieces and conduit-pipes? And, indeed, this is what representative government comes more and more to mean. Representative of what? Not representative of the people themselves, in the council-chambers of the nation, but representative of the ideas of the people. Time was when members of Parliament repudiated the suggestion of their being mere delegates; now comparatively few would venture on such repudiation. And, more than this, the representative now ventures to encourage this idea of delegacy, and tries to act the delegate to the utmost. It was a cynical saying of Drummond that there were only two ways of governing

mankind: by force or corruption, by grape-shot or French cookery. Now, it must be admitted that if grape shot has often been the method of the despot, French cookery has often been the method of the representative of the people. He has pleased the ears, if not the palates, of the people; for it becomes his aim to give effect to the ideas of those who sent him. The people hear their own ideas dressed out and decked in language they never dreamed of, and with a consequential air they plume themselves on their wisdom. And so, unwitting mortals! they get no new ideas at all: all they get is their own ideas garnished and served up to them. But it may be answered that this is not so. Surely the people will hearken to the wisest among them. And, indeed, this might be so in an ideal democracy: we might then agree with Mazzini when he speaks of "the great and beautiful ensign of democracy, the progress of all through, all under, the leading of the best and wisest." But in sober fact is this the case? Should we not rather give our assent to the saying of Hobbes that a democracy is an aristocracy of orators sometimes interrupted by the monarchy of one? But what we would endeavor to make clear is this, that, whatever democracy might be capable of under favorable conditions, democracy as it stands now in our country directly favors the tendency to uniformity, a tendency that is destructive of "human development in its richest diversity." For we have seen that our democracy practically means the carrying out and embodying the ideas of the people, and that it becomes more and more the interest and aim of popular representatives to help to carry out these ideas; so that the people become more and more enamored of their own ideas, and more and more tend to live and have their being amid circumstances which are at once the product and the reproducers of their own ideas. And not only does our democracy tend to bring about the state of things we have endeavored to indicate, but by its very presence it excludes what benefits might accrue from other forms of polity. We are far from denying many of the obvious advantages of democratic government; but we assert that in this particular respect, namely, in its tending to crush individuality and make men work in a groove, it stands condemned; whereas from other

forms of government ideas may well up with a perennial freshness. From democracy, as we have depicted it, we can hope for little in this direction.

Even tyrants and despots, not to speak of constitutional monarchs, may, if endowed with powerful and original minds, infuse fresh vigor of thought and action into a lagging world. It would be waste labor to cite historical evidence, because it is obvious that all the great rulers of men have been great by reason of their originality of thought and power of will. And, even though a monarch may not be thus endowed himself, he may yet have the faculty (and a no mean faculty it is) of being able to discern character and select the best advisers. It is in this way that many of the greatest of statesmen have won their way. They have been men of ideas, whom monarchs have had the wisdom to make their advisers. "My conception," says Lord Beaconsfield, "of a great statesman is of one who represents a great idea, an idea which may lead him to power; an idea with which he may identify himself; an idea which he may develop; an idea which he may and can impress on the mind and conscience of a nation." So that, while our democracy may fail to produce men of original power, it may be deprived of those great leaders who might arise under other forms of government. Let any one ask himself, for instance, which has had the greater leaders, Germany under the First Empire or France under the Third Republic? The gist of our accusation against the democracy as we at present have it, and are likely to have for some time to come, is that it tends to crush individuality, to stifle original thought, and to produce precisely that sort of soil which is likely to be barren in the growth of ideas. To try to get much individuality from our present democracy is like trying to pluck grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles. And so it comes about that a writer in the *Spectator* can write on the "Monotone" of modern life; and that Professor Max Müller can find himself able to say that in these days we are obliged to go to the "Red Book" to find out who is who, whereas in his earlier days the personality of original men was a power that made itself felt among all grades of society.

So far we have dealt with that part of the tendency to uniformity which flows

from our political state; and, as we have already seen, it is the most important part, for it deals with conduct, which is the greatest part of life. It remains to discuss those two portions we have described as being economic and educational, which have to deal with the æsthetical and intellectual parts of our nature, which concern art and knowledge, and are the remaining part of life.

And first as to the economic part. This part of the tendency to uniformity we have called economic because it arises from our economic or commercial state. Now, our present commercial state and method of trading are directly inimical to the spirit of individuality. And this arises in several ways. We find one cause in the extraordinary growth of capital. One of the most remarkable things of the age is the accumulation of capital and the development of big concerns in trade and business. This accumulation of capital directly favors the creation of big concerns; and with big concerns backed up by great pecuniary resources small concerns find it hard, if not impossible, to compete. The small producer and trader almost in despair throws himself before the Juggernaut-like car of capital that goes groaning and creaking along, bearing the golden idol of Mammon, amid the plaudits of the onlooking shareholders. Not only do we witness the creation of great companies, but also the creation of what we might call a company of companies; such as syndicates and rings. We have seen examples of these in copper and salt, and rings are threatened in coal, matches, and other things. Small industries are crushed out of existence. This is notably the case in the brewing business. There are fewer brewers now than there used to be. Then, again, what may be called home or domestic industries are fast becoming a thing of the past. Brewing was once a home industry; it has now practically ceased to be one. Even fruit-preserving is falling into the hands of "large men." The Irish lace-making industry still lingers; but it too bids fair to become extinct. So that, evidently, in productive industries the tendency is to do things on a large scale, and to turn out goods in great quantities, all made after the same pattern, and of the same kind. Anything more destructive of originality in production, from which alone

we can hope for variety, and indeed for ultimate improvement in our commodities, it would be difficult to conceive. And so it is also in the distributive branches of trade. Great shops and stores are now on the increase. The tendency is now not for the shopkeeper to conduct his own business personally over the counter, but for some manager in a barrack-like building to command an army of shopmen, shopgirls, clerks, and cashiers, who, with an unerring monotony, receive orders and make up parcels and bills "from morn to dewy eve." But the mischief is not so great in the distributive as in the productive branches of trade, for in the former there is obviously less scope for originality. But in the latter the influence of the system that tends to prevail is deadly. Those employed in production are merely placed in the position of recipients of wages for so much work done. They have no interest in the quality of the products or in the method of their production. Nor even have the managers and directors in many cases any such interest. They are placed in their position to look after the interests of shareholders, and to take care that a dividend is earned. And, so long as the dividend is earned, it is no interest of theirs to make any improvements. Indeed, they would probably look askance at any suggested improvements or novel methods, and would adopt them at their peril. It may safely be said that we owe many of our greatest improvements in the industrial arts to men who worked with their own hands, and, from the intimate knowledge of the subject which they thereby gained, acquired those flashes of insight which suggested the improvements that subsequently revolutionized the world. And this brings us to another cause closely connected with the growth of capital. This is introduction of machinery. That many benefits have flowed from the introduction of machinery it would be idle to deny. But that is no reason why we should shut our eyes to the evils of the thing. It is an evil result of the application of machinery to the industrial arts that it tends to destroy individuality in production. Here again the tendency is to produce great quantities of goods all of the same pattern. The producer has no interest where his labor is merely mechanical. Labor and originality are divorced, and industry is reduced to a dull routine.

"Life without industry," Mr. Ruskin says, "is guilt, and industry without art is brutality." It is this "brutality" that we lament; it is the sense of this "brutality" that has given birth to the "National Association for the Advancement of Art and its Application to Industry." For this is what we read in the prospectus of the Association prior to the holding of its first congress: "It is widely felt in the great manufacturing centres—and the feeling has found expression in Liverpool—that the present conditions both of art and industry offer many problems which stand in pressing need of discussion. Machinery, by making less immediate the contact of the artisan with the object of manufacture, and by its tendency to specialize the artisan's work, has rendered obsolete, so far as many industries are concerned, the old traditions of design, and these have not as yet been replaced by new. Machinery has, moreover, been suffered to annihilate many minor handicrafts, the place of which has not been supplied in any adequate fashion. The adoption, therefore, of artistic design to modern methods of manufacture, and the cherishing or rehabilitation of many crafts which are independent of machinery, and in which the individuality of the workman's touch is an essential feature, are matters of high importance at the present time." What stronger testimony than this to the tendency now prevailing in our industries can any one ask for?

There are some fine lines of Mr. Lowell's which felicitously describe the feelings and the yearnings of those who reflect on our present industrial state:—

Surely that wiser time shall come,
When this fine overplus of might,
No longer sullen, slow, and dumb,
Shall leap to music and to light.

In that new childhood of the earth,
Life of itself shall dance and play,
Fresh blood in Time's old veins shall mirth,
And Labor meet Delight halfway.

That "labor shall meet delight halfway" is just one of the difficulties presented to us, because our present industrial methods are absolutely hostile to such a happy consummation. Beneath the incubus of an inexorable capital, whose main function it is to breed dividends, and amid the hum and clank of machinery, there is scant prospect at present of labor meeting

delight at all, much less halfway. It is to be hoped that the National Association will be able to do something to ameliorate this state of things, for surely there must be a *via media* somewhere. It is not that abundant benefits have not flowed from the use of capital and machinery. Let there be no mistake about that. But the benefits are largely discounted by the evils we have considered, by the stifling and deadening of "human development in its richest diversity," and by the drying up of those fertilizing streams of fresh ideas which, by stimulating progress, invigorate our civilization, and make it fruitful for good. Let us choose these streams, and divert, if possible, those other streams which now begin to flow round the roots of our existence—the streams of dulness and forgetfulness, whose sluggish waters cannot fertilize, and serve only to exhaust the sources of life.

The educational part still remains. We have called it educational because it is in our educational system that this portion of the tendency of which we are speaking lies. And we refer here, not to that portion of education which inculcates moral teaching, or to that portion which deals with conduct, but to that portion which teaches the arts and sciences, and deals with the æsthetical and intellectual parts of our nature. That our present system of education tends to stifle individuality and originality it would be idle to deny, for we have lately had striking testimony to the fact. A short time ago there appeared a protest against the sacrifice of education to examination. And it was part of the accusation against our present system of education that it tends to stifle originality. This is what the protest says: "For it should be noted that under the prize system all education tends to be of the same type, since boys from all schools of the same grade meet in the same competition, and all teaching tends to be directed toward the winning of the same prize. No more unfortunate tendency could be imagined. The health and progress of every great science, such as education, depend upon continual difference, upon new ideas, and experiments carried out to give effect to such ideas, upon the never-ending struggle between many different forms and methods each to excel the other. It cannot be too often repeated that uniformity means arrest of

growth and consequent decay; diversity means life, growth, and adaptation without limit." The influential body of signatories to the protest state as their deliberate opinion that the present system of education is of such a nature that, if longer pursued, it will not only arrest the growth of education as a science, but will cause its ultimate decay.

A greater calamity than this could hardly happen to the nation; for, with the decay of education, we could have no hope for future generations. Then, indeed, would the sun of our glory sink forever, and a darkness to be felt settle upon us. It is not merely that the science of education itself is at fault, inasmuch as it tends itself to decay: the system has a prejudicial effect upon the minds of the taught by stifling their originality. As we are told, "boys from all schools of the same grade meet in the same competition;" the result is that they are all brought up in the same way with their minds bent on the same subject. Obviously, then, their minds, turned out from the same mould, will all bear the same impress. The result of this will be much uniformity in the minds of each generation as it grows up. Then, again, the system tends to direct the minds of the taught from subjects which might be more congenial to them to subjects which are not so congenial, but which, as the saying is, are more "paying." It would, indeed, require much originality in a child to overcome the inclination to cultivate the more "paying" things and to overcome at the same time the objections of teachers to travelling outside the ordinary routine subjects. Thus, the result is to produce uniformity of mind both at our schools and at our Universities. Professor Max Müller says, "Now, my young friends seem all alike, all equally excellent, but so excellent that you can hardly tell one from the other." Thus, we see, our present system of education tends to destroy individuality in the methods of education itself and also in the minds of those whom it educates. And, as this affects our rising and future generations, the importance of the matter can hardly be exaggerated. Looked at from this point of view, that part of the tendency to uniformity which we have called the educational part is more important than either the political or the economic part.

Even as it is the most subtle, it is the most potent in its consequences.

Here, again, it is not denied that many advantages have been derived from our present system of education; and, indeed, it would seem as though examinations (within certain limits) were a necessity. Nevertheless, the system is not an unmixed good, as the considerations we have stated clearly show.

We have traced the tendency to uniformity to its three sources, and we have found in each some elements that contribute more or less to produce that very evil against which Humboldt protested, and Mr. Mill thought so inimical to liberty in the fullest sense of the term. It is a humiliating thought that our civilization should have placed us in danger of an evil that is really subversive of civilization. For, as Emerson says, the "ceasing from fixed ideas" is a great part of civilization. But the tendency is for us more and more

to become the slaves of "fixed ideas," and any statesman or thinker who will devise means to wipe away this reproach will earn the gratitude of his countrymen. There is pressing need that something should be done quickly, for, while we write, the evil which we have indicated is like a canker, eating at the roots of our national life. We have seen that in our politics it affects us as citizens, and that in our business and commercial pursuits it affects us as individuals, while in our educational system it affects our rising generation. It is like

The little pitted speck in garnered fruit
That, rotting inward, slowly moulders all.

We are now gathering the fruits of the labors of our forefathers, and to extirpate "the little pitted speck" that moulders them should be one of our first duties.—*National Review*.

THE FOLK-TALES OF SARDINIA.

BY E. SIDNEY HARTLAND.

IN the midst of the Mediterranean Sea, a few miles to the south of its smaller, but more illustrious, neighbor Corsica, lies the Island of Sardinia. It was well known to Greek and Phœnician sailors, and in classic times one of its peoples claimed descent from Trojan fugitives. A variety of mineral wealth lies buried beneath its mountains, and, especially of late years, has drawn trade that way. But visitors for other purposes are comparatively rare; and the islanders yet retain much of their ancient simplicity.

Among a simple race, and in a mountainous island, we should expect to find many old customs, tales, and superstitions in full vigor. Nor, from what we know of the Sardinians, should we be disappointed. But so little has civilization as yet penetrated their grassy valleys and rugged uplands, that the collector of folk-lore has hardly done more than gain a footing there, though he has reason to be proud of his exploits all over Italy and Sicily. Indeed, a German traveller, only a few years ago, ventured on the assertion that in Sardinia one would seek in vain for any of the half pagan, or at least profane,

traditions in which his own country was so rich. To those who know anything of the science of folk-lore this is a wildly improbable statement; and it has been abundantly disproved by the researches of several eminent men, among whom may be named Professor Ferraro, Professor Guarnerio, and Dr. Mango.

These writers have dealt chiefly with the songs and tales current among the natives of the island. Forty stories in all have appeared; and these have been obtained from peasants, and are given in various dialects, some of which are evidently unintelligible to the ordinary Tuscan. One of the most popular stories is that of Maria Intaulata (Mary Wainscotted). It is given in the dialect of Calangianus, and runs in this way. A man who had one daughter lost his wife. Before she died she gave him a ring, saying that it was her wish he should marry for his second wife her whom that ring would fit. Moved, no doubt, entirely by the desire to carry out his dead wife's wishes, the man went round the whole town with the ring, but failed to find a lady whose finger it would fit. At last he tried it on his daughter's

hand, much against her will, and lo ! it fitted her. Then he said to her : " You must be my wife." When the girl heard that, she went and took counsel of her teacher as to what she should do. The teacher answered : " Do this : if you are to be his wife, let him get you a moon-robe." The maiden accordingly demanded of her father a moon-robe. When the father had bought that robe, she asked for a robe of stars. Again the father complied ; and she then asked for a robe of chimes. On this being obtained also, the maiden for the fourth time took her teacher's advice, and she was told : " Now, go to a wood-cutter ; let him make you a robe of wood. Clad in that, go away until you meet your fate." The girl did so, and wandered about until she came to the gate of the king's palace, where she asked for shelter for the night. She was told there was no room ; but the poor child begged to be allowed to stay, saying she could sleep anywhere, even in the fowlhouse. She was taken at her word, and contemptuously permitted to find shelter with the fowls. But at night she went out, took off her wooden gown, and in her robe of chimes climbed a tree which stood before the palace. All the city ran together to the palace to inquire what the music meant. But the king was as much at a loss as the people. " I have no music," he said ; " I do not know whence these chimes are." The girl repeated this performance the following night, and again the people crowded to the palace to know whence the sounds came. The king answered in vain : " I have heard them again, but I do not know whence they are." The people went home puzzled and angry. The next morning the king learned that his waiting-maid had gone no one knew where ; and, as he could not possibly be without one, he sent for the girl who was in the hen-roost. She came up dressed in her wooden robe, and the queen asked her : " Why not take off that wooden gown ?" She answered : " I cannot ; I wear it for a penance." The queen said : " What is your name ?" " I am called Mary Wainscotted." " Henceforth," said the queen, " you are to be our waiting-maid. My son is going to a feast to-morrow ; get his things ready." The girl got everything ready for him, but forgot his riding-whip. Her duties, indeed, seem to have been somewhat vari-

ous ; but such is the peasant's idea of a palace and its inmates. When the king's son was dressed he wanted his whip, and he said to Mary Wainscotted, the royal waiting-maid : " And the whip ?" " I quite forgot it," she answered, and went to fetch it. When she came back the prince was already on his horse, and on handing the whip to him he struck her with it. No sooner had he gone than Mary Wainscotted asked the queen's permission to go to the feast too. The queen answered : " No, Mary ; I shall not let you go, because my son might see you." But Mary begged, and promised, sly thing ! that the prince should not catch sight of her ; and the queen, seeing the waiting-maid had taken it into her head to go, gave her consent at last. Then the maiden took off her wooden gown and threw it into a bush, making her appearance at the feast in her robe of stars. As soon as the prince saw her he asked her to dance. Of course she could not refuse ; and, as she was a stranger, he was inquisitive as to whence she came. " I came from Whiptown," she said. While they were dancing he made her a present of a diamond, and said : " Don't go away ; we will go together." But she gave him the slip ; and when she got home the queen asked her : " Did my son see you ?" " Oh ! no, certainly not," the waiting-maid calmly declared ; and while she was speaking back came the prince. She asked him : " Have you had a pleasant time, master ?" " Yes," he replied ; " the feast was pleasant, but I did not see you, Mary Wainscotted, though there was a girl there—" A few days after, another feast was given ; and Mary forgot the prince's bridle. He had to wait while she fetched it ; but at last he was off, and Mary immediately went to the queen and begged leave to go too. The queen made the same difficulty as before, but Mary surmounted it in the same way, by vowing that the prince should not see her. She hid her wooden gown in the bush, and went clad in her moon robe. The prince fell in love with her at once and invited her to dance. While they were dancing he presented her with another diamond, and asked : " From what town is your ladyship ?" " From Bridletown," she answered ; and the prince again prayed that he might accompany her home. She escaped him, however ; and when he reached home she

came to receive him, inquiring if the feast had been a pleasant one. "Very good," he answered, "but I did not see you. But there was one—" In making ready that the prince might start for a third festival, Mary forgot a spur. When there he saw a lady wearing a robe of chimes. He invited her to dance, and gave her another diamond, asking from what town she was. "From Spurtown," she answered, promptly. It was Mary Wain-scotted who had stripped off her wooden gown and put on the robe of chimes. The king's son was so vexed that he could not find out who these three ladies were, that he fell ill. The doctors declared that he was lovesick, and they could not cure him. He would not eat the broth his mother brought him; so one day Mary Wain-scotted asked the queen to allow her to take it to him. "If he won't take it from me, why should he from you?" asked the queen. "Try me, and see," returned Mary. At last the queen consented, and Mary took him the broth, putting one of the diamonds he had given her into it, and so gave it him. He took it and asked for more. Mary fetched him some more broth and put another diamond into it. Evidently she could cure him. He still asked for more, and she gave it to him with the third diamond in it. When the prince saw that all those ladies, for whose sake he had fallen ill, were but one, and that one Mary Wain-scotted, he jumped out of bed with one bound, seized his dagger, and split the wooden robe asunder. Then there appeared no longer Mary Wain-scotted, but the lady whom he had seen at the feasts. It need hardly be added that they were married and lived happy ever after.*

This story, told on the barren hillsides of Sardinia is identical with one formerly current in our own land. But our story has, I fear, long since died out, killed probably by the French tale of Cinderella. It is referred to in "The Vicar of Wakefield," and was no doubt well known when Goldsmith wrote. The form in which it is last known to have been repeated is that of a ballad called "The Wandering Young Gentlewoman, or Catskin." In this ballad the heroine is an outcast because she was a daughter, whereas her

father was anxious to have a son, and was disappointed and enraged at her birth. She has a robe of catskins, and becomes scullion in a knight's house, sleeping in an outhouse. The knight's lady strikes her on each occasion of her son's going to a ball, because she asks to go too. The first and second time the lady breaks a ladle and a skimmer over poor Catskin's shoulders, and the third time she drenches her with water. The young squire overtakes the damsel on her way home after the third ball, and thus finds out who she is. By arrangement with her, he feigns himself ill that she may attend him; and they have a good time together, until one day his mother surprises them, and finds Catskin arrayed in her rich attire.

Which caused her to stare, and thus for to say,
"What young lady is this, come tell me, I pray?"

He said, "It is Catskin, for whom sick I lie,
And except I do have her with speed I shall die."

The proud lady and her husband, the knight, acquiesced of course. The story, however, has a sequel wanting in the Sardinian version. Catskin's father, hearing his daughter was so well married, disguises himself as a beggar, and goes to her to ask alms. When she knows who he is, she takes him in, gives him "the best provisions the house could afford," and, thinking him in want, offers him a home. He replies, he has only come to try her love; he himself has enough; and for her love he will give her a portion of ten thousand pounds.

Another good old English ballad is represented in Sardinia by a tale called "The Escaped Canary." Once upon a time, a king who had a beautiful canary, of which he was very fond, committed it to the care of a servant. One fine morning this servant left the door of its cage open for a moment, and away it flew. The king came in shortly after; and when he knew what had happened, he ordered the servant to be summarily dismissed. The servant began to weep and to pray for pardon because of his long family, promising and vowing that he would never be guilty of such carelessness again.

The king at last, moved by compassion, had him called back into his presence, and said: "Listen! if you can answer me two questions I will let you stay in the palace; if not, you shall be turned out neck and

* Professor Guarnerio's collection, No. 1. *Archivio per lo Studio delle Tradizioni Popolari*, vol. ii., p. 21.

crop." "Say on, your Majesty," replied the man, "I am ready for everything." "Well, then, you must tell me first the distance from hence to the sky, and, secondly, how many stones would be wanted to build this palace of mine." The servant promised that he would answer these questions, for all in his heart he knew he was not equal to doing so. As he went weeping from the palace he met an old comrade, who, seeing him weep, asked why. The man told him. "And are you faint-hearted on that account?" asked his comrade; "the answer is easy enough, and I will tell it you at once. Take a ball of twine, big, big, very big, and tell the king that that is the distance from earth to the sky; and as for the number of stones, tell him a million and a half." The servant went away content, and the next day he presented himself to the king. "Well," said the king, "what have you done about that matter?" "This is the answer, your Majesty; this is the distance from the earth to the sky," and he presented the ball of twine to the king. The king said: "Oh, no, that won't do! It's not true." "Measure it," replied the servant, unabashed, "and see if I am not right." The king was silenced; he did not know what answer to make. "And the stones that are in my palace?" he asked. "In your Majesty's palace are two millions of stones," declared the servant. "Oh!" replied the king, "that is certainly not true." "Yes, yes," said the man, "it is quite true; count them, and see whether I have not spoken the truth." The king, delighted with his cleverness, not only forgave him, but gave him a large sum of money, which he divided with his comrade as a reward for showing him so good a way out of his trouble.*

Nobody will dispute that the English ballad of King John and the Abbot of Canterbury is both far stronger in plot and wittier in the replies given to the king; but then it has been through the skilful hands of Bishop Percy. What can be neater than the replies to the first and last of the three queries?—

"First," quoth the king, "tell me in this stead,
With my crown of gold so fair on my head,

* Dr. Francesco Mango: *Novelline Popolari Sarde* p. 21. The stories quoted below are all from this collection.

Among my nobility with joy and much mirth,
Within one penny what I am worth."

"For thirty pence our Saviour was sold
Among the false Jews, as I have been told;
And twenty-nine is the worth of thee,
For I think thou art one penny worser than
he."

* * * * *
"And from the third question thou must not
shrink,
But tell me here truly what I do think."

"Yes, that I shall, and make your Grace
merry;
Your Grace thinks I'm the Abbot of Canterbury;
But I'm his poor shepherd, as here you may
see,
Come to beg pardon for him and for me."

The story is an old one. It is found in one form or another all over Europe. Perhaps the oldest version now extant is in the *Gesta Romanorum*, where the emperor puts seven questions to a knight against whom he wishes to find a ground for punishment. It is found also among the Hebrews and in Turkish. The Turkish version, as given by Professor Child, whose account of the tale is the best, is comic enough. "Three monks, who know everything, in the course of their travels come to a sultan's dominions, and he invites them to turn Mussulmans. This they agree to do, if he will answer their questions. All the sultan's doctors are convened, but can do nothing with the monk's questions. The hodja (the court fool) is sent for. The first question, Where is the middle of the earth? is answered as usual." That is to say—Here; and if you do not believe, measure for yourselves. "The second monk asks, How many stars are there in the sky? The answer is, As many as there are hairs on my ass.—Have you counted? ask the monks.—Have you counted? rejoins the fool.—Answer me this, says the same monk, and we shall see if your number is right: How many hairs are there in my beard?—As many as in my ass's tail.—Prove it.—My dear man, if you don't believe me, count yourself; or we will pull all the hairs out of both, count them, and settle the matter. The monks submit, and become Mussulmans."*

The Sardinian peasants are fond of a joke, if their jokes are not always of the

* Professor Child: *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, vol. i. p. 410.

keenest. Here is a story, modern at least in its present form, of the taming of a shrew. It is entitled "The Girl who did not like Smoke."—

There was once a priest who had a niece who was resolved not to marry. Often she was asked, but she would not listen; for she had got it into her head that she would not have a man who smoked. Finally a young fellow came and asked for her hand. Her uncle said to him: "Do you smoke?" "Yes, sir," he replied. "Then my niece will refuse you, for she will not have any one who smokes." But the suitor said: "Is that all? I'll let the smoking alone." The uncle called his niece. She said, Yes; and they were married. In the evening of the day they were married the bridegroom, without saying a syllable to his wife, went off to bed, and was soon fast asleep. And in the same way every day when he came home he never spoke, but went straight to bed without taking any notice of her. She thought this conduct strange, and began to fret and pine. Her uncle said to her one day: "What is the matter, that you are always sad? Does he ill-treat you?" "No, he doesn't ill-treat me; but when he comes home at night he never speaks, but goes to bed and sleeps. In fact, when he is in the house, he never utters a word to me." Then the uncle spoke to the husband: "What is the matter, my son? Are you not satisfied with my niece?" "Oh, yes, uncle," answered he, "but somehow, when I don't smoke, I cannot keep my eyes open." When the old man repeated this to the bride, she said: "If that's it, he shall smoke." And from that time she was never satisfied when he had the pipe out of his mouth.

Our old favorite, "The Story of the Two Sisters who were envious of their Youngest Sister," which M. Galland put into the mouth of the immortal Scheherazade, is dealt with by the Sardinian peasant in a somewhat unexpected fashion. There were once three poor girls, sisters, who kept a poultry yard close to the king's palace. They often used to talk together in the yard; and the two elder used to wish to wed some servant of the king's, but the youngest longed to wed the king himself. Her sisters laughed, and joked her about it; and when at last the king asked her, they were jealous, and told her that if he married her it would only be to

make game of her and laugh at her. But he did marry her and took her to live in the palace. By-and-by she was expecting to become a mother, and told her husband she felt sure he would have two beautiful children. Just at that very time war broke out, and the king was obliged to take the field. Before leaving, he gave his wife in charge to her sisters, who promised to send him tidings of all that happened. After he was gone, the two sisters conspired together to write to him that his wife had given birth to a brace of puppies and was now stark mad. The king replied, ordering her to be driven from the palace. Her sisters accordingly cast her out. Weeping, she asked why they were sending her away; but they only answered that such was the king's command. "God will right me," she said; "give me but strength and patience!" The poor creature wandered far and wide until she reached a certain mountain. There she met an old, old man who, seeing her plight, courteously invited her to rest in his dwelling. In that shelter she brought forth two lovely babes, a boy and a girl. When the king returned from the war his sisters-in-law had a long tale to tell him of his wife's evil doings. Hearing so much ill of her whom he tenderly loved, the king fell sick and took to his bed. After awhile, when he was able to get up again, to divert his thoughts, he went far into the country, till he arrived at the mountain where his wife was. There he saw two little ones playing, and said to himself: "How fair they are! If they were mine how happy I should be!" Drawing near, he saw the old man, and asked: "Good man, can you tell me whose children these are?" "They belong to a poor unfortunate girl who has been thrust out of house and home by her wicked sisters." "Might I see her?" So the old man called her; she came, and when they saw one another, husband and wife exclaimed: "My wife!" "My husband!" They ran into one another's arms, and with tears of joy the mother called her little ones: "Here is your father, kiss him!" The children ran, and jumping up, embraced their father. But when they looked round for the old man who had so long taken care of the helpless outcasts, he had vanished—for he was the Lord Jesus Christ.

The introduction of such a *deus ex ma-*

chinà is very far from offensive to the peasantry of the Continent. Stories in which Christ and His Apostles figure are everywhere popular, and this is one of the least objectionable. There is nothing incongruous to simple, realistic faith in the personal intervention of the Deity to succor the distressed and to do justice to the helpless. If ever that intervention be called for in human affairs it is surely for such a purpose; and it is our fault, or our misfortune, if our association of the tale with talking birds and singing trees, magic necklaces and cucumbers with pearl sauce, startle us when, in place of all this elaborate and costly machinery, we have the simple form of the Good Shepherd. If the Church herself frown on the imagination which embodies in these tales the objects of her faith, it is quite a modern austerity. For ages she cherished all such fancies and erected them into articles of belief. She wrought them into her services, and showed them to the people in her miracle plays. The miracle play of Santa Uliva, for instance, the earliest edition of which is unknown, was reprinted at Florence in the year 1568. Its plot is in some respects similar to that of the tale before us, but it is the king's mother who schemes against the heroine, and not her sisters. In the earlier part of the play the heroine cuts off her hands to avoid her father's importunities, for, as in the tale of Mary Wainscotted, he desires to marry her; and the Virgin Mary afterward appears to fit her with new ones. Nor is her intervention deemed at all incompatible with the nymphs and cupids and other mythological personages who also take part in the performance.* This play was very popular; and it is by no means an extreme or a solitary example of what we may think the grotesque mingling, under the Church's sanction, of sacred and profane, of Christian divinities in pagan fairy tales.

At the beginning of this paper the Sardinian Cinderella came before us; we may close with another figure, equally familiar if not equally beloved—that of Bluebeard. The Sardinian Bluebeard is called—The Devil; and the story about him is this: A poor man who had three daughters, went one day into the wood to gather a

bundle of sticks. While he was cutting them he heard footsteps, and turning round he saw a gentleman, who asked: "What are you doing, my good man?" "I am getting a little wood, you see, sir, to warm myself." "Would you like me to help you?" "We always want help until we die." "What family have you?" "Three daughters." "Well, I will help you if one of your daughters will marry me." "How can a poor girl like my daughter marry?" The gentleman thereupon cut off an entire branch at one blow, gave it to the woodcutter, and said: "Then I shall expect an answer to-morrow." But when the gentleman had gone away, the woodcutter said to himself: "He must be the devil himself, or he could not have cut that big branch all in a moment." However, devil or no devil, he went home and told the story to his daughters. The eldest and the second both refused to marry the unknown gentleman. "I will," said the youngest; "so I shall be mistress in my own house." The next day the stranger came to the wood and met the woodcutter. "Well," said he, "what have you done, good man? Which of them will have me?" "The youngest," replied the man. "Then take this money, and to-morrow I will come and fetch her." But the old proverb is true: Marry in haste and repent at leisure. On the morrow the gentleman came and the wedding took place, and the married pair afterward set out for home. Before parting, the bride's mother gave her a little dog to keep her company. When they reached home the bridegroom said to her: "You are mistress of everything." And he gave her the keys and took her all over the house. But there was one room he did not show her, and the key of which he omitted to give her; and she said to herself: "I must find out why he did not give me the key of this room. But I understand that he does not come home from midday to midnight, so I shall get my chance." One day she accordingly succeeded in finding the key, and she opened the door. What a sight she beheld! Those agonized forms were nothing else than souls of the lost. Overcome with fright, she gasped: "Who are you?" "We are paying the penalty of our sins. I," said one, "was a miller's wife, and I robbed every poor man who came to grind his corn." "I," said another, "used to

* D'Ancona: *Sacre Rappresentazioni dei Secoli XIV., XV., e XVI.*, vol. iii. p. 235.

blaspheme continually." "I," said a third, "murdered my husband." And so they told every one her sin. "And who are you?" asked these lost ones in return. "I am the mistress of the house, and I live here with my husband." "Poor child! and she knows not she has married the devil." "The devil! How shall I manage to live with him?" she asked, almost beside herself. "Don't despair; we will tell you how to get away. Write a letter as if from your mother, saying that she wishes to see you. Tell your husband, and ask him to take you to her. When you reach the house, have a cock made ready to take back with you; and when you are on the way back squeeze the bird's wings, and you will see that the devil will soon disappear." So the wife forges the letter, and goes to her husband in tears, and hands it to him. "What is the matter?" "Read this letter, and you will see." Devils are so easily deceived—in folk-tales. "Well, well," said he, "don't cry; we will go, and you shall see your mother." When they got there, the mother was surprised to see her daughter. "What do you want here?" she asked. "Hush, mother! pretend you are unwell, and that you wanted to see me once more. I have something of importance to tell you." When they were alone the girl told her mother all. The mother quickly got a cock, and packed it up to go with them. Presently husband and wife started home again. When they had gone a little way she slyly pinched the cock's wings. Out he bounced with a flutter and a screech. The same instant her husband vanished;

and she returned rejoicing to her father's house.

The cock's magical power in driving away demons is well known. At that season of the year when the bird of dawning singeth all night long, no spirit dares stir abroad. Night is the time when spirits have special power; and most spirits are looked upon as evil and hostile to man. But it is a commonplace of European folk lore that whatever time of the night a cock crows all evil spirits are at once put to flight; their power is gone. Therefore it is that, as in this tale, artificial means are constantly taken to induce a cock to crow, in order to rescue the hero or heroine from the devil's grasp. What the origin of this superstition may be is a difficult question. It is probably not one of the oldest superstitions yet current, for the domestic fowl is not indigenous to Europe—a fact that has perhaps something to do with the supernatural virtue assigned to it.

But the cock is not the only one of the lower animals introduced here. A little dog is mentioned as given to the bride by her mother, and then it is forgotten. We may be quite sure it was originally not mentioned for nothing. In some other Italian stories concerning the Forbidden Chamber, a dog is kept by the ogre-husband to warn the wife against disobedience, and to blab her secret. In the present case the dog belongs to the wife; and if we could go back to an earlier form of the story, it would not be surprising to find that it was the dog, and not the condemned spirits, who counselled her how she should escape from the devil's clutches.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

WHAT IS THE RIGHT MOVE? A PROBLEM OF LIFE IN TERMS OF CHESS.

"Deep in the heart of the noble man it lies forever legible that as an invisible just God made him, so will and must God's justice, and this only, were it never so invisible, prosper in all controversies and enterprises and battles whatsoever."—*Past and Present*.

"My dear boy, you are fogging your mind with that antiquated copy-book maxim, which commences with Honesty and ends with Policy. It reverses the true order of ideas, and, like most proverbs, involves the fallacy of an insufficient induction. As a universal proposition, it

is a gross delusion, here, in the City of London, at the latter end of the nineteenth century. You talk of leaving me, because forsooth, I have just told you that I am unable to replace those trust-moneys we were speaking of, and if now called to meet my liabilities I should be, it is admitted, several thousands on the wrong side. But what then? There are hundreds in the City in the same position; scarcely any one knows; I shall retrench; you must put up with a smaller salary, and in time I shall pull through. You are

under no liability—not a partner, and your objection to continue with me, merely because the force of circumstances has compelled me to make use of other people's money, is purely morbid.”

The speaker was an elderly gentleman, with white hair and of imposing appearance, who twisted his gold eyeglasses throughout the conversation, which took place in the inner sanctum of an eminent firm of City notaries, of which he was the last survivor. Tin boxes and bundles of papers were strewn about, and the very atmosphere was redolent of wealth and respectability.

“But suppose,” answered the other, “that you were asked for particulars of trust-investments, or a creditor died or became bankrupt, or the money entrusted to you were required, the rottenness of the whole position must inevitably become exposed. And, to say nothing of the risk, I feel it wrong to be mixed up in a practice tainted with such doings.”

“Precisely!” retorted the other. “Let us consider your very respectable scruples. In the first place, it is exceedingly unlikely that these things should happen. My position is so unimpeachable that none dream of asking questions. If they do, a wave of the hand, and they apologize. True, circumstances may expose the situation; but we are all liable to accidents, which form the salt of business and add a pleasurable excitement to City life. Besides, look at it from your point of view, what are you to do should you leave me? You can't start for yourself, for I have all the connection; your prospects of earning a livelihood as a clerk in a new situation at your time of life are very remote. What will your wife and child do? I have only to hold up my finger to find a score in your place.”

“I think,” replied the other, “you should have given me an insight into your position when I told you I was about to marry.”

“That would have been premature from my point of view, and is not the question now. Well, I assure you I entertain nothing but the kindest of feelings toward you, and I am advising you solely in your own interest; but, remember, that if we do part it will come to a fight between us, and it will not be I who go to the wall. It will be commonly thought you have been dismissed, and I don't see how you

are to remove the impression. On the other hand, I sha'n't live a great many years, then there will be a fairly assured position for you, however rough it may be on some, who will be much astonished at the amount my personality will be sworn under. Well, you had better consider matters, and let me know what you will do.”

The young man assented, and left the room.

Middle-aged Londoners will remember a City chess-resort extant some twenty years ago. A series of long narrow rooms, on different levels, led from one to another, where, upon sanded floors, old wooden arm-chairs, flanked tables of age-blackened oak, upon which yard-long clay pipes were distributed for the use of customers; stained windows cast a half light upon the carved work on the walls and ceiling. The place was very old, and, for aught I know, Ben Jonson and Shakespeare may have dallied there in wit combat, and certainly Puritan and Georgian shippers and merchants must have smoked their pipes in its rooms through successive generations. A gorgeous palace now occupies the spot, replete with marble, upholstery, and encaustic tiles, where chess still flourishes, but I never go. The garish splendor overwhelms me, and I miss the dim light of my old-fashioned resort. About the time when this old place vanished, another antiquity also took its departure. I mean the old Guildhall library; it, too, consisted of a range of rambling narrow rooms, darkly-wainscoted, old, dusty, and dirty, but infinitely preferable to its palatial substitute. I suppose want of space made the removal of the library a necessity, but I could never understand why the corporation must needs destroy the building. Those who knew it can imagine the chess-room.

At the latter our young friend used to play after office hours, and thither he now resorted. He took his seat, sick at heart, in a corner alone, and pondered upon the bewildering dilemma, upon one horn of which he must impale himself. Should he stay with a principal guilty of embezzlement and fraudulent breach of trust, or turn out with a very shadowy prospect of finding employment for himself, and livelihood for wife and child? Presently an old gentleman, with whom he often played chess, appeared at the door, peered in,

and, seeing him, shuffled up the room with slow and limping steps, as if his feet were tender. A favorite attitude was standing with both hands stretched forward, resting upon his stick. After the usual greetings they put the chessmen in their places for a game. The chessmen of this establishment were the largest I have ever seen, and the boards corresponded in size. Playing there with men which would have supplied formidable weapons to an adversary, comprised no little bodily as well as mental exertion, and perhaps added an attraction to the place. They have long been superseded by Staunton's natty and now monotonous pattern, and I should be glad to see again my old friends. There are chessmen still at Pursell's rooms resembling them, but not so large.

The old man sat down, blinking at his companion out of brown eyes, whose pupils seemed on the point of disappearing under the upper lids, leaving a crescent of white underneath. His long oily hair hung down in thin black wisps. He smiled over his thick under-lip, and was in short a rather shabby, kindly-looking, elderly Hebrew.

The young man flattered himself that he was no mean player, but was greatly tantalized in playing with this adversary, over whom he rarely gained an advantage. The old Israelite did not play what is called the book game, but chose an apparently eccentric and purposeless style, seemingly without object, till the other found his position rendered hopeless by some out-of-the-way move. His favorite piece was the king's bishop's pawn, which, curiously enough, constantly came in the opponent's way, causing hideous entanglements, and though the young man often concentrated attack on this pawn, he could seldom capture it. The old man played quickly and without apparent effort, and his adversary sometimes suspected that when he was allowed to win, his opponent was laughing at him.

The game proceeded, and naturally our young friend played worse than usual. His mind was indeed chiefly brooding over the hideous revelation so cynically made him, and thinking of his poor young wife, and their little baby boy, who would climb up in his arms, and steady himself by clutching hold of his father's hair, dabbing his little wandering fist into his eye. At length the king's bishop's pawn

mated him, notwithstanding his usual struggles to capture it, and the old gentleman remarking that the other was not in his usual form, they desisted from playing, and for a time sat in silence puffing their long clay pipes. Later on, the elder began to talk, and gradually drew from his companion some account of his troubles. He listened to the end, and then knocking out the ashes from his pipe on to the table, said :

"My dear young friend, I have always liked your looks, and am sorry to hear your account, but there is a deal of truth in what your employer says. From what I know of the world—and that is not a little—he may get through his difficulties, and be admired by the average man of business for his cleverness, and I am sorry to think you are in a very difficult position. However, there is no occasion to lose heart, and you will find that assistance will come from quarters least expected. You are threatened with a bad check, and this move may win or lose you the game, but you know that a pawn may be sometimes stronger than a queen, and with a little courage you may yet win your game ; indeed, the chessboard is a picture of our life, and in difficult circumstances I often fancy myself consulting the chessmen, who know more about such matters than you may think." He paused awhile, and then continued, fixing his eyes steadily on those of the young man, who in turn gazed at him half fascinated : "Mere pawn you are, and pawn you must remain, but you shall at least study pawn-life in a different sphere. Imagine yourself to be this pawn," holding one up as he spoke between his finger and thumb. "It has been in as difficult positions as yours before now, and yet it queened in the end."

As he spoke, his form seemed to dilate before the eyes of his companion, whose senses, as it were, retired to an immeasurable distance within his body, and the world outside, of whose existence he was conscious rather by intuition than by sight or hearing, finally vanished into infinity.

"Eh ! dear me, where am I ?" he exclaimed, as his consciousness returned.

It was certainly the same room, but how vast it had grown ; and he found himself alone, and seated on what must have been the edge of the table, with his legs hanging over an abyss. The tables presented huge expanses, vanishing in converging

lines into the distance. His coffee-cup had grown into a huge vat or tun, into which he could just peer by standing on tip-toe and grasping the edge with both hands. A lump of sugar fallen by its side, was now a block, from which a statue might have been carved, and an inexplicable hollow tube, long as a scaffold pole, proved to be the stem of a tobacco pipe. All the lights were out, yet he was not in darkness. Several yards away was a large dais or structure elevated about two feet from the table, and paved with black and white slabs. There were the chessmen upon it as large as himself. They stood silent and motionless, but there was a look of intelligence in their heads. Why! it was nothing but one of the chessboards which had grown with the size of the room—or had he diminished? He cannot tell to this day. His principal feeling was curiosity to see what was going on, and as he approached the board, the clock struck, and he heard the sound of music, upon which the chessmen suddenly began to stir and to change, and then ranged themselves into their two lines, moving to the music with military precision, and saluting one another at they met. There were four knights in plate armor, four bishops with lawn and crozier, kings, queens, and castles, and a crowd of peasants of all descriptions, among whom, dressed as one of the daintiest maidens, he recognized his old friend the white king's bishop's pawn. The set was complete save one pawn, and an imperious summons, which he felt no power to disobey, impelled him to occupy the vacant place, and, looking round, he found himself differing in no respect from his companion pawns. The kings and the pieces treated him with contempt, but the pawns hailed him as a brother, and the white king's bishop's pawn smiled a recognition from the opposite army. Was it fancy, or did the black king strongly resemble the old man?

Presently, a note of the music, and he was summoned to make the first move of the game, and found he had no volition but to obey. His advance was answered by the enemy. It was not a game he had ever seen before, and was played so rapidly that it was rather a dance than a game at chess. Before he had time to accustom himself to the novel crowd by which he

was surrounded, and prevented from comprehending the scheme of the game, he felt a light tap on the shoulder, and with a smile and a courtesy the white king's bishop's pawn informed him that he was her prisoner, and, with strange feeling of defeat and mortification, he found himself retiring from the game before it had well begun. He walked off the board and watched the play from the outside. Presently, the same pawn who had captured him came tripping across the board, and stepping off it, sat down by the side of her prisoner, on the edge of the board which formed a convenient bench. She looked up sideways with a smile, and began:

"I am taken soon after you, you see, and you are avenged, so we have time for a chat while the game continues. We don't need an introduction since we have so long known one another, and I have often wished to speak, but you never came here before to play with us in the hours when we come to life. You loom so large up above us, and I have so longed to know who and what you are."

He wondered what his wife would have said, could she have seen him so intimately greeted by this rather theatrically attired damsel.

"I am delighted," he replied, as gallantly as he could, "and your company more than compensates for my capture; but how comes it that you are so soon taken? My experience is that no power on earth can take you."

"I am sorry to have given you so much trouble now and in the past," she replied, "but may we not be some of those things which are outside of your philosophy?"

"It is from the heavenly region certainly that you hail," he replied. "But do you not find it wearisome to be so soon out of"—he was going to say employment, but substituted "the game?"

"No," she replied, "I am only a pawn, moved by some one else, and if I don't play in this game, I shall perhaps, become queen in the next. But what are you, and how do you come here? Tell me about yourself."

"Well, I suppose I too am a pawn elsewhere, and if I am not out of the game just yet, I am seriously threatened by another piece, and am wondering what move I ought to make. But how I came here

is as much a puzzle to me as it can possibly be to you. Perhaps you can tell me who is the black king."

"I must not tell you that," she answered, "but you say you do not know what move you ought to make. Do you then make the moves yourselves in your game? Are they not dictated to you by some one else, as with us?"

Ideas of foreknowledge, fate, and free-will passed through the young man's mind as he answered:

"I am not quite sure about that, but it certainly does appear as if the choice of my next move rested with me."

"And does your next move decide your game?" she asked.

"It has very serious consequences to me and to others which you can hardly appreciate."

"Have you a bad game?"

"Very much so, I am afraid."

"Can you not resign and begin another?"

"We cannot resign our game so easily as you can; and if we could, we are not sure that we should quite like the next, or whether there is another at all."

"Don't you play one game after another, as we do?" she asked.

"We really know nothing but our one game. Some of us think we do, others say that after one game we cease to play altogether; and others again, that afterward we are rewarded and punished for our good and bad moves; but not any one of us can tell for certain."

"And how did you get into your present position?" she asked; "have you been playing badly?"

"My position is the result of wrong moves made by another piece—I am not conscious of any such on my part."

"That is very hard that you should suffer for another's bad play," she answered; "but does not the player who is moving you take care that all the pieces make the right moves?"

"That is another thing we cannot tell," he replied. "We do not know, as I said, whether we are being moved or whether we move ourselves."

"Perhaps the player moves you badly, as you often move us amiss," she went on.

"Some of us have a suspicion to that effect," he answered, "and others think that there is one player who wishes well to us, and another ill."

"And if bad moves are made by one it is another who suffers for it?" she asked.

"That is very singular. If our players make a bad move, they lose credit, not we. Are you rewarded for your good moves?"

"That is also hard to say; some of us think yes, others that our good actions will benefit the invisible choir who come after us, and similarly will suffer for our evil deeds."

"That is small consolation to you," she answered. "You appear to me to be a most remarkable race of beings, chiefly engaged in injuring one another, and very ignorant about yourselves. I would much rather be a chess pawn."

"True," he agreed; "but do you know much more about yourselves?"

"Why, yes, we know all about ourselves; here we have been and here we shall continue, playing our games, and that is all. What more would you have?"

"Do you often play?"

"We play every night—one game—when no one else is by, and are working out the invincible opening to which there is no defence. When we have discovered it our task will be over, and the game of chess will vanish. In the daytime we allow you to move us about, and are vastly amused by your blunders. When this game is over I shall have to wish you good-night."

"You would probably be surprised then to hear that you were all made by one of us."

"Impossible!" she answered; "but it will be delightful if you can tell me all about ourselves."

"And yet it is true."

"You must be very good and clever beings," she replied; "wiser than ever I could have imagined, for we are made so well and we stand so straight, and our lot is so pleasant."

"And yet we often play you badly."

"Yes, that is true too. You are the strangest mixture. And did you make yourselves, as you made us?" she suddenly asked.

"No, certainly not."

"Then who did make you?"

"Well, really! you start the most insoluble of problems; that, again, I cannot tell you, or whether any one made us; we have different theories on the subject."

"Dear me! perhaps whoever made you

is as much wiser than you think, as you may be wiser than I have thought you. After all, you know so little about matters, I don't see how to advise you what move you are to make. What are the alternatives?"

"Either I must associate with one whose moves I think wrong, or I must leave him, with a very uncertain idea of what will happen in the future."

"That is to say, as far as I understand, you must either make a move not in accordance with the rules of your game, or you must make a move without knowing what will be the result."

"That is about it; but the second alternative may be attended with very unpleasant results which do not occur in your game."

"But it is a move according to your rules?"

"Yes, I cannot say that it is not."

"And what is the penalty if you make a false move?"

"That is also uncertain: sometimes there is a penalty, sometimes there appears to be none, but some of us think the penalty will be suffered in our next game."

"Well," she said, "it appears to me that in truth you don't know the result of any of your moves, and the only rule you can have is to move according to rule."

"It is very easy for you to say so who do not know the unpleasant results that may follow."

"Ah! you have so little faith."

"How can you possibly know that?"

"Why, have you not often played us, and do you think we learn nothing of your characters? You often lose the game from mere fear of your opponent: and if we could only speak, how often could we show you the better game. But tell me, if I refused to move according to rule, what would you do with me?"

"I should have turned you into a draughtsman, or condemned you to play eternal 'skittles.'"

"What an awful fate!" she whispered, with a shudder.

"But now that I know more about you," he continued, "I should send you for further investigation to the Society for Psychical Research."

A look of interrogation.

"Ah, you won't understand what I mean; but I can only answer your question by saying that those who have power over you would find the means of making you do right, my Socratic friend. And, indeed, I suppose that applies to myself also."

"It is all very puzzling," she answered.

"I am sorry you can't tell me more about yourselves and us. But see, the game is nearly over. Black will be mated in eleven moves, and I must say good-bye. I hope I shall see you again. Keep to your rules, and perhaps you will come back to us a king."

As she spoke, the music sounded the mate, and immediately the stir and sound of animation began to die away. The pieces stiffened again into chessmen, and the young man watched the fair face of his companion fading into a wooden block. Before she was quite unrecognizable he heard a faint "Adieu! Observe the rules."

"Well, have you had a comfortable nap?" was the next sound that greeted him in harsher accents, and looking round, he saw the old gentleman surveying him with a queer mocking smile of interrogation. The chessmen were lying about in their usual disarray, and everything was as of custom. The young man was too bewildered to say much, and could learn nothing from his companion, who baffled his inquiries, and soon remarked that it was time to be going home, and they parted. One result of our young friend's adventure into chessland was that next day he took leave of his old employer.—*Temple Bar*.

EFFECTS OF THE DOCTRINES OF EVOLUTION ON RELIGIOUS IDEAS.

BY RICHARD CROSBIE.

FROM the beginning of man's history, as man, for nearly six thousand years to our definite knowledge, for very much longer—thousands of years longer—in all

probability, there has been the painful, pathetic, pitiful, despairing struggle of man's mind to *know*, to learn something concerning himself, something concerning

the Infinite, something about Nature, and his relation to Nature and Infinity. Age after age has passed and left him still groping in the dark—still yearning for knowledge of the Unknown, and the Unknown and the Infinite have seemed to mock him. His children and children's children have arisen and prosecuted the search with equal vigor; they have died and passed away from their friends into the Unknown, and the Unknown still mocked at the search of those remaining.

This primitive man has asked himself, "What am I? Why am I?" with more or less pertinacity and satisfaction as the strength of his intellect was developed. And the trees bended down over him and whispered strange, spiritual, rustling whispers: there was something living about them—something animate and human. The clouds up above passed over him slowly, awfully; but they did not speak to him, they made him feel afraid. The great glaring sun passed over him fiercely burning; and the clear, cold stars twinkled silently. But those trees spoke to him: they whispered when he passed beneath them, and he fell before them, loved and worshipped them. Where is the shadow of his brother who lies sepulchred near him? Where are the shades of his father and mother? He has seen them asleep many times, and wondered what that strange sleep could be, why their senses had gone, why the invisible self had left its body; and he has seen them dead, lying as though asleep, but without breath, and that invisible self never came back to any one of them. Where are they? The trees bended down and whispered to him, he felt the Invisible waft past his face, and bowed down in awe before the rustling voices.

Century after century has worn away, leaving man still struggling for knowledge of the Unknown, and the Unknown has seemed to mock him. He has gained an intimacy with the face of Nature, deeper than which he has been unable to see; and upon that knowledge, narrow and superficial, though slowly ever-widening and piercing deeper, he has formed ideas and built up religions, which have grown in complexity as this superficial intimacy increased and his mentality developed. The religions supplied the place of the former pitiful speculations, and the superficial knowledge of Nature blinded the eyes of

man to the eternal facts which stared in the faces of his simpler-hearted fathers and filled them with wonder, longing, and dismay; but, with all this, men have arisen in every age with the penetrating eyes of primitive man, seeing things as they are, and not after the manner of those whose familiarity with the platitudes of knowledge-veneered ignorance has satisfied their minds, and have wondered and striven to learn something of the Unknown independently of theory and speculation, and, with the exception of the gift of the veriest mite of knowledge, they have died like their forefathers, with the Great Unknown still mocking them.

Great men have lived in every time and place during the progress of human knowledge, each great man seeing deeper than his fellow-men; each recognizing that the knowledge already attained was more or less superficial; each adding his unit of mental discovery and energy to the aggregate of learning and wisdom; each striving to lead his fellows into the deeper mysteries of Nature; each blinding them to the consciousness of their ignorance by the addition of new truths and fresh discoveries in the laws of cause and effect—till the evolution of intelligence and science culminated in the great teachings of Evolution itself.

This great doctrine, capable of illimitable research, directly influences the various kinds of men in their consciousness and comprehension of the eternal, in ways and degree according to its adaptability to their peculiar casts of mind, their natural and religious bias, and their capability to understand and be elevated by the results of its teaching. It directly influences men morally in different ways, for reasons approximating in character to those which govern its influences upon the mind. The doctrine of Evolution, more than any other doctrine of science or religion, affects materially the religious, social, and moral sentiments of those who study its teaching, or who gain a smattering of its laws. For no heresy does so effectually wipe out the traditions of our faiths and social morality; no heresy which has greatly affected our different creeds is so well founded, so firmly established upon thorough investigation and sound principles. Nor, on the other hand, are there many human teachings which, added to a religion, as the doctrines of Evolution may be,

have the power of raising the estimate of the Eternal, and consequently the estimate of all sound principles regulating human life, in the mind of man, and directly strengthening the motives for patient, persevering morality in life.

That class of men in which the influences of this doctrine have the noblest effect is constituted of those whose minds rise above the bigotry of special creeds, who see deeper than the technicalities of terms, whose penetrating gaze strikes into the individualities of things themselves. It is composed of those who, not content with the dry, incoherent language of conflicting scientific books, which grazes the understanding, yet leaves but a superficial image of the objects of which it treats—listen to the deep, still, lasting voice of Nature; who gaze upon the awful wonders, and trace through æons with their imagination the slow steady development of life; who see the world—not by the aid of cramped mentality alone, which can never grasp in its visual conception more than the veriest particle of this world, but by the help of actual, expansive, hill-dotted scenes, laid out below their eyes, magnified into greater sublimity by their knowledge of its finite comparative insignificance, and read its history backward to the time when by concentric force its aggregating particles had formed into a molten mass; who boldly wander on, their senses giddy with the Infinity under their contemplation, and watch the process of evolving planets, stars, and universe; who, staggering further, come upon the dark, illimitable, incomprehensible Unknown. To such as these the eternal and the infinite become realities to such a degree as they manifest themselves to no other class of men; they reach the utmost bounds approachable by the intellect of man; stand face to face with the Great Eternal; bow in awe and humble submission to the Unknown: it is a reality transcending all possibility of knowledge and imagination. They reach the same point attained by their forefathers; they have travelled further, and their eyes are keener than those of the old savages and semi-barbarous religion builders; they see more clearly, and apprehend larger views; but at this point they are as blind as all who have travelled before them—blinder, perhaps, for they see the impenetrable darkness more vividly.

In proportion as their Ego is in harmony with the *soul* of Nature—in proportion as they love her, and are conscious of their ignorance of her mysteries—in proportion as they recognize the impenetrability of the eternal, the origin of the whole universe, they will bend in adoration before the intelligence of the Unknown.

The influences upon another class of men who learn the doctrines of Evolution are of a nature extremely different from those attendant upon the deeper thinkers. Of an ordinary cast of mind, not actuated by any desire to penetrate through the varied strata of ignorance, falsehood, superstition, and error, to the depths of eternal truth; unaccustomed to think deeply, or to see clearly beyond mere appearances; satisfied by platitudes at all times, with no power of discriminating between terms and the objects for which they stand, they are easily satisfied by the dead, unreal, lifeless aspect of evolution, which a shallow knowledge of the doctrine is very apt to produce. Terms are the great backbone of their creeds. In terms they have founded their religious beliefs and warred in the provinces of theology, terms which they do not understand, and of which they could give no adequate explanation: moral terms have guided their lives and political terms form the groundwork of their ideal constitution; scientific terms constitute the profundity of their knowledge, and when they attain to any degree of familiarity with the teachings of Evolution they are not a whit nearer a truer knowledge of Nature than they have ever been to a proper cognition of the objective realities implied by the much abused and misapplied terms they thought they understood.

Assured of the depth and extent of their knowledge, they favor the subversion of the old doctrines by the new in their understanding; the old faith gives way, because of its seeming inconsistency with recent discoveries in thought and nature; possibly it is with secret rejoicing that the old creeds are thus ousted from the position from which they dominated, but it is with serious detriment to the integrity of their moral worth. With ordinary individuals, not conversant with the philosophy of ethics, unless in a shallow, inadequate manner with its terms, religion forms the sole basis of a moral character. Whatever

kind of religion it may be, it is the controlling power over the erratic tendencies of the moral faculties of the majority of mankind to run riot or decay; it is the sustaining principle of the moral life, and upon its loss disease and mortification rapidly ensue. The natural uncontrolled propensities are not toward moral excellence; without active interference retrogression is a certain consequence, and religion is the only agent which, with the mass of mankind, has ever shown any decisive influence in the direction of moral perfection. Thus the shallow devotee of the doctrines of Evolution ensures to himself, by embracing its tenets, a precarious moral constitution: the stay of his morality is gone, and in its stead he has a handful of scientific terms!

What the ultimate result with regard either to the individual or to the mass of such superficial inquirers is likely to be is most uncertain; the tendency and the immediate results are seen in every example to be met in ordinary life. It would be preposterous to assume for an instant that those who could think but so slightly, whatever their knowledge of terms might be, could form an adequate idea (adequate as compared with the extent of such an idea in the mind of an individual of the former class) of the meaning and infinity of the Eternal: it would be an absurdity to assign to them a vivid conception of the eternity of effects consequent upon a single act; and, since mere knowledge cannot directly instigate any one to action, it cannot be supposed that other agencies which would incite better men to self-control on account of their fellows would have more than a minimum effect upon the conduct of these who have loosed the curb from all their natural propensities, be such what they may.

Another class of individuals, upon whom the knowledge of the doctrines of evolution has an injurious effect, may be called the religious class, or, more truly, the narrower religious class. As stated before, it must be remembered that, though other heresies have an effect something of the same nature as that of Evolution upon different minds, Evolution alone is here treated, as being pre-eminently the most powerful and the most modern of great "irreligious" teachings. This last class is composed of persons who are really in earnest, and are, therefore, de-

serving of sympathy and charitable leniency. They have been brought up to see with narrow views, to think in a cramped, timorous manner, if they think at all. The old Hebrew story of the creation has been inculcated upon them as a literal truth, to depart from the belief in which is to involve themselves in an inextricable network of complicated doubt, from which with their limited sight they can find no way of escape; the Bible from cover to cover is the inspired word of the Unknown, the only revelation of any worth, oftenest the only revelation at all. The bare outline of Evolution, which is the most that such can grasp, and the revelation that men of great knowledge, wisdom, and sobriety are convinced of its truth, bears terrible evidence to their minds that something is amiss, and that there are fatal obstacles to the faith in which they were nurtured, which they loved—fatal obstacles to their happiness. The childlike faith in the mysteries of the Almighty which raised them above the petty affairs of life is ruined, and they become miserable beings, alternating between belief in their creeds or nothing, if they think; or, if they in a common fanatical spirit refuse to think, they return with greater blindness to the religion of their heart, and cling more tenaciously to the threadbare garments of Pharisaic bigotry with which it clothes them. Instead of ennobling themselves and their religion, they reduce it to a pitiful system by which they hope to escape from the inevitable consequences of universal law, and from the fancies of disordered imaginations. To these, the new truths enunciated in the doctrines of Evolution, as many other scientific theories, are the wiles of the devil; they cannot think of the steady, irresistible, slow, persistent unfolding of Nature regardless of all accidents, modified entirely, perhaps, by apparent accidents; though illimitably grander and more wonderful to the searching mind, these bigots prefer the theory of the spontaneous existence of the universe by the magic of a word; it costs them less effort to con the process of a magical creation, than the attempt to follow the eternal changes toward beauty and perfection. The Eternal, though much confessed and spoken of as regards their immortality and Almighty God, is spoken of in words; it is an eternity of the future, hazy and indiscernible,

where contemplation of the vastness of the prospect is unguided by any landmark to manifest its extent ; it is an eternity of words only, and must remain so till the eternity of the past opens its grand vistas to the sight and enables the mind to conceive what the eternal of the future may become. Perhaps it would be well to remark here, upon the subject of a magical creation, that wonder-working is the sesame to belief with ordinary men, and the dread which many, very many, religious fanatics manifest concerning science, and especially evolution theories, is that they are about to explain mysteries ! They feel a horror at the idea of a religious mystery being unveiled, a lurking suspicion, poor souls ! that underneath pure, naked Truth may stare at them in a different guise from the beloved, ragged, flimsy, gaudy drapery with which they have almost smothered her. Can there be a surer criterion of the mentality of men than this ? Some boldly hurling aside the clouts which hide the beauty they desire to see, while others, with prudish, cowardly fear, tremble to see their cherished mystery unveiled.

Neither this religious class nor the careless class form any really intelligent idea of the eternal. The former believe in words, the latter think in terms, and both arrive at merely nominal conclusions. The vastness of the universe is not spread out before their gaze, for how can a shallow thinker attain to such an eminence of thought ? And how may a believer, to whom there is but a span of six thousand years behind him, and further than that nothing, to whom the future is a golden blazing blank, grasp the tenth of an idea of eternity ?

From the mountain-top or from the summit of a hill, with an expanse of land laid out beneath the view, the germ of a more comprehensive and intenser conception of the infinite may develop with greater surety and more ease into a wide, deep, intense, true contemplation of the vastness, awfulness of the theme. Or even, as a commoner scene, let us take that viewed from one of the sandhills at the side of the sea. Stretching out before us and below us, as we sit upon the rush-covered eminence, there is a long broad line of shining sand ; the tide is out, far out, and we can only see a thin line of

blue in the distance sparkling under the blue sky and the burning sun ; the shore reaches far out, and we can see the bend in its surface : little pools of shining blue sea-water are scattered over it, larger in size but smaller to our vision as we trace them to the open sea : beyond is the water, where the constant everlasting voices rise and fall, though in the distance we cannot hear them : then comes the horizon and the limit to our vision. We can see from our position an extent of the earth's surface not visible except from higher eminences, not always so much then ; we can see a span greater than often lies under our immediate contemplation, we can comprehend at one glance a mass of the earth constituting—say, at out one-thousandth part of our island, perhaps ! Beyond lie expanses thousands upon thousands of times greater, each one of which we may contemplate in turn (for no man has ever comprehended at once more than a minute portion of this globe—it is beyond the power of our faculties to do so), until, after long reflection and mental labor, in imagination we have compassed the whole earth.

Before us lies the long shining blue-pool dotted shore dimming as we follow it into the distance, up above is the great burning brilliant sun, round which the vast expanses we have been contemplating revolve as a very little body : other planets, too, each with its vastness of scenery for any possible inhabitant, revolve around it too, and have done so for ages, since their incalculable millions of atoms aggregated to give them their present form. No amount of thought can give us an adequate idea of the immensity of this solar system of ours, which is lost as an atom in the midst of the universe of stars and planets and other celestial bodies, of which probably we have not the faintest conception, nor the most shadowy idea of their existence. Were it possible to achieve such an act as to conceive an idea of its immensity, there still remains the truth to face that what we have conceived as the universe is but an *atom* in a huger universe ; and this huger actuality a cipher midst Infinity ! And here, in the attempt to grasp huger and huger existences, we are brought to the very verge of our powers, as to the edge of a precipice ; hazy so far, but here a distinct edge, a

sharp, defined limit to thought; and down below and beyond black darkness and impenetrable gloom.

The shore stretches out before us still: we compare the one with the other, the cipher with Infinity: the cipher is real to us, and, comprehending its appearance and size, the thought of the Infinite dies out of our mind. Up above is the sun still burning that shall in some millions of years have dissipated all his heat, no more eternal than the insect we cruelly crush with our heel into the sand, in comparison with Eternity little different from it whose life has consisted of a day or two, while the existence of the former extends over millions of years.

A bee with its deep hum buzzes past us—a bee, whose conformation, instincts, and beauty have taken millions of years to evolve; the sea-gulls fly over our heads screaming, high up against the blue sky, a feather of one of which is the result of a combination of more circumstances than those apparent ones which have builded nations; the sand we sit upon, the rushes and wild growths which cover it, the red and black-spotted little beetles which swarm over this rough verdure, the white and Emperor butterflies which sport in the warm, life-giving air, the lark that soars singing above our heads invisible, are all the result of evolutionary circumstances compared with the history of which all our present histories of nations, tribes, times, and all which is known of the existing world and its different phases during the last six thousand years are as a lesson in a child's primer.

And yonder, in the midst of the brilliant yellow of the shore, there moves a longish speck. Slowly it moves along, stopping constantly, as though to examine, after its nature, the objects in its course—a small, tiny object, whose form we can scarcely distinguish. It comes nearer and nearer, growing larger, but still a dot in the midst of the plain of sand. As it grows larger in its approach we see it more clearly, longish, erect, with a little knob upon the top like the head of a pin; it stoops and rises, moves on, stops, stoops, rises and moves on again, an atom in the midst of this expanse, which is itself an atom of the comparatively atomic earth. We can discern it clearly now, and with a little feeling of humiliation, perhaps—it is a man! The man is a naturalist, and not

only does he profess to understand the constitution, the elements, the wonders of nearly every object contained within the extent before us, but that little knob, about the size of a small stone, compasses in its mental grasp the workings of the universe! That minute knob contains everything short of Infinity! Yet professedly it cannot conceive the idea of an atom! With all its boasts of knowledge, with all its theories and systems, which are but the classification of observed results, of the veriest particle of any object of the earth it knows absolutely nothing. It travels over the face of the heavens as it does over the sands before us; it remembers objects it has seen before; it recognizes similarity and difference; it gives names; it burrows in the muddy confusion of terms; it talks glibly of evolution and scientific fact, which latter it forgets is mere recognition of similarity; it denies the possibility of an Almighty agent; and yet of the essence of one single object of the earth it knows absolutely nothing. The things for which are substituted terms are mysteries as great, in their existence, as they ever were to the most benighted savage who ever wondered helplessly about them. Their surfaces are better recognized by long-continued use, their relationship to each other, to us, the uses to which we can put them are better understood; but of themselves, the reason of their existence, their origin, their ultimate destiny, we have no more actual knowledge than the primitive, naked, half-human savage.

Thus we have seen that in the evolution of man's intellect, after passing through various stages of ignorance, semi-barbarism, and a sort of knowledge, after wondering, praying, thinking, building up philosophical theories and religious systems, he has at last discovered in his mental search the laws of evolution, to the detriment of many old-fashioned philosophical teaching and theological dogma: we have considered briefly the effect of this newer teaching upon the moral life of man, and found that in the case of the majority of individuals, owing to an insufficient comprehension of the eternity of causes and effects, and the processes of natural action, and on account of the retrogressive tendency of unguided nature, when their particular creeds had been apparently damaged or destroyed by the

innovation of this doctrine, there was either a lapse into carelessness and moral confusion, or a reaction from such startling announcements toward a more bigoted and biassed fanaticism. We saw that only in the instance of larger minded men who strove to deal with existences instead of terms, who grappled with the awfulness of eternity unfolded to their minds in the wonders enunciated by the doctrines of evolution, whose souls were in harmony with the soul of nature, and, by an inevitable consequence, with the Almighty God, who respected neither creed nor theory in their search for truth, whose minds, darkened by no superstitious dogmas, received the full light afforded man, could the absence of special and narrow religious dogma be fully substituted, with regard to moral excellence, by the enlightenment which follows the teachings of evolution

and the illumination by science in general.

And since the stumbling-block to the fanatic and the careless arises principally from incapability of comprehension, and a substitution of things by empty terms, it may be fairly assumed that a larger knowledge of the wonders of Nature, her workings, origin, and development (so far as may be possible), and the exercise of the mind in the contemplation of the evolution and vastness of the Universe and Infinity, in defining clearly the meaning of words, and principally of theological terms, which often upon examination prove contradictory and absurd, would enable even these to embrace such teaching in admiration, and to remain strong in principle and religion, though that religion and those principles be somewhat changed.—*Westminster Review*.

THE NEW SCIENCE—PREVENTIVE MEDICINE.

BY M. ARMAND RUFFER.

ONE of the greatest philosophers of modern times maintains that the advance of each science is dependent on corresponding advances in other sciences. So dependent, indeed, is one science on another, that a physicist, a chemist, an astronomer who would try to carry out investigations each in his own particular branch of science without possessing some knowledge of physiology, must necessarily labor under enormous disadvantages, for the premises being frequently erroneous the conclusions must often be fallacious. Conversely, a physiologist who would study the functions of the eye could make but little progress were he unacquainted with the principles of chemistry, optics, and mathematics; indeed, it is a remarkable fact that some of the greatest discoveries in ophthalmology were made, not by physicians nor physiologists, but by physicists. How could proficiency in one science alone be supposed to suffice, seeing that no branch of knowledge has clearly defined limits, that it is impossible to say, for instance, where physics ends and chemistry begins, or to point out the exact limits of physiology, anatomy, pathology? This overlapping of the sciences is implied by the use of such terms as

physiological chemistry, chemical physics; and a little consideration shows that each newly discovered fact in any science may have an immediate bearing on other subjects also, which at first sight appear to be only distantly related to the original science.

During the present century, the scientific world has watched the growth of an entirely new branch of knowledge, the fundamental principles of which have been elucidated by workers in many different divisions of natural knowledge, by chemists, physicists, botanists, zoologists, and physicians. The elementary facts of "the new science" having been discovered, the new data threw a flood of light on the whole field of science, and results of immense practical value were the immediate outcome of discoveries which at first appeared to be of theoretical interest only.

More than 230 years ago, a Jesuit father, Athanasius Kircherus, saw under his microscope a number of apparently living and moving things in blood, pus, putrid meat, milk, vinegar, and cheese. Whether Kircherus really saw what are now called "microbes," or whether these

"worms," as he termed them, were merely detritus of the putrefying material, blood corpuscles, or pus cells, cannot be gathered with certainty from his descriptions; but there is no doubt that in 1695 the celebrated Antonius von Leeuwenhoek, of Delft, saw, and accurately described, microbes which he had discovered with lenses of his own manufacture. Strangely enough, he published his researches in a letter addressed to the Royal Society of London, describing the organisms he had found in water, wells, macerations of pepper, the intestines of horseflies, frogs, pigeons, fowls, and so on. He carefully watched their movements, and wondered greatly at their incredible numbers, as well as at their swiftness and their extraordinary shapes. Even at that time, medical enthusiasts thought that many infectious diseases might possibly be due to the attacks of these microbes, Leeuwenhoek's discovery serving as a basis for many ingenious theories which were framed to explain the occurrence of such diseases as malaria or plague. A scientific theory, however, if unsupported by actual experiment, is easily discredited by any one possessing a little literary knowledge and satirical skill. In 1726, a most amusing,* but extremely satirical work, published in Paris, effectually disposed, for the time being, of the theory that micro-organisms were the cause of infectious disease, and during the eighteenth century the importance of Leeuwenhoek's investigations was appreciated by a few eminent men only, including Linnæus.

Passing over the controversy between Needham and Spallanzani on the question of spontaneous generation, let us come to the researches made in the beginning of the century, as the discoveries then made form the solid rock on which the present science of bacteriology is built.

Certain substances—especially albuminous matters—when exposed to air undergo an extraordinary chemical change—named, according to the products formed, "fermentation" or "putrefaction,"—these new products, such as alcohol or butyric acid, being due to the gradual decomposition of the albuminous and other constituents. Since Leeuwenhoek's researches, it

was an admitted fact that micro-organisms existed in all putrefying and fermenting matters, liquid or solid; but much discussion ensued as to whether these organisms originated spontaneously in such matter, or whether they were carried into the putrefying material by the surrounding air.

The experiments of Gay-Lussac seemed to show that putrefaction and fermentation were caused by the oxygen present in the atmosphere; but in 1836, Schulze devised an experiment which negated that idea. He filled a flask with substances which decompose quickly when exposed to air; the flask and its contents were then heated so as to destroy the germs already contained in it. The result was sufficiently startling; for the substances in the flask, although the latter was unsealed, remained perfectly sweet as long as the air admitted, during and after the process of cooling, was made to bubble through tubes containing substances, such as sulphuric acid or caustic potash, which destroy all living germs.

A few years later, Schwann brought forward evidence to show that air might be freely admitted into a flask containing putrescible material, without producing putrefaction, provided all solid particles contained in the air had been duly killed by being subjected to intense heat.

Just as water may be freed of all solid particles by being passed through porcelain, so may air be purified from all germs by filtration through cotton-wool; and the air thus filtered, bubbling through solutions containing highly putrescible substances, produces no decomposition whatever. Organic substances, therefore, do not putrefy when exposed to air, as long as all living germs are arrested by filtration, or are destroyed by heat, caustics, or some other means. The conclusion to be drawn is, first, that air—as such—is not the primary cause of putrefaction, but that this process is due to the action of the living particles—that is, micro-organisms—surrounding us; and, secondly, that micro-organisms are never produced spontaneously, each being generated by another microbe.

These conclusions appeared absolutely unassailable when Pouchet reopened the discussion in 1857, and concluded from his own experiments that spontaneous generation is not a myth. He denied the

* *Système d'un Médecin anglais, etc.* See Löffler's *Vorlesungen*. 887.

presence of living germs in the atmosphere, maintaining that micro-organisms in putrefying liquids are spontaneously generated. He was at once opposed by Louis Pasteur, who denied the possibility of spontaneous generation, and lost no time in supporting his opinion by incontestable experiments. He proved that the atmosphere surrounding us contains innumerable microbes; and that a few of these, when introduced into a flask, at once produce putrefaction of the contents. By other remarkable experiments, Pasteur ultimately proved that spontaneous generation is a myth, and never takes place under any conditions known to us.

Limited space compels me to pass over the classical researches of John Tyndall and Burdon-Sanderson, and to come at once to another process caused by micro-organisms. Every reader is familiar with the fermentation which results in the formation of alcohol, but until the beginning of this century no one knew what yeast was, or why it gave rise to this fermentation. Cagniard-Latour and Schwann threw an important light on the whole subject by proving that yeast consists of living micro-organisms; alcohol being merely one of the substances produced by the yeast microbe during its life. These investigations were confirmed by various observers; and Pasteur showed that the fermentations which produce lactic acid, butyric acid, and the peculiar change which occasionally takes place in lactate of lime, are due to specific microbes. A fact, interesting both to the biologist and to the chemist, was elucidated during the course of these investigations, namely, that some microbes not only can live without oxygen, but that this gas is a violent poison to them. In a further series of researches, Pasteur not only found that certain diseases of wine and beer, through which wine-growers and beer-brewers on the Continent lost enormous sums annually, were due to specific micro-organisms which set up undesirable fermentations; but he also discovered that these may be prevented by appropriate treatment. The "Pasteurization," as it is called, of wine and beer is still carried out, on a large scale and with excellent results, in certain parts of the Continent.

These early researches on bacteriology were the direct causes of the immense strides since made by some other sciences

and arts. See the light which this newly acquired knowledge at once threw on a process going on every day in every cultivated place in the world—viz. the nitrification and nitration of soil. These two processes consist of the decomposition of organic material into its simplest compounds, and into the reconstruction of higher compounds from the ultimate products of decomposition. Through this process the soil becomes a favorable cultivating ground; for sterilized earth—that is, earth in which all micro-organisms have been destroyed—becomes totally unfit for the growth of the higher plants. In other words, without bacteria life would be impossible, since the development of those plants which serve as food for animals is dependent on the presence of microbes in the soil.

The experiments of Messrs. Schlössing and Muntz had shown the probability that the nitrification of soil was due to small bacteria, not unlike those found in acetic acid fermentation; but the proof that microbes are really the active agents in nitrification has lately been given almost simultaneously by two English observers and by a Swiss bacteriologist, who isolated micro-organisms which have the power of producing nitrification.

Bacteria are not only the cause of nitrification of soil, but are the most important factors in other mineralogical and geological problems. In the water of a ferruginous spring, for instance, and yet more in stagnant water containing iron, a peculiar kind of microbe is found, which, on account of its color, has been called "*leptothrix ochracea*." Take a few of these microbes, and, placing them in a flask containing hay and water, allow the mixture to stand in a warm place. After a time gas rises to the surface, while flocculent masses form on the sides of the flask. These, under the microscope, are seen to consist of chains of slender micro-organisms surrounded by a sheath varying in thickness. One end of the chain is fixed to the side of the vessel, while the growing extremity is free. The sheath at the attached end is extremely thick, and gradually diminishes in size until at the free extremity it becomes almost indistinguishable. The increased thickness of the sheath is evidently caused by an incrustation of a yellow iron salt, and a superficial observer might conclude that this layer of iron is deposited

on the sheath mechanically, just as it might be deposited on the surface of a stone or any other inorganic object. Not so, however; for further observation proves that the deposition of this iron salt is actually dependent on the life of the micro-organism on which it is precipitated, and that no more iron is deposited as soon as the microbe dies. Inspection of one of these chains shows that some of the elements are dead, while others are still alive. If one of these long filaments be now carefully washed in water loaded with carbonic acid, which dissolves the iron deposit, and afterward replaced in the original ferruginous solution, the part of the sheath covering the microbes which are alive again becomes impregnated with the iron salt, while that part surrounding the dead microbes remains colorless. In other words, the deposition of iron salts is a process wholly dependent on the life of the *Leptothrix ochracea*. After a time, of course, the filaments die, but the insoluble iron salt formed by their action remains behind.

This is not, as might be supposed, a mere laboratory experiment; on the contrary, it is a process constantly going on around many ferruginous springs and marshy places. The insoluble iron salt remains behind, and forms a gradually increasing deposit.

The researches on fermentation and putrefaction are not only important to the chemist or agriculturist, but paved the way for one of the greatest discoveries ever made in the healing art. The constant dread of surgeons in former days was the occurrence of blood poisoning after operations. True, it was an acknowledged fact, even in the early days of surgery, that in hospitals kept under good hygienic conditions grave operations might be performed with diminished, though still serious, risk of blood poisoning. But in over-crowded, badly ventilated, badly drained hospitals, on the Continent especially, the mortality following operations was indeed frightful. The slightest wound, such as is caused by the opening of a cyst or of a small abscess, was not unfrequently followed by blood poisoning and death. Women in child-birth died in enormous numbers from the same cause, even after normal confinements; and so fearful was the mortality that some maternities had to be closed for a time.

Guided by his own and Pasteur's researches, the English surgeon, Joseph Lister, was led to suppose that the blood poisoning following on wounds might be due to the presence of living micro-organisms. He determined to find a method by which the ubiquitous microbe could be prevented from entering a wound, and he saw that this was to be effected by the careful disinfection, not only of the skin of the patient, but also of the surgeon's hands, instruments, dressing, ligatures—in fact, everything which might possibly come in contact with the wound during, or after, the operation. In one word, he invented "antiseptic surgery."

In order fully to appreciate the magnitude of Lister's discovery, it must be remembered that, at that time, bacteriology did not exist as a science, that the micro-organisms causing blood poisoning had never been isolated, and that scientific men of the first rank doubted their very existence. Now let us see what antiseptic surgery has done for humanity. Thanks to this method, slight operations—which formerly were frequently followed by painful suppuration, and sometimes by erysipelas, pyæmia, and death—may now be performed without fear of evil results, and practically without after-pain to the patient; fractured limbs may now be saved which formerly must have been amputated, if the patient's life was not to be sacrificed. Operations on diseased joints, the abdomen, brain, lungs, etc., may now be carried out which before the introduction of Sir Joseph Lister's method would most probably have proved fatal. Imagine, for instance, the astonishment of a surgeon at the beginning of this century on hearing that his successors would fearlessly remove tumors from brain and spinal cord, snatching the patient from certain death, well knowing that as long as they follow rigid antiseptic precautions the operation, *per se*, is often practically without danger.

See what has happened in lying in charities, where formerly the mortality from blood poisoning was often ten per cent., and sometimes reached two or three times that number. The confinements in most maternities are now conducted on antiseptic principles, and consequently blood poisoning has almost entirely disappeared, the mortality from all causes combined being less than one per cent.

I have before me the statistics of the Lariboisière Hospital in Paris, where the antiseptic method is rigidly carried out in all confinements. During a period extending from the 1st of November 1882, to the 1st of January 1889, 12,580 women were confined in this hospital; of these only .74 per cent. died; and this number includes even the women who succumbed to intercurrent diseases, such as phthisis, scarlet fever, etc.

Similar, even better, results have been obtained in English lying-in hospitals which have adopted antiseptic methods of treatment. The following extract from the medical report of the General Lying-in Hospital, York Road, Lambeth, is eloquent in its simplicity:

<i>In-Patients</i>	
Women confined.....	430
Of whom one died.*	
<i>Children</i>	
Born alive and survived.....	401
Stillborn.....	19
Died after birth †.....	14
	434

A similar decrease in mortality has also taken place in out-patient practice wherever antiseptic precautions have been adopted. Dr. H. R. Spencer has kindly supplied the following statistics concerning the results obtained in the Out-patients' Maternity Department, at University College Hospital, Gower Street, London. The married women are attended at their own homes by medical students under the superintendence of Drs. John Williams and H. R. Spencer, assisted by three junior qualified medical men. Many of these confinements are necessarily made under extremely unfavorable hygienic conditions, in small crowded rooms used during the day as living-room and kitchen, and at night as sleeping-room for the whole family. To these facts, as a former obstetric assistant to that hospital, I can personally testify. In 1890, 2,265 women were thus confined, and out of this number four died; namely, one of influenza, one of phthisis, one of heart disease, and one from the rupture of an abscess—in fact, not a single death was due to the confinement itself.

* This patient was suffering from cancer at the time she was confined, and was brought to the hospital in a dying condition.

† Four sets of twins.

When we remember that these are not the lives of old and decrepit people, but of strong healthy women, mostly in the prime of life, we can form some idea of the benefits of antiseptic midwifery. As an eminent professor has well said: "It is impossible to estimate the matter accurately in figures, but I may say that I believe many thousands annually have been saved from death by Sir Joseph Lister's system of antiseptic surgery; and the number of those who have been saved from terrible suffering, not necessarily resulting in death, is far larger still, and must amount to hundreds of thousands of cases in the year."

This man, Joseph Lister—whom the medical fraternity in every country has delighted to honor—this man, should he wish to perform a few experiments in his own country, must be licensed for the purpose, like a criminal on ticket-of-leave or the keeper of a public-house. Truly it is an amazing spectacle to see a man who has saved hundreds of thousands of lives applying for permission to continue his observations to a Government official who, however well-intentioned, may have no knowledge whatsoever of the requirements of science.

Let us now turn to another series of discoveries of great importance in the science of bacteriology. A botanist, Ferdinand Cohn, in 1857, discovered peculiar glistening bodies in the interior of certain micro-organisms. These bodies, generally called "spores," may be compared to the seeds of plants; they germinate and form new micro-organisms after the death of the microbes which have produced them. This discovery of the spore, which at first sight might appear to possess merely a scientific interest, has, on the contrary, proved of great value to practical men. The discoverer had himself drawn attention to the fact that these spores resisted the action of external influences, such as heat, cold, and antiseptics, for an almost incredible time; but the importance of this fact was not pointed out until Koch began his researches on anthrax. Anthrax is a peculiar infectious disease which in certain parts of the country proves fatal to a large number of sheep, cattle, and even horses, and which is

* E. Ray Lankester. Deputation to Sir Michael E. Hicks-Beach, June 5, 1891.

caused by a specific micro-organism, the *bacillus anthracis*. Agriculturists are aware that if an animal suffering from anthrax has been grazing, or been buried, in a field, that field immediately becomes a source of infection to animals feeding in it; and there are pasture lands in England where farmers dare not place their sheep or cattle, for there they invariably die of anthrax. Although the anthrax virus may be exposed to the severe cold of the Russian steppes, or to the intense heat of an African summer, the ground, once contaminated, remains a source of infection.

Koch was the first to observe that the anthrax bacillus forms spores, and that these resist the action of heat, cold, dryness, and antiseptic agents for prolonged periods; and that when reintroduced into a suitable medium they grow into extremely virulent bacilli. An animal afflicted with anthrax and grazing in a field contaminates the ground with its dejecta containing the anthrax bacilli, which have passed into them from the blood, and which form spores soon after leaving the animal body. A healthy animal, years afterward perhaps, grazing over the place, inhales some of the anthrax spores, or swallows them with its food, or the spores penetrate through a wound in the system, and thus reproduce the disease. If an animal, dead of anthrax, has been buried in a field, numerous spores form in and around the carcase, and find their way to the surface of the earth. But a critic might say: "We do not even know whether spores have any power of motion; how then can they travel from the depths of the ground to the surface?" True, we do not know *all* the means by which this migration takes place, but we know of one. Any one walking over a field must notice the little mounds formed by earthworms; those mounds situated near the place where an animal dead of anthrax has been buried often contain virulent anthrax spores. The earthworms, in passing over the carcase, load themselves with the spores, bring them to the surface, and excrete them with the earth. In this way the spores from the carcase of a buried animal become a source of infection.

The discovery by a botanist of this power of resistance in spores has lately been turned to practical advantage. Among the diseases afflicting man and

animals, which in some countries—the West Indies, for instance—cause numerous deaths, is that known as tetanus, or lock-jaw, which follows the infliction of wounds. Many years ago various observers saw characteristic bacilli in the wounds of men and animals suffering from lock-jaw; but all attempts at isolating them had proved fruitless, as the wounds are always soiled with other micro-organisms. Starting with the fact that the tetanus bacillus contains spores, which resist high temperatures that prove fatal to full-grown bacilli, a Japanese investigator, Dr. Kitasato, devised the following method. He excised the wound of an animal which had died of tetanus, and which, therefore, contained the bacilli of tetanus *plus* the foreign microbes. He placed the excised portion in a cultivating medium and heated it for a considerable time, and so killed both the foreign microbes and the bacilli of tetanus, whereas the spores of the latter were unaffected by the heat. The medium being allowed to cool, the spores began to grow, and gave an abundant crop of pure tetanus bacilli. Once in the possession of pure virus, Dr. Kitasato, together with Dr. Behring, extracted from this culture a substance which "vaccinated" animals against tetanus; and in a further series of researches they devised means to cure tetanus in animals *even when this disease is actually in progress and death is imminent*.

A few lines may be devoted to the consideration of other infectious diseases produced by specific microbes, and of the results obtained by bacteriologists in combating them. Davaine first suggested that the specific bacilli, always present in cases of anthrax, were the real cause of the malady; and Koch proved this supposition to be correct. The latter observer, by an ingenious method, isolated the bacillus from the blood of animals afflicted with anthrax, and invented a means of growing it on artificial media in a state of absolute purity—i.e. without any admixture of other organisms—just as a peculiar kind of rose may be grown in a garden. A small tube, containing gelatine or some other nutrient material in which the anthrax bacilli are made to grow, is called an anthrax culture; and an infinitesimal part of this culture placed under an animal's skin always produces anthrax in

that animal, and nothing but anthrax. Using the methods which he himself had invented and perfected, Professor Koch and other observers have been able to isolate the microbes of many infectious diseases affecting man and animals—*e.g.* diphtheria, typhoid, black-quarter, etc.—and, more especially, the micro-organisms of the disease which perhaps does more harm than all the others combined—namely, the bacillus of tuberculosis or consumption.

It is a well-established fact that a man who has once suffered from a given infectious disease is, for a time at least, proof against that same disease. A child, for instance, which has had small-pox, scarlet fever, typhoid, or measles will not again for some time be susceptible to any of these infections. Pasteur, guided by this fact, and knowing that even a mild attack is a protection, concluded that if it were possible to give an animal a modified form of a specific malady caused by a specific microbe, the animal would be in future proof against the attacks of the same micro-organism. After investigating the subject for a long time, he succeeded in vaccinating fowls against fowl-cholera, a disease produced by a specific micro-organism. He discovered that an old culture of these microbes injected into fowls gave rise to very slight symptoms only, that the fowls soon regained their health, and, after recovery, resisted the action of the most virulent bacilli, the injection of which would otherwise have proved fatal. Turning his attention to anthrax, Pasteur, in 1881, published his method of "vaccinating" animals against this disease.

Anthrax chiefly attacks sheep, but not unfrequently proves fatal also to horned cattle, horses, and man, and is one of the great scourges in France and other countries, more especially Russia and Australia. Since Pasteur's discoveries, agriculturists have learned the value of preventive inoculations against anthrax and have extensively applied this method. In France,* for instance, more than 2,500,000 sheep, 320,000 heads of horned cattle, and 2,861 horses have been inoculated with vaccine prepared in the Paris Institute. The same institute in 1888-1889 sent out material for the inoculation of 1,000 elephants in India, and some years ago the British Government sent several native

gentlemen to Paris on purpose to learn the way of preparing the anthrax vaccines. The Russian Government has established in several parts of the Empire institutes where the "vaccines" are specially prepared. The Austrian Government has resolved to found a similar institute, and lately sent to Paris one of its most eminent scientific men, Professor Weichselbaum, for the express purpose of learning the necessary manipulations. The system was introduced two years ago into Tasmania, and during the last Congress of Hygiene, Mr. Park, head of the Veterinary Department of Tasmania, repeatedly assured me of its efficacy. In England inoculations have been carried out with marked success by Professor Pemberthy, of the Royal Veterinary College, who in a letter tells me that "the process is most easy of adoption" and that "Pasteur's system has so far proved the best method of protecting animals against anthrax."

Anthrax, however, is not the only disease which bacteriologists have mastered; for the results obtained by three French veterinarians, Messrs. Arloing, Cornevin, and Thomas, against another malady of cattle—namely, black-quarter—are also of surpassing interest. This disease is a common cause of death among young cattle, and is due to the action of a specific bacillus differing in its properties from that of anthrax. Having discovered the bacillus, these gentlemen, by actual experiment, demonstrated the fact that it was possible to protect animals against black-quarter by inoculation with an attenuated virus. This method of preventive inoculation has proved successful in France and Switzerland, as the following data will show.* In France 5,835 head of cattle have been inoculated against black-quarter. The mean mortality from the disease in the districts where this mode of vaccination is now used was not less than 10.84 per cent., and not unfrequently reached 17 per cent. After preventive inoculations had been introduced, and although they were not applied all over the country, the mortality at once fell to 2.15 per cent. per annum.

During the year 1884, 2,199 animals were inoculated against black-quarter in Switzerland. Of these .22 per cent. died from the disease during the year, whereas

* Letter from M. Pasteur to Sir Joseph Lister.

* Arloing, *Les Virus*.

of the non-vaccinated cattle 6.1 per cent. died. In other words, the mortality among the non-inoculated was twenty-eight times as large as among the inoculated cattle.

In 1887 the agricultural societies of the Jura performed an experiment on a very large scale. They caused 1,703 head of cattle to be inoculated against black-quarter, and then turned them out to graze in various parts of the country with 18,720 head of cattle which had undergone no treatment.

The summer over, the mortality from this disease among the non-inoculated animals proved to be 1.33 *per cent.*, whereas among those that had undergone the preventive treatment the death-rate amounted to 1.75 *per thousand* only. Since 1885, inoculations against black-quarter have been performed on a large scale in the Canton Berne, as, in order to obtain compensation for losses caused by infectious disease, farmers, must bring proof positive that every means has been tried which is known to prevent the occurrence of the diseases, and among these means the authorities very properly include preventive inoculations. In 1883 and 1884 respectively, when this method had not yet been introduced, 522 and 712 animals died from black-quarter, but as soon as inoculations were properly carried out the mortality fell to seventy *per annum*.

Similar facts have been observed in the Canton of Freiburg. Previous to the year 1884, 140 to 150 head of cattle perished annually from the disease. In that year the method of preventive inoculations was first tried, and the number of deaths from black-quarter fell to 136 in 1884, to 119 in 1885, 107 in 1887, 69 in 1888, and 45 in 1889.

During the last five years, out of 36,744 head of cattle, in the same canton, 14,444 were inoculated against black-quarter, and of these one in 555 died from the disease. On the other hand, 22,300 animals were not inoculated, and of these one in forty-three perished. It occasionally happens that an animal dies from the inoculation, just as sickly children sometimes perish after vaccination. The owners of the animals are then duly indemnified; but, in spite of such losses, the cost of preventive inoculations only amounts to fourpence-halfpenny per head.

Mr. Herbert Spencer states in one of

his works that, "excluding these inductions that have been so fully verified as to rank with exact science, there are no indications so trustworthy as those which have undergone the mercantile test." During the last ten years the method of preventive inoculations has indeed undergone the mercantile test. The methods which were looked upon with something like distrust by the highest scientific authorities now stand on the firmest possible basis, and their practical value is acknowledged even by those who at first bitterly opposed their application. Agriculturists—who cannot be accused of belonging to a scientific clique, who know nothing and care less about theoretical considerations or bacteriology—are clamoring for the vaccines.

Interesting as are these results, they are perhaps of less importance than what has been accomplished in the prevention of another disease, which affects both man and animals—namely, rabies or hydrophobia.

I have in another paper* given full details as to how Pasteur was led to make his remarkable discovery, and I must refer the reader to my former publication on this subject. I will now come at once to the results obtained in man by Pasteur's treatment.†

A few details are here necessary, for we have to consider what the mortality amounted to in human beings who were bitten by rabid dogs before the invention of Pasteur's treatment. I have collected most of the statistics on this subject, and I find the mortality of persons bitten on any part of the body varied between 15 and 50 *per cent.*; but, for the sake of argument, I will assume 15 *per cent.* to be the correct figure—although I believe this number to be far too low. The tables on next page show the results obtained by Pasteur's treatment in Paris.‡

If we take into consideration only the

* *British Medical Journal*, Sept. 21, 1889.

† It is noteworthy that, although M. Pasteur employs rabbits for the production of virus of rabies, the fact that dogs are not used at the Pasteur Institute for that purpose, although repeatedly pointed out, has been persistently ignored by the anti-vivisectionist party, who in their letters to the papers talk of the "thousands of dogs" inoculated by M. Pasteur.

‡ Perdrix, *Annales de l'Institut Pasteur*. 1890

cases contained in Column A—that is, cases in which there cannot be the shadow of a doubt that the animals which bit the patients were rabid—we see that the total mortality, including the cases dying before

the treatment could have any effect, including the cases which came to the Institute after their fellows bitten at the same time had died of rabies, we see that this total mortality is a little over one per cent.

	Table A			Table B			Table C			Total		
	Number of Patients	Deaths	Mortality per cent.	Number of Patients	Deaths	Mortality per cent.	Number of Patients	Deaths	Mortality per cent.	Number of Patients	Deaths	Mortality per cent.
1886	323	5	1.54	1931	24	1.24	518	7	1.35	2772	36	1.29
1887	357	2	.56	1161	15	1.29	260	4	1.54	1778	21	1.18
1888	403	7	1.74	974	4	.41	248	1	.40	1625	12	.74
1889	348	4	1.15	1188	3	.25	298	3	1.10	1834	10	.54
	1431	18	1.34	5254	46	.88	1324	15	1.13	8009	79	1.00

Column A refers to patients bitten by animals which were undoubtedly rabid, the proof being that an animal bitten at the same time died of rabies, or that a piece of the spinal cord of the animal which inflicted the bite inoculated into a rabbit produced rabies in this animal.

Column B refers to patients bitten by animals certified to be rabid by veterinary surgeons.

Column C refers to patients bitten by animals suspected of being rabid, but which were not actually proved to be so. I have, from repeated inquiries, no hesitation in stating that most of the persons in Column C were bitten by animals really rabid.

Before M. Pasteur's treatment was applied, the mortality among people bitten in the face by rabid animals amounted to 80 per cent. I find that in the years extending from 1885 to 1889, 593 persons bitten in the face were inoculated at the Institut Pasteur in Paris. The total mortality is 2.23 per cent.

In the year 1887, 350 persons were bitten in Paris by rabid animals. 506 were inoculated by M. Pasteur and three died (mortality .97 per cent.); forty-four declined to be inoculated, and seven of these are known to have died of rabies (mortality 15.9 per cent.). These facts were elucidated by careful inquiries made by an independent medical man acting for the Prefect of Police.

Since the foundation of the Pasteur Institute in Paris similar Institutes have been established all over the world, and I have before me, at the time of writing, the reports of such institutes in Russia, Hungary, Italy, Sicily, Brazil, Turkey, the United States, Roumania, and other countries. In all Pasteur's results have been confirmed, and in a large number of them the method has proved even more successful than in Pasteur's hands. I have also in my possession notes of a number of

cases in which some were submitted to the treatment, while others bitten by the same rabid animals declined to be inoculated. The result was that the inoculated persons recovered, while those who for some reason or other refused to be treated died of hydrophobia. It is my firm conviction that of all the treatments which have ever been invented for the prevention of an infectious disease, not one (vaccinia perhaps excepted) has proved so successful as Pasteur's treatment against rabies.

In a lecture on rabies and its preventive treatment, which I had the honor of delivering before the Society of Arts on the 5th of December, 1889, I attempted to answer the following question: "Suppose you had been bitten by a dog, and the veterinary surgeon had told you that the animal was rabid, or suppose you had been bitten by a stray dog which you believed to be rabid, what would you do?" After enumerating the evidence I possessed at the time, I answered: "If ever I am bitten by a rabid dog, or one which I believe to be rabid, I shall take the first train to Paris and be inoculated." Since that time I have, every month, carefully scrutinized the statistics of the Institut Pasteur, and on the occasion of the last "In-

ternational Congress of Hygiene," I asked for details from some of the directors of the antirabic institutes of Russia, Roumania, Italy, and America, many of whom fully answered my queries. What I said on the 5th of December, 1889, I now repeat with renewed emphasis.

If I am compelled to lay so much stress on the value of Pasteur's treatment, it is because some people, whose object is to show that no good can possibly come out of experiments on animals, still go on advocating other methods of treatment. Again I repeat it, there is no treatment which will prevent the occurrence of rabies in a person bitten by a rabid animal, except Pasteur's method of preventive inoculation. When a human being is bitten by a rabid animal, every moment lost in applying a useless treatment increases the danger, every moment lost may prove a fatal delay. Does it not show "a devilish disregard of human life" to extol modes of treatment which have been proved to be useless by every man who has studied the question? *

Had space allowed, this would have been a fitting opportunity of giving an account of the results obtained against other infectious diseases, such as swine fever. The researches on the chemical substances secreted by micro-organisms might also have interested the reader, but the question is too wide to be more than men-

* It is not my intention to take Pasteur's defence against the calumnies which have been heaped upon him by his unscrupulous opponents. Pasteur requires no defence, for his works stamp him as one of the greatest benefactors of humanity. I may, however, give one specimen of the style of attacks made against him. In an anti-vivisectionist paper, M. Pasteur is accused of having invented the preventive treatment of rabies in order to benefit the Paris hotel keepers. I think it would be difficult to match this piece of slanderous imbecility, even at a political meeting. Had M. Pasteur tried to carry out his researches in this country, he would have had the greatest difficulties in obtaining permission to do so. Suppose he had triumphed over his difficulties, then, after spending his life in trying to advance knowledge and saving human and animal lives, "a respectable paper" would no doubt publish a letter stating that a man who performs experiments on animals is farther down the pit "than a drunkard, a debauchee, a liar, or a thief" (*Manchester Guardian*, October 6, 1891). And this from a lady who boasts that the "heart of Christian England" is on her side (*Star*, August, 1891).

tioned here. Already, however, there are indications to show that in a short time bacteriologists will have discovered ways of curing diphtheria with methods based on strictly scientific principles.

In the preceding lines, it has been proved that bacteriology is the direct outcome, not of one branch of knowledge only, but of all the divisions of natural science, biology, chemistry, and others. But during its growth even, it shed the greatest light on the sciences of which it is an offshoot. The first step in bacteriology was made through chemical investigations; but, on the other hand, see what the new science has done for chemistry. It has solved for chemists some of the chief problems connected with putrefaction and fermentation, problems which were previously in a state of hopeless obscurity. Through bacteriology, chemists have learned that each kind of specific fermentation is due to a specific micro-organism, which placed under definite conditions produces definite chemical substances, and in this manner bacteriologists have discovered substances the existence of which chemists did not even suspect.

Have not bacteriologists also revolutionized botanical methods by new modes of cultivating micro-organisms; by showing that every colony of microbes has its own particular aspect; by improved methods of staining, so that previously invisible bacteria are now easily seen; by inventing photographic processes of such delicacy that structures invisible to the naked eye are now readily perceived in the plate; and by enriching the flora with countless new genera previously unknown?

The men to whose genius we owe the "new science" were merely seeking for truth and had no practical object in view, but gradually gained this useful knowledge through experiment—physical, chemical, and physiological. Hundreds of human lives, snatched from death through Pasteur's treatment; thousands of human beings restored to health every year through perfected systems of medicine and surgery; millions of animals protected against infectious disease, have been saved through the knowledge gained by experiments on animals. Those who expect that the science of medicine will make any startling progress without having recourse to experiments on animals, might just as

well expect to see brilliant discoveries in chemistry without new and improved methods of chemical experimentation.

Suppose a man who had never seen a steam engine at work was told to set it going. If an acute observer, he might, by taking that engine to pieces, form a very shrewd guess as to the use of its various parts, of its boiler, its stop-cocks, and its furnace; but how could he be sure that his suppositions were correct until he had actually seen the engine at work—in other words, until he had *performed an experiment*? Suppose he had surmounted this primary difficulty, would he be able to work his engine without knowing something of the causes through which it gets out of order? Must he not acquire the knowledge that if he allow salts to be deposited in its boiler, an explosion will occur; that if he over-heat the engine, the same result may follow; that if he fail to grease it properly, it will get overheated; that if he does not look after its manometers, he cannot correctly appreciate the pressure in the various parts of the engine, and thus prepare for an accident; and that the slightest negligence on his part may prove fatal? A competent engineer, therefore, not only understands his engine thoroughly, but also knows the causes which may throw it out of order. This knowledge he acquires by his own observation and experiment, as well as by the accumulated observation and experiments of others.

Similarly with medicine. A physician knows intimately the structure of the human body; he has been taught the functions of the various cells and organs, the appearances produced by disease, and, to some extent, the causes of certain maladies. But how imperfect this latter part of his knowledge really is can be shown by taking, as an example, any disease in which micro-organisms appear to play a part. In 1880, Hansen found numbers of bacilli in the diseased tissues of leprosy patients, a discovery which has been confirmed by competent observers; but this statement includes all that is really known of the actual cause of leprosy. We have not the remotest idea whether this bacillus is able to live outside the body; whether it be possible to communicate the disease to animals, or conversely, whether animals can give it to man; whether the bacillus is the cause, or only the concomitant, of

the disease; whether it is a hardy, resistant organism, or not; we do not even know, for certain, whether one man can communicate leprosy to another. Clearly, then, it is impossible to invent a truly scientific treatment of leprosy while so little is known of the cause of the disease; though there is good reason to believe that this object might be obtained through experiments on animals.

A competent worker might carefully examine the lesions in the various organs of leprosy patients, and so gain accurate knowledge as to the localization of the disease, and by deduction explain the cause of some of the symptoms. Simple observation, however, without experiment, will not make him acquainted with the real nature of the disease. But suppose the same observer were able to cultivate a specific and characteristic bacillus from cases of leprosy, and to reproduce the disease in animals by inoculation of that bacillus (thus proving it to be the cause of the disease), he would then be able to study more minutely the various stages the micro-organism passes through, and test the effect on it of heat, cold, light, and chemical agents, such as drugs.

The knowledge thus acquired would in time enable him to say with absolute certainty what are the conditions under which the bacillus can exist, or under which it must die; and so lay down rules as to the best means of disinfecting objects placed in contact with the patient, and regulations to prevent the spread of the disease from one person to another. At the same time, he would determine how to arrest the growth of this bacillus in an animal already suffering from the disease; how the poisons secreted by the leprosy bacillus might be neutralized; and lastly, he would try to discover specific drugs which, without injury to the patient, would destroy the micro-organism.

These investigations must, step by step, pave the way to the discovery of an eventual cure for leprosy, just as the researches of Schwann, Davaine, Pasteur, and others led to the preventive treatment against rabies, anthrax, black-quarter, swine fever, and other diseases.

Leprosy is but one example of our ignorance on bacteriological questions, but problems innumerable—medical, chemical, botanical, and agricultural—await solution, and so difficult are these questions that

the science of bacteriology must be studied by representatives of each department of natural science.

An institute specially devoted to the teaching of bacteriology, and fitted out for carrying on researches in this science and in its applications, would no doubt render inestimable services.

Just as a knowledge of elementary physics and chemistry is necessary for every one teaching or making investigations in any branch of natural science, so must bacteriology be part of the education of chemists, botanists, and agriculturists, veterinarians, physicians, zoologists, and medical officers of health—in fact, of every one interested, directly or indirectly, in natural science. In the hygienic institutes which have been erected and endowed by the State in various continental countries, education in bacteriology is given to all those who require it; but education is only part of the work of such establishments, for they are also specially fitted out for original research. The investigations to be carried out are necessarily of the most varied character, ranging through the whole domain of natural science and of the arts based on it. We find in such institutes special departments in which the structure and development of microbes are studied; the harmful and useful products secreted by micro-organisms analyzed, and the diseases due to them scientifically investigated by botanical, chemical, and medical experts. In some of these are also special departments, where the virus necessary for antirabic and other inoculations can be prepared.

Preventive inoculations have no doubt been marvellously successful, but it is my firm conviction that the use of such methods is, and ought to be, strictly limited. Inoculation ought to be applied only when a given infectious disease cannot be eradicated without it. Why should there be an antirabic institute in this country, for instance, when hydrophobia could be stamped out forever by one year's universal muzzling and a system of quarantine for all imported dogs, when every death from rabies which occurs in the United Kingdom is the result of the senseless agitators, who, under the plea of protecting dogs, cause the death of man? If ever an increase in the death-rate from hydrophobia compels the British nation to establish a system of preventive inoculations

against rabies in this country, it will have been brought into existence by the anti-vivisectionist and anti-muzzling agitation.*

There are many diseases, however—such as anthrax, quarter-evil, and swine fever—which cannot be stamped out so easily. In time, no doubt, this object must be attained, but at present inoculations would still prove useful, and numerous facts show that agriculturists, could they obtain the necessary material from an institute, would be glad to use it on their animals. Nevertheless, inoculation is only a palliative measure, for the first object to be aimed at is the stamping out of infectious disease, and I cannot help thinking that the day will come when preventive inoculation will be a thing of the past.

Again, such subjects as the disposal and disinfection of sewage, the bacteriological examination for germs of disease in the water supply, and other kindred subjects, might be studied scientifically in such an institute.

In Paris, for instance, the municipality has established a laboratory for the examination of food stuffs, to which any one may send suspected food to be reported on by a bacteriological expert. Any one who will take the trouble to examine a few of the articles sold in London shops will soon convince himself of the services such an examination of food conducted by proper persons would render to human beings, more particularly to infants.

* Those who have read these lines will judge how far the following lines, written by a prominent anti-vivisectionist, are justified: "If the promoters of this institution have their way, we shall not only have to be vaccinated against small pox, but we shall have to submit to a 'protective inoculation' with the filthy disease germs," etc. (*Newcastle Journal*, September 30, 1891). As I have endeavored to show, stamping out, not preventive inoculations, is the object to be pursued in an institute of that description. If I take any notice of the absurd statement made by this anti-vivisectionist, it is simply because, as he adds the letters M.R.C.S. to his name, the general reader might suppose that he speaks from special knowledge. Before making a statement of that kind, it might be supposed that a medical man would have communicated with his medical brethren on the Council of the Institute, and made some inquiries. As far as I know, and I have the best means of being well informed, not one of my colleagues has been communicated with. I need only add that the other statements made by this M.R.C.S. are on a par with the assertions just quoted.

The important part played by micro-organisms appears to me to warrant the establishing in England of an institute specially devoted to bacteriological research, and I have attempted to show that such an institute would prove of immense benefit to science, to health, to agriculture—in fact, to the community at large. I have but repeated what has been said before by better men, but I have ventured to call attention again to the subject, because now at last there appears to be some chance of seeing such an institute established in England. Indeed, it is already in existence, for it has been duly registered by the President of the Board of Trade. Steps will now be taken to found it on a proper basis, and a sum of 20,000*l.*, subject to certain conditions, has been granted for its maintenance; a much larger sum,

however, will be required to build and establish it.

The council had to fight against ignorant prejudice when they applied to have the institute registered, but they can proudly point to the support they received, not only from their colleagues, but from the whole of the English scientific world, and, I may add, from the press. Could anything justify the council in their determination to establish in England a "British Institute of Preventive Medicine," it would be the letter* written on his bed of illness, by the veteran John Tyndall, a passage of which I may fitly quote: "In regard to questions of life and health, such an institution is the most pressing need of England at the present hour."—*Nineteenth Century*.

WOMEN OF NAPLES.

BY CONSTANCE EAGLESTONE, AUTHOR OF "THE SIEGE OF CONSTANTINOPLE," ETC.

THE woman of the upper class in Southern Italy may be described as a brilliant humming-bird, whose irresponsible existence is passed in flashing her own bright hues in the sun. To her sisters of the lower orders the lot of the hewers of wood and drawers of water has been given. In the city which has claimed for its own peculiar use the name of Beautiful, labor is more equally distributed, but in the districts around—in Capri above all—whatever burden is heaviest and task most distasteful, is handed over to those who are least able to bear it, and one constantly inclines to exclaim with a young naval officer here the other day: "I don't know how these Italians can *live* under the disgrace of seeing their women slave as they do!"

In studying woman, however, one of the earliest things to be learned is that she never really needs pity unless she is unhappy, and that, judging from appearances, the lower-class maidens and mothers of *Il Regno*, as they still call Naples, are not. Life cannot be taken as easily now as it was twenty years go, before the Sardinian Occupation, when every one who was not a beggar-supporter was a beggar, and few, unless they so inclined, must work before they might eat; yet the

women round about the Bay, and those who are scattered over the vine-clad hills of the interior, are tall and straight, and bright and comely as ever.

The following is the simple history of a day of thousands who live in the little "cities," which gem the curving shores of the southern half of this peninsula. Carmela rises while it is still almost night, ties a brightly colored kerchief over her fresh white blouse and dark petticoat, and places a thick pad, the badge of her trade, on her black curly hair, which was brushed out and plaited up a week ago, and will need no further attention for some time to come. Then she cautions her little son to be punctual at school, and not keep the good priest waiting. If he be a boy of any spirit, however, she knows he will not dream of obeying her, but will run down to the Marina, and spend the day in gnawing cast-away melons, plunging into the sea, and demanding *una bottiglia* for imaginary services from every passing stranger. His sister, quite oblivious of the fact that she is bearing a very fair proportion of the Wrongs of Woman on her little brown brow, cheerfully follows her

* Deputation to Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. June 5, 1891. Shorthand Report.

mother, for she is ten years old to-day, so is forthwith to be instructed in her profession—that of a beast of burden.

A new wing is to be added to a hotel, an embankment to be extended to enclose another acre of a vineyard, or a breakwater to be carried fifty yards further out to sea, and as the men are all fully occupied in puddling up lime to make cement, in turning the handle of a construction for raising small blocks of stone singly—that very machine which Romulus invented when he began to pile up his wall—and in laying the light hollow bricks one on the other, it is necessary that Carmela and her little girl should help the other women to begin the real work of the day; that is, to go down to the water's brink, pick up the blocks of stone thrown down there out of the barge, and carry them up the steep slope to the point where the additional wing was being spread.

Carmela carefully places the pad she has prepared on her child's shining hair, then selects a large flat stone, and puts it on the top; being a practical geologist she knew at a glance which was the lightest of those strewn about; and understanding thoroughly the law of balance, she was aware that a large stone would be less likely than a small one to slip from its place and paint a black bruise on her little one's shoulder or instep. That done, she straightens her shoulders, bids her hold her head well up, plant her little foot firm, and let her arms swing loose from her side; then sends her off up the hill, snatching up the nearest of the big boulders, and raises it hastily up to her own pad that she may follow her little girl to see that no careless pedestrian runs up against her, causing the unaccustomed burden to quiver or fall.

Up and down the hill, till their shapely shoulders must ache and their laden brows throb with pain and fatigue, the mother and her child pass, while the sun beats fiercely down upon them, and the hot pavement which they tread blisters their brown feet. There can be no scamping of work, for an Argus-eyed inspector sits to watch it, and would have much to say if an attempt were made to slip away with fewer than the full tale of bricks. However, his task is no difficult one, and, fortunate man, he is never made to feel a tyrant, as however strict and stern his orders

be, these sunny-natured women always obey them with a smile.

At noon an hour of grace is usually given, and then Carmela and her little daughter sit down in the shade, the latter forgetting her weariness in her triumph at having made her *début* and being proclaimed to the world as a grown-up woman of ten. They now for the first time that day break their fast and feast on a crust of sour bread and a slice of a water-melon. This meal will be repeated at eight o'clock, just before they go to bed; but if Carmela's husband were not a prosperous and industrious man, she, as is the case with most of her neighbors, would eat once in the day only. Try to think what that means: to rise at dawn; to go out unfreshed, even by a cup of milk; to pursue an occupation making heavy demands on physical vigor; not to return home till dusk, and then to propitiate nature with a little fruit and bread, or, in moments of wild extravagance, a dish of macaroni. Truly air and sunshine are more sustaining in Southern Italy than elsewhere.

As they lean back against the tufa wall, the Italian tongue, more silent here when owned by a woman than a man, is loosened, and the stiffened fingers, released from their toil, fly abroad as they help on the conversation which concerns the *Festa* tomorrow, when the mother means to buy a bright yellow kerchief to twist round her dusky locks, and a gingerbread cake in the form of an anchor, its coil of rope marked in white sugar, for the little workwoman beside her.

These *Festas* form the chief pleasure of the Neapolitans, young and old, and will keep them wandering about the little Marina in delighted groups till midnight. They usually take place on Sunday, being mostly connected with the services of the Church; but one is occasionally kept on some week-day, thus consoling the workers for the want of a Saturday afternoon holiday, which is not recognized here. It should have been mentioned while dawn was still young, that before beginning the labor of the day, the mother and child had entered the little church, sprinkled holy water on their brows, and knelt for a few minutes at the steps of the altar. Superstition and ignorance cling close to the simple untaught women of Southern Italy, it is true, but hovering above them

is the spirit of true religion, childlike, trustful and sincere, and its gentle teaching, along with much which might be well put aside, includes some honest practical ideas of duty to one's self and one's neighbor.

The nightmare of the lower classes is the terribly excessive and oppressive taxation. Their wages are pitifully small, and few as are their natural needs, and fewer as they compel them to be, they cannot meet the demands made upon them. Far and wide that divining rod which resolves to evoke something out of nothing reaches, and taxation is almost reduced to the level of an absurdity; poultry, it is said, are to come under the ban next, and the peasants who have earned a few soldi by selling an occasional egg to their richer neighbors, must now hide away their chickens in the cellar, and tie up the bill of the crowing chanticleer with an end of colored twine for fear they should call down a visit from the Syndic.

Così si fa when a nation is bent on being great.

Let us return to the little home which Carmela left before dawn. It consists of a single room, and this is shared between her own family and that of Serafina her sister. As they are prosperous they can afford a window and a balcony, the latter counting almost as a second room. Two or three households established above, have no light or air excepting that which is supplied through a small unglazed hole in the wall, usually stopped up with tufa-bricks. And yet they live!

Serafina is a fruit-sorter by trade, but as she has various calls upon her before going up to the lemon-groves, she rises first of the family. First she must bring in water. This is done in a primitive fashion by stepping out on to the balcony, and letting down a pail into the round stone well in the court beneath. Until a short time ago, one of the daily occupations was to carry up salt water. Now a tax is laid on the sea. If Serafina wish, she may carry up a little pitcher of Neptune's great gift in her hand, but nothing out of which she might extract a few grains of salt for her mess of macaroni and tomatoes. A string of the latter are hung up on the balcony to dry, and below is an earthen pot containing a root of the same, to which she gives a few drops of water as she swings in her pail.

That done, she takes in her hand a lit-

tle cresset of oil and some flowers picked the night before, for she is going up the hill and will pass a strip of vineyard which used to belong to her father, and these are votive offerings to be laid at the shrine of the Virgin who protects the vines and olives. It is a neat little recess, and the Holy Image is marked out on porcelain tiles and protected by a sheet of glass and frame of sculptured stone. One of these stand at the corner of each vineyard and every turn of the road, and none is without a tender reverent handmaid to do it honor. A couple of fox-colored dogs rush frantically out barking loudly as she enters the iron gateway, but fawn upon her as they recognize her voice. They are the guardians of the vineyard, and most effectually secure the safety of the purple clusters above their heads.

As Serafina leaves the plot of high raised ground, a subtle change comes over her. She steps cautiously as though afraid of being overheard, and looks guiltily round. She has no designs on the grapes, it is clear, and as she has a husband and children at home, cannot be stealing to meet a lover under a trysting-tree. Moreover, the trysting-tree is not of Neapolitan growth.

This is her case. Her brother Antonio—most men down here are named Antonio, the rest are called Antonino—has been employed through the summer on board a yacht belonging to one of the visitors at the big hotel where her sister works. Two nights ago as he was cooking his supper in the little vessel, he upset a kettle of boiling water, severely scalding his toes. He promptly thrust his feet into the sea to effect a cure, and consequently, poor fellow, suffered greatly all night. In the morning his kind patron, hearing of the misfortune, arranged for him to be received and treated at the hospital of the village.

In fear and trembling Antonio repaired thither, for a Neapolitan knows better than to trust nurses and doctors. However, the padrone had ordered and he must obey, though doubtless he would be subjected to cholera or to dissection before morning.

His courage held out for three hours, during which he took off his bandages seven times to show his fellow-patients how his toes were going on. Then he looked down from the hospital balcony where he had been placed to take the air,

and saw that the gate into the court-yard stood ajar. Now was his time—not a moment was to be lost, he must fly.

He stole softly down-stairs. Twice he had to go back thinking he saw the shadow of some nurse in the distance. Once he took refuge in the chamber of a bed-ridden old man, who nodded sympathetically and wished him good-luck. He would not stand in the path of a poor patient with scalded toes, fleeing away on his heels for his life.

So by dint of doubling and crouching, and hiding in friendly corners, Antonio escaped, and got up on to the hill, where he spent the night, after sending a message to his mother to come and find him there with food in the morning.

The two consulted darkly together, and then thought it would be wise to change his place of concealment and go up higher, near where the quail-nets were hung on Grande St. Angelo. The hospital authorities would not take the trouble to seek him so far away, and in a day or two the evasion would be forgotten, and he could return to his work on the quay.

Serafina now turned away, having first made an interested inspection of the toes, and struck off to the lemon-groves of her employer.

A reprimand for being late met her; but as she was the strongest woman in this part of the country, and showed her white teeth in a very sweet and deprecating smile, the lecture was not long. Then she bent her shapely shoulders, and nearly a hundredweight of the lovely, delicately-tinted fruit, piled high in its basket of cane, was lifted on to the pad on her head. Thus laden, she set off down the hill, moving with a firm, elastic step at a quick swinging trot, in company with half-a-dozen others. At the end of a mile they pause a moment to rest, but converse curiously little. The women in the country round the Bay talk little; their work is hard and their subjects are few.

The momentary rest over, the women make their way down to the sorting-room near the quay, where the grand work of separating good and bad takes place. A large lemon-boat is waiting in the harbor to sail away at sunset, and the trader is most strict in his proving of the fruit. He has some hundreds of light wooden cases on board, some of which have been filled under the trees of the fragrant grove,

others prepared down here by Serafina and her companions. He opens one of these at random, and if a single damaged fruit is found within, he would refuse the whole cargo.

The hours of the *Festa* next day are not spent in idleness. Building and fruit-sorting are suspended, but knitting-needles click busily, for every one round Naples knows how to twist silk and thread into socks or wraps, and each little maid as she runs out of school gathers up a handful of slender curved bows of steel, which she curls round her web to good purpose, though in a manner strange to unaccustomed eyes.

Nets, too, have to be prepared for the fishers in the harbor, and, most graceful of implements, the spinning-wheel of Margaret is seen in door and window, its soft silky mesh gleaming softly as it passes through the lithe brown fingers of a representative of one of the handsomest, strongest, most industrious, most virtuous, and, despite the manifold hardships which assail her, most contented women of the South of Europe.

The Neapolitan women of the middle classes are less pleasant for the writer to portray than those either above or below them. The energy and cheerfulness of the one and the art-of-doing-nothing gracefully of the other are at once denied them. And, gravest charge of all, their beauty and comeliness are reserved for display before the outer world, while disorder and slovenliness of the most exaggerated description are the rule at home.

Cherchez l'homme usually holds good when you seek the cause of a woman's fault, and in this point the Neapolitan male is not free from blame. He is inordinately proud of his wife and daughter when he takes them out in all the glories of silk and lace for a drive on Sunday afternoon, or to swell the crowd round the Cathedral of S. Januarius when the miracle of the liquefaction of the blood of that favorite Neapolitan saint takes place; but he appears to be entirely indifferent to their charms under his own roof, where, from the fact of work and play alike leading him abroad, he spends but little time.

However, as unimixed condemnation is neither pleasant to utter nor to hear, and none else here seems practicable, this branch of the subject shall be set aside.

A Neapolitan woman of the upper classes

can smile sweetly, dance lightly, coquet gracefully, dress daintily. There her powers for the most part end. To blister her soft palm with an oar, to prick her taper fingers with a needle, broaden her slender foot by walking, or draw lines across her smooth brow by study, are proceedings so exceedingly foolish that she wonders even foreigners care to go in for them. Art is impossible for her. No amateur can practise under the eye of the painter-monarchs of her native land, and in music she prefers to make use of her correct ears and innate appreciation as a listener, rather than as an interpreter. Were it otherwise, what instrument could she play? The mandoline and the guitar savor too much of the people; the piano is a foreign importation; the violin is never really at home unless touched by the loving hand of a Tenton or Hungarian, and when the silver trumpets with their syren tubes are drawn out of the cotton-wool in which they are kept at the Vatican, artists must be summoned from Paris before their sweet sounds can be wooed forth.

Orchestral and operatic music is all that Italians really care for, and as they very wisely decline, as a rule, to admit these as "chamber music," instrumental melody is rarely heard in private houses.

In her infancy the tiny Neapolitan is frequently tended by an English nurse, and the influence of the latter will probably extend to throwing the swaddling-bands out of the window, and introducing a wholesome diet of bread and milk in place of fruit and wine; but she will not be able to divest her nursling of her blue silk shoes and white lace frock, and send her out to make mud pies in a serge smock, nor will she be able to throw down the wall which divides the establishment of the little *ragazza* from that of the *ragazzo*, her brother, who even in his earliest years works and plays at different hours and in different localities from her. The result of this is a curious mutual indifference between children of the same family, very unlike the devotion varied by pull-hair fights of the boys and girls of an English play-room.

While in the nursery, the little Italian shows her immense superiority at least in one way to the maiden of the north, for she learns to chatter fluently in at least four languages.

"English is so hard," confessed a young Italian, aged seven, the other day. "French and German, and Neapolitan and Italian, that is all very well, but we don't know how to make English."

A girl of the upper class is rarely educated at home; in some cases she will be sent to Rome, or even to Paris, to be brought up at the *Sacré Cœur*: if so, she will probably not see her parents half-a-dozen times between the age of ten and sixteen, and her brothers and other relatives not at all. Convent life is very quiet and monotonous, but the firm, yet gentle sway of the nuns is not disliked. Occasionally the influence of some little black sheep will disturb the general tranquillity, promote inclinations to peep over the garden-wall, and to pinch the point of a rival's little finger; but, as a rule, the soothing atmosphere is found very congenial, and most girls declare that having obeyed parental wishes, and glanced at the world and mankind, they will return and take the veil. If an Italian woman have several daughters, she usually prefers to leave one to the Church. There is something restful to her in the thought that one at least of her little brood is placed where peace and freedom from care can hardly fail to be secure. Most family portrait-galleries here include a reserved cabinet for representations of such cloistered sisters of the house.

There are naturally some brilliant exceptions to the statement that the women of Southern Italy are merely sunshine-loving butterflies, but its general accuracy cannot be disputed. Even in Rome the cultivation of the female intellect has not been raised to the level of one of the fine arts, though there Queen Margarethe takes a noble lead.

Nostra graziosa Regina, as her loyal subjects like to call her, beguiles her idle hours with the "Nineteenth Century" and the "Revue des Deux Mondes." She plays and sings beautifully, and encourages by her frequent presence at their concerts the musicians of Rome, whether foreigners or natives. She superintended personally the education of her only child, the Prince of Naples. She is most generous in her charities, and among her various good qualities is that of being an indefatigable walker and mountaineer.

To return to the Neapolitan Signorina whom we left in her convent: at sixteen

she returns to her half-forgotten home ; her flat-soled, little convent-shoes are changed for French boots with points tapering into space, and heels which add two inches to the stature of her seclusion-days. Her good points and bad are carefully catalogued, and her style is decided on ; then her chamberwoman and dress-maker are bidden to consider her as their own, while the mother—the Neapolitans walk very well—glides down to consult with the family-confessor about her marriage.

In this direction the priest is still and will probably remain omnipotent. It is a point which Signor Bonghi and his Law-of-Guarantees do not touch. No strained idea of delicacy prevents the *padre* from inquiring into the condition of the Signorina's health, temper, and finance. He has always a fair number of candidates for marriage on his hands, and is honestly prepared to do his best for both parties. If he can assure the mother that the would-be bridegroom does not gamble, and that the charges on his estate do not prevent him deriving a fair income from it, she will feel she is doing well by her child, and will authorize the priest to call on the young man's parents and commence negotiations at once. Further north, girls are frequently allowed to go into society three or four years after leaving school before any pressure is put on them to settle down ; south of Rome this is rarely the case. To the credit of modern society, be it said, attempts to link crabbed age and buoyant youth together are few. The period between the first meeting of the young couple and the celebration of the marriage is very short, and it is unnecessary to state that here, as elsewhere in Southern Europe, the girl never sees her *fiancé* out of her mother's presence. If they meet in society, the young man may stand for a moment over his Signorina's chair, but it is generally the mother who answers his remarks, and if he lead her away to dance, he brings her back after a turn or two, which have perhaps been made in total silence.

From the above reasons, as will be supposed, marriages between Englishmen and Italian girls are almost unknown. Although our countrymen are quite ready to treat their future mother with a great deal of chivalrous deference, they would resent very much indeed finding that she elected

to monopolize all their conversation, and looked severe if stray glances from the young lady's heavily-fringed dark eyes were demurely turned in any direction but that of the black and white tiles which form a Neapolitan floor. Moreover, unless the islander chances to be a diplomatist, it is hardly within the bounds of possibility that he should understand any language but his own, and his Neapolitan charmer probably finds it difficult in the earlier stages of her acquaintance to "make English" with sufficient facility to keep him with her for long—in a crowd, that is.

An Italian male, on the contrary, is frequently found to be the possessor of an English or an American wife. Transatlantic women have a remarkable power of fitting themselves deftly into any hole, round or square, where fortune or inclination may have chanced to cast them. That is not often the case with English maidens, and it must be frankly confessed these mixed marriages, especially in the south of the peninsula, are usually failures. The principal reasons for this are obvious, and it would be both unfair and unnecessary to recapitulate them. The following brief statements may serve to prove how entirely the usual occupations of an English lady are blotted out if she marry an Italian. No one here looks after her own household, and any attempt to do so would be foredoomed. There is no country-house life as with us, and no rector's wife to whom to lend kindly aid in looking after the tenants or the poor. The daughters are educated in some distant convent, and the sons probably at the Jesuits' College. All marry early, so their mother enjoys little intercourse with them. The husband could hardly by the most remote possibility be induced to look on domestic life, as we understand it, as either comprehensible or desirable. A woman who reads would be shunned as a bore, and one who did not care to sit for half the day with a cigarette between her lips would be considered a terrible damper—and very rightly so, perhaps, by those who did incline so to sit. Finally politics, a resource of many who are ambitious, or who soar above dress and dance, are a closed subject. The "Makers of Italy" are hardly even names to the wife of the nobleman south of the Tiber. The glories of the ancient empire, the triumphs of mediæval art, the brilliant page which records the

successes of to-day, are nothing to her. Naples is still *Il Regno*, and the exiled Bourbon a Bonnie Prince Charlie who may yet re-establish a pleasure-loving independent court on the shores of the Blue

Bay, and scatter confusion in the ranks of the Sardinian stranger who in some inexplicable way has imposed his rule upon her.—*Murray's Magazine*.

ANURADHAPURA : A PRE-CHRISTIAN CITY.

BY C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

AMONG the many scenes of interest to the traveller in Ceylon, none is more startling than to find himself amid the ruins of the far-famed pre-Christian city Anuradhapura, the once mighty capital of the isle.

These ruins are totally unlike anything which I have seen in other countries. For my own part, the feeling they inspire is not so much admiration as wonder and bewilderment as one wanders in every direction, walking or riding, only to come to more and more and more ruins—ruins wrought by war and by ruthless treasure-seekers, but far more extensively and effectually by the silent growth of vegetation, which, fastening into every neglected crevice, has overthrown massive masonry, which, but for these insidious parasites, might have defied time. Two characteristics are specially striking—the incalculable multitude of tall monoliths, not rude stone monuments, but accurately hewn pillars of stone or granite, which in some cases must evidently have supported roofs, or some sort of building ; while a great number, capped with a beautifully sculptured crown, form the ornamental surroundings of the Cyclopean dagobas,* or relic-shrines, which are the most prominent features of the whole place. These are gigantic masses of solid brickwork, built in the form of a bell, and crowned with a sort of spire called a Tee, which symbolizes the honorific umbrella. These huge piles are estimated to contain millions of cubic feet, and somewhere near the summit of each a secret chamber was constructed, wherein was deposited some worshipful fragment of Buddha himself, or of one of his saints, surrounded by costly offerings. The means of access to this chamber was known only to the

priests, but it is recorded in the Book of the Chronicles of Ceylon, the Maha-wanso, that when about B.C. 161 King Dutugemunu had built the Ruanweli, or "Golden Dust," dagoba, he ascended to the summit by means of a temporary winding staircase, and thence descended into the sacred chamber, wherein he deposited the precious casket containing the relic, whatever it was, and various other treasures.

Of course, in exploring any scene of ancient historic interest, it is essential to have gathered previously as much information as possible regarding it, for nowhere does the eye so truly see what it brings the capacity for seeing as in visiting the ruined cities of bygone ages. This is certainly true of this labyrinth of ruinous brickwork and sculptured stones, so bewildering till one begins to get something like a clew to its main features. In point of fact, most of what remains of the once mighty city of Anuradhapura, the magnificent, lies buried beneath from six to fifteen feet of soil, waiting for a whole army of excavators to come and supplement the feeble force now working for Government. And yet, although the forest now overgrows the whole plain, so that the only break in your long ride is an occasional open tract, where fine old trees grow singly, as in an English park, enough remains above ground to enable you to recall vivid visions of the past. For a space of sixteen square miles, the somewhat scrubby jungle, stunted by the prevalence of droughts, is but a veil for the masses of masonry and brickwork ; a wilderness of granite pillars, with richly carved capitals and flights of steps, some covered with intricate carving, as perfect to-day as when, two thousand years ago, they were trodden by the unsandalled feet of reverent worshippers or busy merchants. The designs of the stairs are beautiful ; on either side supported by rich scroll patterns and

* From *datu*, a relic, and *gabbhan*, a shrine ; or from *deha*, the body, and *goka*, that which preserves.

graceful figures, overshadowed by the seven-headed cobra supposed to be the emblem of vigilance, while the huge semi-circular stone which forms the lowest step (commonly called "a moonstone") generally represents a sacred lotus blossom, round which circle rows of horses, elephants, bullocks, and the invariable geese held sacred by all ancient nations. These stones are peculiar to Ceylon, and, strange to say, no two of them are exactly alike in arrangement of detail.

Broad roads have been cleared through the dense jungle, embracing the chief points of interest, and, as you ride slowly along these or any of the innumerable pilgrim paths which here intersect the forest, you see on every side the same wilderness of hewn stones, heaped up in dire confusion, all overturned by the insidious growth of vegetation, and at last you emerge at some huge bathing tank, all of carved stonework; or it may be on the brink of a great artificial lake formed by an embankment of cyclopean masonry. Or else you find yourself in presence of some huge figure of Buddha—perhaps reclining in the dreamless repose of Nirvana, perhaps sitting in ceaseless contemplation of the lovely forest—a mighty image of dark stone brought from afar at some remote time when worshippers were legion.

Now, perhaps a handful of flowers or some ashes of burned camphor tell of some solitary villager who has here offered his simple prayer. Or the object which suddenly presents itself to your sight may be one of the gigantic dagobas, of which I have already spoken—one of many similar buildings which lie scattered in various parts of Ceylon in the silent depths of vast forests, which now cover the sites where once stood busy, populous cities.

It is recorded in the ancient chronicles that on great festivals these dagobas were festooned from base to summit with endless garlands of the most fragrant and lovely flowers, till the whole building resembled some huge shrub in blossom. Others were literally buried beneath heaps of jessamine. One of the relic shrines which was thus adorned, the Jetawanarama, towered to a height of 316 feet. Though no reverent hands now garland this desolate shrine, kind nature still strews it with fairest blossoms, and has covered it right up to the summit with trees of largest growth, all matted together with

beautiful flowering creepers. These have now been in a measure cleared away, so as to reveal the form of the gigantic dome, capped with a ruinous red spire, four stories high, circular on a square base. Tall monoliths and sculptured figures at the base of this huge mass of masonry afford the eye a standard by which to estimate its height. My own feeling, as I sat at work sketching it, as in duty bound, was of amazement that any human beings could have constructed an object so oppressively large, useless, and hideous.

The oldest and most venerated of all these great buildings is the Thuparama dagoba. It was built by King Dewanapia Tissa, "The Delight of the Gods," who ascended the throne B.C. 307, and, having obtained possession of Buddha's right collar-bone, proceeded to build this wonderful shrine for its reception. (I cannot refrain from remarking how culpably careless were poor Prince Gautama's cremators! The dagoba at Kalawewa purports to contain his jaw-bone, while another at Bintenne was erected B.C. 164, to contain a bone from his thorax.) The height of the Thuparama dagoba is about 63 feet.

The slim monolithic columns all round it are peculiarly elegant, though unmeaning except as ornaments. A similar arrangement of three rows of pillars of equally delicate workmanship, numbering respectively 20, 28, and 40, surround the Lankarama, which is a smaller but very fine dagoba of unknown date. It is attributed to King Maha Sen, who succeeded to the throne A.D. 275, and who, having in the earlier years of his reign adopted a creed known to orthodox Buddhists as "the Wytulian heresy" (supposed to have been Brahminical), had done all in his power to suppress Buddhism and destroy its monuments; but, finding that the inevitable result would be to raise a general rebellion, he recanted and became a zealous Buddhist, not only rebuilding all the monuments and priests' houses which he had destroyed, but building new ones to outvie those of his predecessors.

The chief of these is the Jetawanarama, which, though not originally quite so large as the Abayagiri, was 316 feet high, and is still 249 feet, with a diameter of 360. Sir James Emerson Tennant calculated that even now it measures twenty millions of cubical feet, giving sufficient

material to raise eight thousand houses, each with twenty feet frontage, which would form thirty streets half a mile in length, and would construct a town the size of Ipswich or Coventry, or form a wall one foot in thickness and ten feet in height reaching from London to Edinburgh! Now this mountain of brickwork is covered to the very summit with large trees of such frugal habit as apparently to live on air, for they surely can find no subsistence in the crumbling bricks.

Those slim columns with the ornamental crown which never supported anything are most puzzling, no one having any idea why they were erected. The only rude parallel which occurs to me as possibly throwing light on the subject, is a custom which prevails in certain tribes in the Kassia Hills, on the confines of Upper India, where a cromlech is erected over the ashes of the dead, whose spirits are invoked by the living. Should the prayers thus offered be granted, a great monolith is erected close to the tomb in acknowledgment thereof, and in due course of time these multiply, so that some favored tombs are surrounded with a large group of such tributes of gratitude. It is just possible that this rude phase of ancestor worship may give us the clew to the more elaborate productions of a highly civilized race, whose object was equally the invocation of the dead. Whatever the meaning that may have once attached to them, it is now utterly forgotten even by the priests.

As regards the dagobas themselves, there are now two classes: first, those that were built as depositories for sacred relics (these include all the cyclopean buildings); and secondly, a multitude of small ones, which were merely hollow, circular domes, built over a low square chamber which was the receptacle for the ashes of some creinated monk or nun. Apparently the only means of access to this chamber beneath the square platform was by a square opening beneath the dome; but when once the dome had been erected, the living might no more enter the chamber of the dead. Within the chamber, at the four corners, forming a sort of octagon, were stone slabs bearing the name of the dead and a short catalogue of his or her good deeds, together with a representation of Buddha's feet, the trident, the sun and moon, and other Buddhistic emblems.

Unfortunately, at Anuradhapura most

of these tomb dagobas have been destroyed by sacrilegious treasure-seekers.

Though the dagobas in this place are specially interesting as being the largest and oldest in Ceylon, the same form is reproduced in many more modern cities, and in connection with Buddhist temples all over the isle—all built on the same pattern, namely, a circular building on a square platform.*

At Chi Chen in Central America there are ancient buildings which in size, form of dome, and the ornamental tower or Tee on the summit, are said to be apparently identical with those of Ceylon. It would be interesting to know whether they have also the square platform.

It is worthy of note that the commonest type of grave all over North China, from Shanghai to Peking, simply consists of a circular earthen mound erected on a square platform of earth, the mound being generally crowned by a spire or nob. These are made in miniature for the very poor, very large for the wealthy, and cyclopean for emperors. This combination is the mystic symbolism which to the Chinaman represents the dual principle in nature. The square is the feminine symbol, and represents the Earth. The circle suggests the male principle, and symbolizes Heaven. The same principle is worked out in the construction of the great temples of Heaven and Earth at Peking.†

It is interesting and curious to find this ancient symbolism revered and perpetuated by the professors of a creed to which such details are certainly foreign. The external square was repeated by an internal pillar which marked the exact centre of the dagoba—in the case of the tomb dagoba the pillar was sometimes square, sometimes circular. It was about a foot square, and rose about four feet above ground, and on it rested the casket containing the ashes of the dead. Such caskets were generally

* The Thuparama and Laukarama dagobas are apparently exceptions to this rule, for though the tall circular spire rests on a square platform on the summit of the dagoba, the great massive buildings are raised on circular mounds.

† See *Wanderings in China*, by C. F. Gordon Cumming, vol. ii., pages 172, 175, 180, 322. See also "A Ground Plan of the Temple of Heaven," and "Notes on Tomb-temples," in *Meeting the Sun*, by Will. Simpson F.R.G.S. Longmans, Green & Co. Pages 176 and 190-193.

miniature dagobas of the same bell shape. In the construction of the gigantic relic shrines it appears that in the first place the exact centre was marked by an upright monolith accurately squared, and placed so as to have the four sides true to the points of the compass. The squares of the platform and outer wall were then marked out ; also the true circle for the dagoba ; and the whole was built up solidly—no chamber of any sort till the appointed height was reached, perhaps fifteen feet from the summit. But so soon as the central square pillar was built up, another was placed on the top of it, "truly perpendicular, and securely fixed in position by mortise and tenon." Thus it was carried right up from the base to a height of from 200 to 400 feet to the relic-chamber, which was formed as a perfect square facing the cardinal points ; and here, as in the tomb dagobas, this stone pillar projected about four feet through the floor ; it was overlaid with gold and supported a circular golden tray, on which was laid the casket containing the precious relic, which may have been only a hair from a saint's eyebrow, or a revered toe-

nail, but was probably accompanied by treasures of very much greater interest, which fully accounts for the anxiety of ruthless marauders to pillage these depositories.

Here, for example, is a list published by Mr. Wickremasinghe of the various objects enshrined in a dagoba at Hanguranketa : "Two gold chains and two medals studded with valuable gems, 160 silver images, 199 bronze images, 604 precious stones, 2000 uncut stones, and many other objects, including two boards for binding a book, of silver and gold studded with gems ; five books of the Vinaya Pitaka written on silver plates ; seven books of the Abhidharma Litaka on silver plates, as also a number of other books ; one book written on 900 copper plates each three spans long, and extracts from various religious books written on 37 plates of gold, each plate weighing five English sovereigns."

Of the gigantic relic dagobas there are seven within the limits of Anuradhapura itself, without reference to those at Mehin-tale and elsewhere in the neighborhood. These seven are—

	Supposed original height	Present height	Diameter at base	Date begun
	ft.	ft.	ft.	
1. Thuparama	—	62½	59	B.C. 307
2. Mirisawetiya	—	82½	164	B.C. 164
3. Ruanweli	270	189	379	B.C. 161
4. Abayagiri	405	231	325	B.C. 89
5. Jetawanarama	316	249	360	A.D. 302
6. Lankarama	—	32½	44	Unknown
7. Sela Chaitiya ..	20	Too ruinous to ascertain		B.C. 119

The latter, though generally known by this name, which means "The Stone Temple," is properly called the Lajjika-vihara, having been built by King Lajjitissa. Though small and in very ruinous condition, it is deemed very sacred, and its stone carving and stairways are considered very fine.

Of the other dagobas which are scattered about in the jungle, I may mention the Kiri Wihara ("Milk Temple"), which is so entirely buried beneath encroaching earth, that its existence is only known by the tradition which declares it to lie buried beneath a huge grassy mound.

All the dagobas at Anuradhapura are

built of brick, and perhaps their erection here was suggested by the fact of finding building material in such abundance, in the form of beds of clay ready for the manufacture of millions of bricks—though, strange to say, the ancient chronicles relate how, to facilitate the building of the Ruanweli dagoba, one of the gods created the requisite quantity of bricks at a place sixteen miles distant, but there is no record of their having been miraculously transported to the spot.

Of course, in viewing these ruinous red mounds it requires an effort of imagination to picture them as they appeared when so thickly coated with chunam as to resemble

huge domes of polished cream-colored marble. This chunam was still in use when the oldest European bungalows were built, and gives their pillared verandahs a delightfully cool appearance; but this manufacture is a lost art, though it is known that chunam was a preparation of lime made from burned oyster-shells mixed with the water of cocoanuts and the glutinous juice of the fruit called Paragaha.*

Of vanished glories, one of the chief must have been the Monara, or Mayurapaya—i.e., the "Peacock Palace of the Kings," so called not only from the brilliancy of the colors with which it was painted externally, but also from the abundance of precious stones, gold and silver, employed in its decoration. It is described as having been a building three stories high, with ranges of cool rooms underground. Whatever may still remain of it is all underground, buried beneath a grassy mound; but round it, as if keeping sentry round the royal palace, stand a circle of fine stone pillars with beautifully sculptured capitals. But the crowning marvel of Anuradhapura was the Lowamaha-paya, or "Great Brazen Palace," a monastery built by King Dutugemunu about B.C. 164, for the accommodation of one thousand priests, or rather monks, for such they were. It was nine stories high, probably pyramidal, so that the top story was much smaller than the lowest. The latter was built up from a foundation supported by sixteen hundred granite pillars, all of which the Rajavali implies were covered with copper. Each priest had his own little dormitory, and (as no great man could possibly allow his inferior to sit higher than himself) the poor old priests of highest rank had to occupy the uppermost rooms, just under the roof with its glittering brazen tiles—rather warm quarters on a hot summer's day!

A most interesting account of this palace and its various apartments has been preserved in the Maha-wanso, which is the book of ancient national chronicles. In one great hall were golden pillars, supported by golden statues of lions and elephants, while the walls were inlaid with flower-patterns of costly gems, and festoons of pearls. In the centre stood a magnificent ivory throne of wondrous workmanship, for the high-priest, while above it was the

white chatta or umbrella, the Oriental type of sovereignty. On either side of this throne there were set a golden image of the sun, and a silver one of the moon; and the whole palace was richly carpeted, and full of luxurious couches and divans. Among the curious statistics of the "Great Brazen Palace," we hear of a stone canoe, twenty-five cubits long, made to contain some special drink for the thousand priests—a very jovial species of punch-bowl! A huge hollowed stone, 63 feet long, $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet broad, and 2 feet 10 inches in depth, was pointed out to us among the ruins of this great monastery as having been used for this purpose, while another hollowed block of granite, 10 feet long, 2 feet deep, and 6 feet wide, lying near the Jetawanarama, was shown as that wherein the daily allowance of rice was measured out. Certainly the proportion of sack was largely in excess of the solids.

Minute details are given of the daily rations provided for all these priests of the king's bounty, as also of the vessels of sugar, buffalo butter, and honey provided for the builders, whose work, however, did not prove enduring, for in the following reign this "Tower of Babel" had to be taken down, and it was rebuilt only seven stories high. Two hundred years later these were reduced to five stories, and seventy years afterward, in A.D. 240, it must have been entirely rebuilt, as the reigning monarch changed the position of the supporting pillars. When (A.D. 275) King Maha Sen succeeded to the throne, full of iconoclastic zeal, he demolished this lofty "Clergy-house" as well as many more buildings connected with Buddhism, and used them as quarries for the erection of new shrines for the images supposed to have been sanctioned by "the Wytulian heresy." But when he threw over his new love to return to the old, he rebuilt the "Brazen Temple" and all else that he had destroyed. Unfortunately some of the 1,600 granite monoliths had been broken, so to make up the number a certain number were split. This was done by boring holes in the stones and therein driving wooden wedges, on to which water was poured to make the wood swell, a simple but effective device, which was first adopted in England about two thousand years later.

How strange it is to think that when our ancestors sailed the stormy seas in their

* *Dillena dentata*.

little skin-covered wicker boats, or paddled canoes more roughly hallowed from trees than those quaint outriggers which here excite our wonder, Ceylon was the chief centre of Eastern traffic, having its own fleet of merchant ships, wherein to export (some say) its superfluous grain—certainly other products—to distant lands. Possibly its traffic may even have extended to Rome, to whose historians it was known as Taprobane, and of whose coins as many as eighteen hundred of the reigns of Constantine and other emperors have been found at Batticaloa. Think, too, that while Britons wore a full dress of only wood, and lived in wattle huts, these islanders had vast cities with stately palaces and other great buildings, and monuments whose ruins, even now, vie in dimensions with the Egyptian Pyramids. Besides these massive ruins, and this endless profusion of sculptured granite columns and noble stairs which once led up to stately temples, how poor and mean do all the modern temples appear, with their wooden pillars and walls of clay, the work of pigmy descendants of giants!

Here, four hundred years before the birth of Christ, all that constituted Eastern luxury reigned supreme. Great tanks watered beautiful gardens, and in the streets busy life fretted and toiled. Allowing largely for Oriental exaggeration, we can form some idea of the greatness of the city from the native annals, which tell how, including these tanks and gardens, it covered two hundred and fifty-six square miles, the whole of which was enclosed by a strong outer wall, which was not completed till the first century after Christ. From the north gate to the south gate measured sixteen miles, and the old chronicles tell us that it would take a man four hours to walk from the north to the south gate, or across the city from the rising to the setting sun. The writer enumerates the principal streets, and it gives a strangely familiar touch to hear of Great King Street, while Moon Street reminds us of the planet worship of the early Singhalese. Moon Street consisted of eleven thousand houses, many of which were large beautiful mansions two stories high. There were lesser streets without number, bearing the name of the caste or profession of its inhabitants. All were level and straight; the broad carriage-way was sprinkled with glittering white sand,

while the foot-path on either side was covered with dark sand. Thus the foot-passengers were protected from the dangers of the swift riders, chariots and carriages. Some carriages were drawn by four horses. There were elephants innumerable, rich merchants, archers, jugglers, women laden with flowers for temple-offerings, and crowds of all sorts. Not only had they cunning craftsmen of all manner of trades, but the most minute care was bestowed on such practical matters as the sanitation of their cities. Thus, in Anuradhapura there was a corps of two hundred men whose sole work was the daily removal of all impurities from the city, besides a multitude of sweepers; one hundred and fifty men were told off to carry the dead to the cemeteries, which were well cared for by numerous officials. "Naked mendicants and fakirs," "castes of the heathen," and the aboriginal Yakkos and Magas—i.e., the demon- and snake-worshippers, each had distinct settlements allotted to them in the suburbs.

Within the city there were halls for music and dancing, temples of various religions (all of which received liberal support from the earlier kings), almshouses and hospitals both for man and beasts, the latter receiving a special share of attention. One of the kings was noted for his surgical skill in treating the diseases of elephants, horses, and snakes; another set aside rice to feed the squirrels in his garden, and a third devoted the produce of a thousand fields to provide for the care of sick animals. At every corner of the countless streets were houses for preaching, that all the passers-by might learn the wisdom of Buddha, whose temples then, as now, were daily strewn with the choicest flowers, garlands of jessamine, and the fragrant champac-blossoms, and beautiful white and pink water-lilies (the sacred symbolical lotus). On all great festivals the streets were spanned by arches covered with gold and silver flags, while in the niches were placed statues holding lamps or golden vases full of flowers. At a later date the records of Pollonaruwa are almost identical with these.

Yet ere long both these cities were doomed to be forsaken. The huge tanks which watered the gardens and irrigated all the land were left to go to utter ruin, and for centuries all has lain hushed and still. When foreigners invaded the isle it

was the policy of the Kandyans to keep the interior inaccessible, so there were only difficult paths through dense jungle; consequently, although Knox had written of the wonderful ruins through which he had passed when making his escape from his long captivity in Kandy, they continued unknown till they were rediscovered by Lieutenant Skinner, about 1833, when surveying for his great work of road-making. At that time the site of the great city was the haunt of vast herds of elephants, sambur and fallow deer, buffalo, monkeys, and jackals. Porcupines and leopards sought shelter among the ruins, the tanks were alive with pelicans, flamingoes, and other aquatic birds, and large flocks of pea-fowl sought refuge in the cool shade, or sunned themselves in the green glades where once were busy streets. Of course, with the return of so many human beings, these shy creatures have retreated to more secluded hiding-places. Here and there, on the outskirts of Anuradhapura, there are great heaps of stones—huge cairns—to which, even to this day, each passer-by must, without fail, add a stone, though the people have long since utterly forgotten what event they commemorate.

Imagine such a fate as this creeping over the great capitals where a hundred and sixty-five successive kings reigned in all the pomp and luxury of an Oriental Court. Their history has been handed down to us in the *Maha-wanso*, or "Genealogy of the Great," that precious manuscript to which frequent reference is so necessary to a right understanding of events in Ceylon. Its first section, which was compiled about the year A.D. 470, from native annals, treats of the Great Dynasty—i.e., the kings who reigned from 543 B.C. to 301 A.D.—after which comes the history of those who are classed as the *Sulu-wanse*, or "Lower race," although that list includes the great King *Prakrama Bahu*, by whose orders the work was completed up to his time—i.e., 1266 A.D. Finally, it was carried on to the year 1758 A.D. by command of the last King of Kandy, all compiled from authentic native documents. Being written in Pali verse, none but the most learned priests could possibly read it, and, as a matter of fact, no one seems to have been able to do so when in 1826 Mr. Turnour, of the Ceylon Civil Service, set himself to master

this terribly difficult task, and with marvellous patience and ingenuity succeeded in so doing. Therein we obtain the clew to what at first seems such a mystery—how a race which produced work so wonderful as these great cities, a people so powerful and in some respects so wise as those old Singhalese—themselves, we must remember, conquerors from Northern India—should have been driven from province to province till all their old power and energy seems to have died out.

The mischief seems to have begun when the King of Anuradhapura first took into his pay mercenary troops from Malabar. These were the Tamils, whose descendants remain to this day. They rebelled, slew the king, and held the throne for twenty years. Driven from the island they returned, and again held it for forty years. Once more they were expelled, and once more fresh hordes poured in from Malabar, and landing simultaneously on all parts of the island, again took possession of the capital, where some settled, while others returned to the mainland laden with plunder. During all these years an ever-returning contest was maintained between the Buddhists and their Brahmin invaders. There was the usual pulling-down and building-up of temples, so that by A.D. 300 the native records declare that the glory of the city was utterly destroyed, and the royal race of Children of the Sun had been exterminated. Nevertheless it continued to be a great powerful town, enclosed by strong walls.

The struggle with the Malabars continued till about A.D. 726, when the kings forsook Anuradhapura, and made *Polonarua*, farther to the south, their capital, and more beautiful than the old city. Still the Malabars pushed on, and overran every corner of the island. At length, A.D. 1155, a mighty king arose, by name *Prakrama Bahu*, who with a strong hand delivered his country, and driving out the invaders, established peace and security. He rebuilt the temples of Buddha, and made or restored fifteen hundred tanks, and canals without number, to irrigate and fertilize the thirsty land. Yet thirty years after the death of this great, good man, his family had become so utterly weak through their incessant quarrels, that the Malabars once more returned and seized the tempting prize. And so the story of strife continued till in 1505 the Portuguese

came, and then followed the further complications of the struggles between Portuguese and Dutch, and later, the French and English took their turn as disquieting elements.

But the consequence of all these fightings was the removal of the seat of government from one part of the isle to another, so that in many a now desolate jungle there still remain some ruins of ancient cities which successively claimed the honor of being the capital for the time being. The oldest of these was Tamana-nuwara, which was the capital of Wijayo the Conqueror, B.C. 543. His successor founded Oopatissa-nuwara, calling it after himself. Then Maagama and Kellania had their turns before Anuradhapura asserted its supremacy. With the exception of eighteen years when Kaasyapa (the parricide and suicide) lived on the fortified rock of Sigiri, and one year when King Kaloona removed the capital to Dondra, or Dewa-nuwara, the "City of the Gods," and likewise committed suicide, Anuradhapura reigned supreme for 1,353 years, when it was abandoned in favor of Pollonaruwa; three hundred years later Anuradhapura became the capital during one stormy reign, and Roohoona, Kalu-totta, and Kaacha-ragama were each the royal home for a brief interval. Then came the reign of the great King Prakrama, when the glory of Pollonaruwa was at its height, and continued the capital during the seventeen changes of sovereignty which followed in the twenty years after his death. From 1235 to the end of the century Dambadiniya was the chief city, then Pollonaruwa had another turn. After this, Kurunegalla, Gampola, Sengada-galla-nuwara, Kandy, and Cotta were successively the royal head-quarters. Now one after another of these great cities has fallen into comparative neglect, and several into total oblivion. Giant trees have overgrown both palaces and markets; beautiful parasitic plants have loosened the great blocks of stone, and the dark massive ruins are veiled by lovely creepers and all the wealth of tropical greenery, through which, as they did so recently in Anuradhapura, bears and leopards roam undisturbed, while birds of all glorious hues flit through the foliage. Only at the time of certain great festivals do devout pilgrims still wend their way through the silent depths of these dark forests, to do homage at

these shrines, and the stillness of night is broken by their pious ejaculations as they circle round the huge relic shrines.

At the time of our visit to Anuradhapura, the pilgrims had assembled in vast numbers to celebrate the festival of the midsummer new moon, and their simple camps—yellow tents of great talipot palm-leaves, of which each pilgrim carries one section, to act as sunshade or umbrella—formed a very picturesque feature in the scene. Half a dozen pieces of leaf, supported by sticks, form the slight shelter which is all they need. (Many carry one of the tough fibrous sheaths, which has enveloped the young flower of the areca palm, and which serves as a simple rice plate, while an ingeniously folded Palmyra palm-leaf forms an excellent water-bucket.) With reverent steps they trod the green forest glades, marking the course of the main streets of the holy city, and guided by yellow-robed Buddhist priests. Many of the pilgrims carried small flags and banners, and one group carried a miniature ark containing a golden lotus blossom to be offered to the sacred Bo tree. The ark, I may observe, holds the same place of honor in Ceylon as it does in many other nations. To all travellers in the Himalayas, the ark veiled with curtains, within which is concealed the idol most deeply revered, is a familiar object—an ark which is carried on staves through the forests, with music and dancing, and which, both in its proportions and in all the ceremonies connected with it, bears a strange affinity to the sacred ark of the Israelites.* We find it again in the churches of Abyssinia and in the Buddhist temples of Japan; and here in Ceylon, every important *dewali* (that is, every Malabar temple) has an ark precisely similar to that of the Himalayas, the sacred objects, which are so jealously concealed from the gaze of even devout worshippers, being in this case the mystic arrows of the particular god or deified hero there held in reverence. Once a year, at a great full-moon festival, this ark is borne forth on its staves, and carried in sunwise circuit round the temple, amid great rejoicing. That tiny ark, containing the mystic lotus blossom, was not the only link we noticed

* See *In the Himalayas*, by C. F. Gordon Cumming, published by Chatto & Windus, pages 361-371, 436.

to the customs of far distant lands. At the entrance to the Wata Daghe at Polonaru lies a stone precisely similar to the Clach Brath at St. Oran's Chapel in Iona,* with a row of hollows, worn by the continual action of stone or crystal balls, which the passers-by turned sunwise to bring them luck. And here, in Annadhaura, are three stone bulls, which women who have not been blessed with offspring also drag round sunwise, that they may insure the speedy birth of an heir. One of these seems to have formerly revolved on a pivot, but now main force does all.

Certainly the most venerated objects of superstition are not often impressive to the eye, and these are three insignificant little animals, measuring respectively 3 feet 6 inches, 2 feet 9 inches, and 1 foot 7 inches. They lie on the turf beneath a great tree—a curious foreground to a most picturesque pilgrims' camp of yellow palm-leaves like gigantic fans, banked up with withered boughs; women and children busy round their camp fires, and beyond the curling blue smoke rise the pillars of the Brazen Palace. Thousands of these primitive tents were scattered about in groups in the park-like grounds, and I had the good fortune to witness a very striking scene on the night of our arrival, when all night long, by the light of a glorious full moon, great companies, guided by bare-armed and bare-footed yellow-robed priests, circled round the Ruanweli dagoba, shouting Saadhu! (the Buddhist form of All hail!). But in making their circle they kept their left side toward the relic shrine, which in sun-lore all the world over is the recognized form of invoking a curse instead of a blessing. But on the beautifully sculptured "moon-stones" at the base of the great temple

and palace stairs, all the animals, elephants, oxen, horses, lions, and sacred geese, have their right side toward the central lotus blossom, so they are making the orthodox sun-wise turn.

Just beyond these bulls are forty rows of roughly-hewn stone pillars, which even now stand twelve feet above the soil, and are doubtless sunk to a depth of many more—a strange and unique sight. In each row there are forty of these granite monoliths, making sixteen hundred in all; some have fallen, some are half buried among the ruins, but there they are, and these are all that now remain above-ground to mark the spot where the stately Brazen Palace once stood with all its crowds of learned priests. Of course there is not a vestige of the copper which once covered the pillars, nor of the resplendent brazen tiles. I was told a legend—whether authentic or not I cannot say—that the final destruction of this grand building was due to fire kindled by a queen who, when sore beset by Malabar armies, and seeing no hope of escape from beleaguering foes, resolved that at least they should not enjoy the pillage of the palace, and so caused all her most precious possessions to be brought here and heaped together, and having with her own hands set fire to this costly funeral pyre, thereon sought death. Now the desolate ruins are forsaken alike by priests and worshippers. I wandered alone through the labyrinth of gray pillars where only a flock of shaggy long-legged reddish goats were nibbling the parched grass, just as I have seen British sheep finding greener pasture beneath the shadow of the mighty rock temple of our own ancestors at Stonehenge.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

THE GERMAN NEWSPAPER PRESS.

BY CHARLES LOWE.

IN the course of the speech with which the German Emperor opened the Educational Reform Conference at the Ministry of Public Worship in Berlin last spring, his Majesty referred to German journal-

ists as "*Press-Bengel*" (Press-scamps); and for the same class of his fellow-countrymen Prince Bismarck's favorite expression in his contemptuous moments, which were his prevailing mood, was "*Feder-vieh*," or "quill-cattle." The present Emperor has further sought to determine the social status of the journalist by de-

* See *In the Hebrides*, page 72, by C. F. Gordon Cumming, published by Chatto & Windus.

creeding that no foreign Correspondent can be received at his Court, even though he should have been previously presented to his own Sovereign; and, indeed, that status in Germany tends to remind one of the condition of the English clergy in the reign of Charles the Second, as described by Macaulay, when a young Levite "might fill himself with the corned beef and the carrots; but, as soon as the tarts and cheesecakes made their appearance, he quitted his seat and stood aloof till he was summoned to return thanks for a repast from a great part of which he had been excluded."

By a clever German writer, Herr Franzos, the novelist, it has truly been said (and herein lies the secret of the whole Semitic question) that "every country gets the Jews which it deserves;" and the same remark might apply to journalists, a very large proportion of whom, by-the-by, in Germany are of Hebrew origin. Fletcher of Saltoun would have willingly surrendered to others the making of his country's laws in exchange for the privilege of writing its songs; but Bismarck, on the other hand, preferred to make the laws of Germany himself, and leave the journalists to manufacture their sing-song of public opinion about them.

Public opinion in Germany is by no means the power it is in England or France, and some other countries. It rarely or never influences the Government to the extent of diverting it from any course of action on which it may have resolved to embark, and for the very simple reason, mainly, that the vetoing power of the Crown is very much greater than the force resulting from the voting power of the people. The German Press registers, but rarely initiates. It is much more the valet and secretary than the companion or counsellor of the powers that be. The Government has its supporters and its censors among the members of the Fourth Estate, but no masters, no controllers, as in England. To Bismarck the ablest and most eloquent leading articles were only so much "printer's ink" (*Druckerschwärze*), which he heeded no more than "the wind whistling down an old chimney." No man ever affected to have a profounder contempt for the Press and its practitioners, as no man—certainly no statesman—ever made a more systematic

and effective use of these agencies for his own political ends. Sweet, too, are the uses of other people's adversity to the journalist, as scores of interviewers were quick to experience when the greatest man of his time had to retire into the chilling shade of Imperial disfavor. From the Berlin Congress up till that time the Prince had kept all journalists at more than arm's length, and only allowed them to come to his antechambers and his gates to receive their diluted dole from the hands of his subordinates, as the clients of a noble in Imperial Rome were permitted to carry off their matutinal *sportula* of victuals from the vestibule of the great man. But when the dictator of the Wilhelmstrasse became the rebellious and resentful exile of Friedrichsruh, nothing was more natural than that he should turn to the Press for sympathy and support. On the other hand, it was almost a revolting spectacle to see how some journalists who had fawned on him like dogs in the heyday of his power, and licked their allotted morsels from his hand, now turned against him with a vicious growl and a forbidding show of teeth. As Wallenstein received his fatal wounds from the swords and partisans of some of his officers in whom he had reposed most implicit trust—his Leslies, his Butlers, his Gordons, and his Devereux—so Bismarck, after his fall, must have smiled with a savage bitterness to perceive how fickle is the fidelity which is founded more on fear than on love, as evidenced by the altered attitude of some of those who had aforetime been his obsequious *Leibjournalisten*, or "body-scribes." Of all the ills which afflict a man who is down, surely none can be more galling than either the patronage or the persecution of his previous lackey, as witness the sad case of Major Pendennis and his valet, Mr. Morgan; but certainly since his dismissal from office Prince Bismarck has had ample enough cause to smart at insolence and ingratitude of this kind. And yet he has mainly himself to blame for this result. For as a man soweth, so he shall also reap; and if the ex-Chancellor treated journalists, especially of the semi-official kind, as mere serfs trained to write to order, he has surely now as little reason to feel surprised at their change of front as Charles the Twelfth was entitled to wonder at his hav-

ing been worsted at Pultowa by a semi-civilized people to whom he had himself taught the art of war.

Of all the Presses of the world, that of Germany—with the single exception, perhaps, of Russia—is the most “trained to write to order;” nor is this to be wondered at so very much in a country where “drill” is the first maxim of education, where the State is no less omnipotent than omnipresent, and where the Government is paternal, or rather, indeed, step-motherly. There is little you can do in Germany without the cognizance and consent of the police, who are the brusque embodiment of the authorities, and these, in turn, have leading-strings for almost every one. That being so, the only wonder is that the German Press is not much more of a State institution than it really is. But where it is without control or inspiration by the Government and its supporters, it is generally in the hands of the Jews or of other agencies who have got axes to grind.

Apart from the *Cologne Gazette*, which, with all its imperfections, comes nearest, perhaps, to our English ideal of the highest form of journalism, there are few, if any, newspapers in Germany which are at once enlightened, high-minded, independent, patriotic, and, to crown all, well-written. Poor in means, the German Press, as a whole, is also petty in motive and performance, and may almost be said to be still in its teething period. But how, indeed, could it be anything else, considering that its nominal, though far from real, independence from censorship and other stifling restraints only dates from the revolutionary year '48; while the burdens under which, even after that, it continued to groan and languish, in the various States of Germany, were only removed by the law of 1874, which substitutes Imperial for local jurisdiction over the Press? But can the manumitted slave suddenly display all the virtues of the man who has been the inheritor of ages of freedom? By that Imperial law Press censorship was abolished; that is to say, an editor was no longer obliged to submit a copy of his journal to the police *before* its publication could be sanctioned; but even now he is compelled to hand to them one of the first copies *after* it leaves the printer, so as to convince the supervisors of public order

and morals that it is free from injurious matter, which, if found, would entail the immediate confiscation of all the issue of the noxious number. It is true that this power of confiscation is exercised by the police in a manner which cannot altogether be called oppressive; but this power exists, and the consciousness that they have to wield their pen within the valley of the shadow of that power has naturally enough a chilling effect on the writers for the daily Press. In all cases of confiscation it is the main object of the police to discover and punish the real author of any objectionable article, and thus defeat the purposes of the “dummy editors,” as they are called, who, for a consideration, might be willing to sit in the stocks for the sins of others (as Launce, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, did for his peccant and ungrateful dog); and it is thus with the view of enabling the police to detect the true culprit that the law empowers them to enter and ransack newspaper offices for the manuscripts of incriminated effusions.

It is these domiciliary visitations which vex and mortify German editors more than anything else in the Press Law, unless, indeed, it be the ease with which an aggrieved person can prosecute them for libel. They could sing a song to you, could most Opposition editors, about the manner in which the ex-Chancellor himself exercised this prosecuting power when any public writer or speaker so far forgot himself as to indulge in the pastime of *Bismarck-Beleidigung*, or, as it might be freely rendered, “Bismarck-badgering.”

It is true that this particular offence is not enumerated among the crimes of the Penal Code; but it has been defined by jurists of acumen to partake of the nature of a common libel on the one hand, and of *lèse-majesté* on the other, for which due satisfaction must be rendered; and, during the latter years of the Prince's reign, never a week passed without bringing the trial of a case of this kind before some court or other throughout the Empire. At the Chancellor's elbow there used to lie a pile of printed formulæ, one of which he would hurriedly fill up and despatch to the Public Prosecutor whenever he felt particularly galled by the pen of any pestilential scribe, or by the sting of some aggressive tongue; and even men like Professor Mommsen and George von Bunsen have been plunged into

all the worries and *tracasseries* of a trial for *Bismarck-Beleidigung*.

Not that convictions invariably followed on Press and personal prosecutions of this kind. On the contrary, the judges were generally animated by a surprising spirit of independence, evidently holding—good and noble men that they were—that the Bench, at least, must remain a refuge-rock of public freedom in Germany, and in most cases they gave verdicts of acquittal. But still these libel suits served, to some extent, the Prince's object, which was to paralyze the pens and tongues of his public critics by making them live in constant dread of his vengeance. Libel actions, arising from Press controversies, are of most frequent occurrence in Germany, where warring editors, unlike their French colleagues, who generally settle their personal disputes with a pair of pistols, prefer to seek the moral satisfaction of a court of law. But, indeed, this is almost the only kind of satisfaction obtainable from these tribunals, which only afford material indemnification of the most trumpety kind, even in cases where hearts have been broken by breach of promise of marriage, or where the blow to a character or a reputation has been a very heavy one. Where injury to character takes the form of aspersion, the primary remedy is in a court of law; but if this injury results from mere misstatement or misinterpretation of facts, the process of purgation is as simple as it is effective. For, by a certain clause (the famous 11th) of the Press Law, every editor is bound to give an immediate and prominent place in his columns to the "matter-of-fact rectification" of any person who feels personally aggrieved by any statement in his journal. Thus, for example, if Herr Schulz resented the assertion of editor Müller that he (Schulz) was in the habit of wearing a coat of snuffy brown, he could compel Müller to insert in his next number a contradiction of the damaging statement, even if Müller remained firmly convinced (and could prove, moreover, to the satisfaction of his neighbors) that Schulz's garment did not contain one single thread of sable hue, but was throughout of the color of Irish Black-guard.

The Press is inundated with "rectifications" of this kind, which are, indeed, almost the only "Letters to the Editor" that find their way into print. Nothing

is more characteristic of the English Press than the "Letters to the Editor," which express the grievances, the aspirations, the suggestions, the warnings, the wants, and the controversies of a free-speaking people, accustomed to and enamored of the ends and methods of publicity. But the Germans are still very far behind us in this respect, if one may judge from the rarity of cases where "voices from the crowd" ask or are allowed to be heard from the platform of the Press. These "Letters to the Editor" form one of the main sources of the power wielded by the English Press both at home and abroad; and where is the hotel-keeper on the Riviera, or in Switzerland, or even in Russia (as once I found to my great advantage at Moscow), who would not grow pale at the threat of an overcharged or "exploited" traveller to write to *The Times*? But fancy a German tourist in foreign parts menacing a rude or extortionate *Gastwirth* with exposure in the columns of the *Cologne Gazette* or the *National-Zeitung*! The *Gastwirth* would only sneer, and probably clap an extra ten francs on to his visitor's bill for his insolence. Not that the Germans are without plenty of private and public grievances. But they know that public opinion with them is a stone which cannot easily be set rolling, and that, even when it does at last begin to move, its force can be broken, or its course altogether stayed, by the total indifference and dead inertia of the authorities.

Take the railways, for example, which in Prussia are now all in the hands of the State. However well worked on the whole, the methods and administrative machinery of these lines are by no means faultless; but, no matter how the travelling public are inconvenienced or even endangered, there are few who would ever think of writing to the papers to suggest remedies or change in this or that direction. For the railways are run by the State, which claims to be a parent knowing much better what is good for its children than these latter themselves; and even when accidents happen, as they sometimes even do happen in a splendidly disciplined and well-ordered country like Germany, the public are content with the very briefest and barest accounts of the catastrophes, nor seek to inquire too closely into their cause and suggest remedies against the repetition of such disasters. They know

that the Government will do all that for them, and are content; and it is pretty much for the same reason that, at general elections, the percentage of German voters who actually go to the polls is comparatively small for a land of universal suffrage. "What is the good of our bothering ourselves with these infernal ballot-boxes?" many of the voters used to say when Bismarck was in power. "He will make everything all right for us, and what's the good of our saying 'yes' if he means 'no'?" Everywhere in Germany you find the paternal government idea deeply rooted in the people—an idea with which millions have already familiarized themselves to the extent of being comparatively content with it; and hence the currents of public life, as this is understood and practised in England, are sluggish and slow in Germany, as any stranger might soon gather for himself by looking into that mirror of the national life—its Press.

It is also for the same reason that the Germans are not a nation of newspaper readers to the same extent that the English or the Americans are. True is it that Berlin has its *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, its *National-Zeitung*, its *Kreuz-Zeitung*, its *Post*, its *Vossische Zeitung*, its *Tageblatt*, its *Freisinnige Zeitung*, its *Börsen-Courier* and *Börsen-Zeitung*, its *Kleines Journal*, its *Reichsbote*, its *Volkszeitung*, and its *Vorwärts*, its *Lokal-Anzeiger*, its *Staatsbürger-Zeitung*, its *Berliner Zeitung*, its *Neueste Nachrichten*, and its *Reichsanzeiger*,—it is true, I say, that Berlin, with all these and other newspapers, can boast of more dailies with evening and morning editions than London itself. But then I doubt very much whether the aggregate daily issue of all these prints is equal to one of our own "greatest circulations in the world," and the number of claimants for this distinction in England seems to be ever on the increase, in spite of the fact, which must be well known to them, that there is one newspaper in Paris, the *Petit Journal*, which unquestionably cuts the record of them all. And this reminds me of a public house I lately came across in one of London's great arteries, on the signboard of which flared an inscription to the effect that the traveller would not encounter another such house of entertainment within a mile thence, although I had not marched another furlong before a second hostelry of

the same kind, and a better one too, gave the lie to the assertion. One is not so very much surprised to find staring falsehoods of this advertising kind on the signboards of taverns; but it is a little astonishing to see daily newspapers, those mentors of public morals, walking about, so to speak, with conscious lies printed on their foreheads. Happily, however, for the honesty of all Berlin journals, none of them are in the least degree tempted to boast extravagantly about their special circulation, as all their seats are fairly well to the back in this respect; and how they all get a living, poor things, Heaven only knows. Yet they all manage to scrape along somehow, doling out their dulness or their sensation, their facts or their fiction, according to the appetites of their readers—some, like the *Tageblatt*, being written by Jews for Jews; others, such as the *Kreuz-Zeitung*, being laboriously pieced together by Germans for Germans; another category composed of prints, like the *Börsen-Courier* and *Börsen-Zeitung*, ministering to the various interests and aptitudes of the Bourse; a fourth class, including the *Vorwärts* and the *Volkszeitung*, preaching, or rather screeching, to the hungry proletariat the dazzling doctrines of liberty, equality, and fraternity; a fifth class, with the *National-Zeitung* and the *Vossische Zeitung* (*Tante Voss*) at its head, posing as the champions of bourgeois beer-politics softened with a dash of academic pedantry and the *belles-lettres*; and a final phalanx, led on by organs like the *North German Gazette* and the *Post*, acting as the devoted touts and speaking-trumpets of the Government and the ruling classes.

As for the so-called "society papers," they simply do not exist in Berlin, and for the very simple reason that there is no society there whatever, in the English or French sense of the term. But even if there were, and if a society journal were started to trade upon its gossip and its scandals, it would be extinguished by the police in the twinkling of an eye, and its writers laid by the heels. For if there is one thing less than another which the Court cannot and will not stand, it is journalistic personalities about its members; and whenever you hear of a foreign Correspondent being expelled from Berlin, or, in the euphemistic phrase of the authorities, when his "further residence there has been refused" (a fate which has

overtaken several French and other alien journalists in recent years), you may be quite sure that personality and not politics has been his crime. *Lèse-majesté*, though something considerably less than high treason, is nevertheless a most heinous offence in the eye of the Prussian law, which hedges round the person of the Sovereign and his family with the most rigorous exemption from public criticism; and nothing is more characteristic of the difference between English and German liberty, or, at least, license of speech, than the length to which a writer may or may not go in this respect. If London "society journalists" were subject to the same code of criticism with regard to members of the Royal Family as obtain in Berlin, every one of them would be sent to jail within a week. Even the *Kreuz-Zeitung*, which is the organ of the Prussian Junkers, who are mere mediæval feudalists in comparison with the new German Tories, was placed on the *Index Expurgatorius* of the present Emperor for daring to suggest to his Majesty the danger of going too far in the path of liberal concessions. Once before, indeed (in 1876), Prince Bismarck himself, who helped to found this journal in the reactionary days succeeding the Revolution of '48, and was one of its earliest paid contributors, had endeavored to "boycott" the *Kreuz-Zeitung* by calling upon all its subscribers to cease to take it in; but the young Emperor went a step further than this by ordering the obnoxious print's exclusion from all the royal castles—to the great astonishment of its writers, who were thus taught the folly of having exchanged their ordinary habit of toadyism for the exercise of a mild terrorism.

Like the proverbial poor country parson with a large family, most of the prints above enumerated had morning and evening editions, the latter of these, curiously enough, being the chief issue as far as news and public interest are concerned. But what the morning editions lack in pith they possess in padding, in the shape of academic essays, leading articles (one at a time and long behindhand), and *feuilletons*, which in a great many cases consist of mere translations of English novels, as these have the double merit of being at once cheaper and better wares than can be had in the German literary market. The Germans sometimes complain that we will not and do not read their so-called modern

masterpieces in fiction. The "do not" may be true, but not the "will not." Let but the Germans tender us better entertainment in this respect than we can get from our own novelists, as I have frequently told the grumblers among them, and they may be quite sure that our shrewdness as a "nation of shopkeepers," exercised even in matters of literature, will induce us to buy in the better market. But as long as we have Eliots and Thackerays, Stevensons and Hardys, Merediths and Kiplings, Barries, Blacks, and Bradons, they must not expect us surely to linger one moment over the sickening trash offered us by their Lindaus, their Mauthners, their Hans Hopfens, and even their latter-day Spielhagens. In any case, as I have said, the very *feuilletons* of their own journals (and most of them, in the French manner, offer a daily dish of fact relieved by fiction) teem with translations from our English novelists; and it is surprising how large a class of readers in Germany take in papers mainly on account of their story columns. With the exception of the *Daily Chronicle*, which has lately broken fresh ground in this direction, none of our great London dailies indulge their readers with the fancies of the fictionist; but in Berlin a newspaper would very soon go to the wall if it did not present its subscribers with light entertainment as well as laborious argument.

I say "subscribers," because most German papers rely very much more on this regular class of readers than on casual sales, which, indeed, are of a very sparse and precarious kind; and what may be called the street or bookstall sale of the journals is next to nothing. Though not absolutely forbidden, that sort of thing is far from being encouraged by the authorities; nor are the ears of the Berlin citizens deafened (except on very extraordinary occasions, when *Extra-Blätter* are issued) by the stentorian cries of multitudinous boys and men with their "speshul edeeshuns" and all what not. "Special editions" do not go down very readily in a country where it is a matter of pure indifference to most people whether they get their journals an hour or two sooner or later; nor have ever I seen any one in Germany swear or swing a cat because he did not get his morning paper punctually with his coffee. What a contrast between this comparative indifference and the sunrise rush of "railway

trains" in England, the scramble for journals at the bookstalls and newsvendors', the City trains full of busy readers, the knife-boards of 'busses fluttering with the still humid sheets, and all the breakfast tables rustling with the turning over of the eagerly-scanned columns! This is large and free life; this is human interest; these are the occupations which constitute the Englishman and the American a *πολιτικόν ζῶον* of the first order.

The Germans frequently reproach us with being a narrow-minded and insular nation, wrapped up in our own conceit, and caring for no one else; this, too, of a people whose field of interest is co-equal with the circuit of the sun, and whose first act in the morning (after their prayers) is to scan the page of the preceding day's world history as they expect to find it reflected and recorded for them in their favorite newspaper. Where is the drama, or what is the event of prime importance throughout the entire world which the English Press does not aim at witnessing and describing? And yet a chapter of contemporary history like our Nile campaign, to speak of nothing else, was not, by any German journal, deemed worth a single line of original observation. It is little wonder that German journals have been described as bearing the date of to-morrow and the news of last week. Nor is the epigram without its truth; for many of the Berlin newspapers which are published in the evening are post-dated by a day; while, on the other hand, how is it possible for journals which cannot afford to pay for telegrams, especially from abroad, to escape the imputation of being a se'nnight behindhand with their intelligence?

As a matter of fact, there are only two journals in Berlin—or perhaps I might add a third—which ever get independent telegrams of any length from foreign capitals, from London in particular, and even these are generally too brief and scraggy to convey anything but a wrong and misleading impression. On the other hand, it is only the very richest papers that can afford to keep foreign Correspondents of their own, the others contenting themselves—in the case of England more especially—with subscribing to a printed news-letter from London called the *Englische Correspondenz*, or with the concoction of London "letters" from the English newspapers when they reach Berlin.

And I wish that those who have friendly relations between the two countries at heart could sometimes peruse the London letters of these various German Correspondents, who have often seemed to me to be animated by anything but a serious sense of the importance and responsibility of their office. Heaven only knows. There are Germans enough, with all their culture and acquirements, who still entertain the most grotesque and erroneous notions regarding everything English; but their accredited critics and chroniclers in London frequently appear to regard it as their function rather to deepen than dispel the prejudices and ignorance of their countrymen. I do not speak of observers like the representative of the *Cologne Gazette*, whose conception of his duty is as high as its execution is honest and able; but there are few of his colleagues who would not have much to answer for before a bar of international judgment.

Misrepresentation may be wilful, or it may be unintentional; while, in the latter case, it can only spring from ignorance, and in the former from malice. But German journalists who live in England, and enjoy at once the hospitality of her sons with the best of opportunities for studying their character and institutions, have surely just as little cause to be malevolent toward as to be ill-informed about them; and, therefore, it is difficult to imagine the motives which so often induce them to write about England and Englishmen in such a petty, perverse, and aggressive spirit. And the worst sinners in this respect are those who purvey prejudice and caricature for the Press of the German capital, not for that of the provinces, which, curiously enough, occupies a much higher level of honesty, enterprise, and influence than the journals of Berlin.

In this respect Germany is, perhaps, unique. But then, again, too, it is without a rival in the number of its capitals, which persist in their stubborn refusal to be merged in the Kaiserstadt on the Spree. Berlin has not yet become an all-absorbing centre of art, literature, science, politics, and commerce, such as renders London the most brain-congested city in the world. As the Empire has capitals where art and law, commerce and learning, are more at home than in Berlin, so it has also newspapers on the Rhine, the Main, and the Elbe which outshine the journals

of the Spree—newspapers like the *Cologne Gazette* (*Kölnische Zeitung*), the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, and the *Hamburger Nachrichten*. In their methods and their spirit of enterprise these journals are more English than any others in all the Empire, and are served from the capital by special wires, across which are flashed (to the *Cologne Gazette* at least) even more complete reports of the debates in Parliament than appear in the Press of Berlin; and their example is imitated to some extent by other provincial prints, in spite of the fact that the Government has hitherto always refused the demand for Press-message rates, such as minister to the public good in England, while causing a positive loss to the public exchequer. And even the use of the telegraph wire from London to Frankfort and Cologne is extensively requisitioned at times by the leading journals of these two German cities; while the Press of the capital is content to depend in some few cases mainly, and in others exclusively, for its intelligence from England, France, and other countries, on the telegrams of "Wolff's Bureau," the "Reuter's Agency" of Germany.

And now for a few words touching this peculiar institution, which has, perhaps, more claims to be considered the "Reptile Press Bureau" of Germany than any other organization I know of. A "Reptile" print, in the ordinary sense of the term, is one which is subsidized by the Government to serve its interests. But a subsidy may either be paid in money or in kind, and the latter is the form employed with regard to "Wolff," who is salaried by means of patronage on the one hand and by privilege on the other. This patronage, whereof he is the partaker, assumes the shape of special information which is given to him for communication to the Press of Germany and of other countries—revelations, denials, rectifications, feelers, "booms," and the like—while his privileges include the right of priority in the despatch and receipt of his telegrams, an immense advantage over his newspaper rivals. In return for these valuable prerogatives, the "Wolff" News Company binds itself to circulate nothing to the detriment of the Government or its repute, to submit questionable matter to the judgment of the Foreign Office before disseminating it at home or despatching it abroad, and generally to couch the language of its tele-

grams in accordance with the principles of "cooking" as understood and practised in the Imperial cuisine. It will thus be seen that a Press which derives by far the greater part of its best intelligence—home as well as foreign—from an organization of this kind may be said to be more or less under the thumb of the Government; and that the German Government is thus also able to extend this influence over the Press of other lands, especially of England, will be understood when it is explained that, according to the system of international exchange prevailing between the News Agencies of various countries, English "Reuter" is only another name for German "Wolff." "Reuter" gets his German news mainly from "Wolff," while the English wants of "Wolff," on the other hand, are supplied by "Reuter," who has by no means the network of agents all over Germany suggested by the sight of his telegrams to the London Press from all parts of the Empire. These telegrams, I say, are mainly contributed by "Wolff;" and touching the character of "Wolff," as an independent news-gatherer and transmitter, I think I have already said enough.

English writers on German affairs are very fond of referring in contemptuous terms to the "Reptile Press Bureau;" but I repeat that, apart from the News Agency above described, I know of no organization corresponding to the ideas of such writers on the subject; and I think that a residence of over twelve years in the German capital would have enabled one to discover such an institution had it existed. There is certainly no "Reptile Bureau" that I know of in Berlin, though there was once a "Reptile Fund" for subsidizing certain organs of the Press; and as popular notions on this subject are still very confused and erroneous, I may as well repeat here the explanation which I have elsewhere offered as to the origin of the term and the object of the fund.

One of the means employed by both of them (i.e. the deposed Sovereigns of Hesse-Cassel and Hanover) to undo these events (of 1866) was the maintenance of a number of newspapers animated with the bitterest hatred of Prussia, and with the soul of falsehood, misrepresentation, and calumny—journals which did all they could to set France and Germany by the ears, and thus bring about a convulsion that would dismember Prussia, and restore the dispossessed Princes to their thrones. It was complimentary to the power of a free Press—which Bismarck has often affected to despise

—that he beheld in the fury of these anti-Prussian prints a real and imminent danger to the peace of Europe, which it behooved him to counteract with all promptness and energy. And this he deemed could best be done by fighting the foe with his own weapons. Having captured the enemy's guns, he was quick to turn them against their owners by converting the interest accruing on the impounded revenues of the dethroned monarchs into a secret service fund, to be applied in watching and frustrating their anti-Prussian activity. It was during the debate on this subject that the Chancellor used an expression which has now become historical. "There is nothing of the spy in my whole nature," he said; "but I think we shall deserve your thanks if we devote ourselves to the pursuit of wicked reptiles into their very holes, in order to see what they are about." Hence the expression "Reptile Fund," as applied to the means employed by the Prussian Government to combat the opposition of the Guelphs. Gradually that opposition was broken; but the weapon which broke it was not given up. It continued, indeed, to be wielded by the Government against all who resisted it in the field of domestic, and even foreign politics. But, whereas the term "reptile" was at first applied to an anti-Prussian scribe, it afterward came to be reproachfully used by the Opposition of all newspapers and writers subsidized to support the Government itself through thick and thin.*

The scandal created some time ago by the revelation (through the resentful recluse of Friedrichsruh) that the old Emperor had awarded Herr von Boetticher, Chief of the Imperial Home Office, for the purpose of saving some of his near relatives from financial ruin, a very large sum out of some secret source which was suspected by many to be the Reptile Fund, elicited much public criticism as to its private administration; and the Prussian Parliament, on reassembling, will be asked to pass another bill on the subject. It will not, however, be entitled to demand an account of its previous disposal, though it cannot be doubted that much of it was employed by the ex-Chancellor in his efforts to "noble" the Press both of Germany and other countries, as witness the following anecdote.

To a friend of mine Bismarck confessed that, for once at least in his life, he was completely sold. The late Dr. Schlesinger, who will still be remembered by many as the accomplished representative in London of the *Cologne Gazette*, was also the editor of the *Englische Correspondenz*, a printed letter of English news which was

subscribed for, in lieu of correspondents of their own, by a great many German newspapers. Perceiving the opportunity which was thus afforded it of influencing public opinion in Germany about English affairs, the Prussian Government offered to buy this London News Letter on condition that Dr. Schlesinger remained its editor. But though the Doctor pocketed the purchase price (30,000 thalers, or about 4500*l.*), he declined to alter his style of writing, to the great annoyance of Bismarck, who could only draw consolation from the proverb, "Once bitten, twice shy." But sometimes the English grapes for which the Chancellor longed fell down of their own accord into his very mouth; and it has always been matter for exceeding wonder to me that a London evening paper, still living, should ever have been able to survive for a single day the blow to its repute involved in the revelation (made in a court of law) of its having positively offered itself as the unquestioning instrument of Prince Bismarck's policy in return for a consideration—for "payment in kind." That remuneration in money has been extensively practised by the Prussian Government in days gone by toward venial prints is not to be doubted; but "payment in kind," of one form or other, is now, I fancy, its favorite method of doing business with the journalistic slaves who are ever ready "to take their master's humor for a warrant."

Any Press Bureau that ever existed in connection with the administration of this "Reptile Fund" (which was voted as secret-service money by the Prussian Diet) has now shrunk to the dimensions of a shabby office with a few petulant and poorly-paid drudges in it that spend their time in snipping out extracts from the newspapers and pasting them onto foolscap sheets for the inspection of the Emperor and his various Ministers, who thereupon issue rectifications or denials, as the case may be, through "Wolff" or some other more purely official channel. The only thing I know of in the shape of a regular "Press Bureau," as popularly conceived, is embodied in the duties of several functionaries attached to the various Ministries in Berlin. One of these, deriving his inspiration from the Home Office, spends his time in diffusing the higher light thus acquired throughout the darker regions of the provinces. This he does by means of

* Prince Bismarck: an Historical Biography.

the local *Kreis-Blätter* (*Journaux d'Arrondissement*), each of which—and there are hundreds, if not thousands, of such guides to the blind—is made to insert the leading article or the letter of his composition thrown off in Berlin, and furnished gratis to the local editors. For ought not popular education to be free? And who should set the example in this respect, if not Prussia? At the same time, the staff of the Foreign Office includes an analogous personage, whose function it is to survey the contents of the world's Press from China to Peru, with a special eye to that of France and Russia, and to act as the connecting link between the Imperial Government and the foreign correspondents, though I never heard of any of them who ever got much from him but denial and misdirection.

It is the emanations of this gentleman's pen—at once deft and disciplined—which furnish to the semi-official prints so many *entrefilets* and *communiqués* that are at once seized upon and telegraphed to all the four winds as the "opinions of the German Press." Of these prints, the ex-Chancellor's favorite mouthpiece was the *North German Gazette*, of which he once remarked that it always kindly "placed a blank sheet of paper at his disposal," on which he could write anything he liked. And no one could have made an ampler exercise of the discretionary power thus accorded him. Frequently used for the purpose of assertion, aggression, revelation, and insinuation, the ex-Chancellor's "body-organ" was yet essentially an instrument of denial, which carried the mind back to the very beginnings of English journalism—to "*The English Mercurie*, Published by Authority for the Prevention of False Reports," in the days of the Spanish Armada. For about a quarter of a century the *North German Gazette* has acted as a sort of fugleman, or rather, perhaps, as bugleman, to the whole German Press, and in its time it has given out more texts for journalistic sermonizing than any other single agency—texts which frequently had the effect of setting all the scribblers of the Fatherland by the ears. For I never yet heard of a race of political writers who panted to prey upon each other so much as German journalists; and many a harvest of dragon's teeth has Cadmus-Bismarck sown among them with his manipulations of public opinion through

the medium of his mouthpiece in the Wilhelmstrasse.

But things in this respect have changed a little for the better since the Prince was succeeded by General Caprivi, who prefers to use the *Reichsanzeiger*, or official "Gazette," as the means of making matter-of-fact communications to the outer world. The French, suspicious and irascible creatures that they are, used to be kept in a chronic state of irritation by the effusions in the German Press which they ascribed to "M. de Bismarck," and it was seldom, indeed, that we did not have a rancorous newspaper-feud of some sort or other raging between Berlin and Paris on the one hand, or between St. Petersburg and Berlin on the other. But it must be said that the Press relations between these capitals have improved greatly since Prince Bismarck gave place to a Chancellor who has no old scores to pay off, who believes that more can be accomplished by blandness than by bullying, and whose first act almost, on taking office, was to announce his determination to discard all the Jack-in-the-box machinery of journalism which had brought so much discredit upon the political methods of his predecessor. This improvement in the Press methods affecting the foreign relations of Germany also extends to the sphere of purely domestic politics, which is now a very much less noisy and strife-filled arena than it used to be, in spite of the persistence of the Opposition. But the word "Opposition" reminds me that I must now proceed to deal, however briefly, with a very important branch of my subject.

Bismarck once (in 1862) ascribed the prevailing spirit of opposition to the Government—i.e., himself—to the fact that "the Press had mostly fallen into the hands of Jews and men who had failed in life" (the "proletariat of passmen," complained of by the present Emperor at the Educational Conference referred to at the beginning of this article); and even Lassalle contemptuously referred to the journalists of his time as "a pack of fellows (*Bande von Menschen*) too lazy to work and too illiterate to be the schoolmasters of children." But why, it may be asked, should the fact of a man's being a Jew incline him to side with the Opposition, and to throw in his lot with men who have failed in their careers? Well, it is a difficult question; but in Germany, at

least, there is the incontrovertible fact that the Opposition Press, to a very large extent, is manned by Jews, who cause the Government more bother and bitterness than any other of its public critics.

It has been asserted by Mr. Goldwin Smith that "the Jew everywhere eats out the core of nationality;" and whatever amount of indignant denial this thesis may have provoked among the Hebrews of England, where the Semite is altogether a very different person from what he is in other countries, it must be admitted, I think, that there is some considerable truth in the assertion as applied at least to Germany. It would be preposterous of any one to affirm that the German Jew is a patriot in the sense that a Prussian Junker, of proud and ancient lineage, is such, or that a Bleichröder is entitled to claim the same rank in this respect as a Bismarck. Look how, when impecunious Russia recently appealed to the financiers of Berlin—who are Jews to a man, including the bankers who lately burst up and blew their brains out—for another big loan, several Hebrew firms, thinking only of their own interest, hastened to declare their readiness to accommodate these inveterate borrowers on the Neva, although all Gentile Germany was loud in its angry protest against such a transaction as one that was only calculated to furnish its waiting foes with the sinews of future war. It is true that Isaac of York, the prototype of all these Hebrew lenders and usurers, advanced to the Disinherited Knight the wherewithal, in the shape of a steel and personal armor, to enable him to enter the lists at Ashby. But Ivanhoe went into these lists for the express purpose of quelling the pride of the Norman knights, who were the truculent oppressors of Isaac and his race; whereas these co-religionists of his at Berlin were positively fain to lend millions of money, not only to the political antagonists of their adopted country, but also to the pitiless persecutors of millions of their own kith and kin. Was this either patriotic or humane?

In view of such velleities on the part of German Jews, it is surely not to be wondered at if their critics declare that such transactions are only conceivable on the assumption that the international idea is predominant in them, and that, at heart, they regard themselves much more as citizens of the world than of any particular State.

The true German thinks, with Tennyson, "that man's the best cosmopolite who loves his native country best," but argues that the Jew contents himself with the motto, "*Ubi bene, ibi patria*." The very grandeur of the Jews, as a race, springs from the fact that, in spite of its dispersion and persecution, it has preserved entire its unity of thought and of action up to the present time; and therefore it is simply absurd to speak of the Semitic element in Germany, which has not yet undergone anything like the same process of assimilation as in England, as identical in point of aspirations and interest with the rest of the nation. It may be that the Germans proper, as a people, have not yet reached so advanced a stage in the process of social and intellectual evolution as the Jews among them, who are the inheritors of a much older, and perhaps even a higher civilization. But this circumstance only lends all the greater force to the friction which must thus necessarily arise between and divide the two races. The English Jew is a comparatively unobtrusive and unobjectionable citizen, because, having now compassed most of the personal liberties he longed for, he has settled down to the quiet and systematic making of money and other congenial pursuits. But it is very different in Germany, where the process of the Jew's civil and social emancipation is by no means complete, and where, in consequence, he continues to be a militant and disturbing force. It is very difficult for him to be perfectly happy and contented in a purely military State, where the problem which is ever before the mind of the Government is: how to combine the highest measure of personal welfare and political liberty with the greatest degree of national security; and, if English politicians would only reflect on the enormous difficulty of solving such a problem to the satisfaction of fifty millions of subjects, they would surely be a little more charitable sometimes in their criticisms of the ways of German statesmen, and insist less rigorously that foreign countries should be ruled according to the model of their own.

But while a military State is by no means the civic ideal of the Jew, whom it forces into the paths of political agitation and even of anarchy (as witness the Hebrew element in the ranks of the Social Democrats), it brings him compensation

of an ample enough kind in other respects, seeing that it tends to offer him a monopoly of the sources of wealth and of the means of influencing public opinion. The great predominance of the Jews in Berlin and elsewhere in Germany is, in my opinion, due to a very simple main cause, though an explanation of the curious phenomenon has often been asked for. It is not altogether that the Jew is a cleverer and shrewder man than the German; but the best brain and brawn of the German nation is now absorbed into the various services of the State—especially the army—from which the Jew is rigidly excluded (I mean from the officer career), not by law, but by custom and racial prejudice, and consequently the Hebrews have it all their own way in the money-making and power-acquiring walks of life. Your “high-well-born” German disdains to tread these paths, preferring the service of the State in some form or other where individual character and initiative are lost in devotion to public duty; whereas the Jew consoles himself for the lack of competitive opportunities on these lines by surrendering himself, heart and soul, to pursuits where the individual is everything and the State nothing. As a consequence of this segregation of theirs—broadly speaking—from the ordinary ways of their Gentile compatriots, they have practically acquired a monopoly of all the Bourses of Germany, all the theatres, and all the Press, no less in its daily than in its other forms. The chief financiers, the chief musicians, the chief actors, the chief journalists, the chief novelists, are all men of Semitic mould and Semitic mind.

It is quite absurd to speak of modern German literature. There is, practically speaking, no such thing; but there is a Jewish literature written in the German language, which is a totally different matter. The real literature of modern Germany is expressed in the German army, and in the record of its great achievements. It will scarcely be believed, but the late Count Moltke and his pupils, apart from their professional merit as soldiers, were positively the sole prose authors of classical worth in all Germany. And here I bethink me of a very fine thing that was once said of Frederick the Great (by one of Kotzebue's characters in the *King's Lieutenant*), which will illustrate the difference I wish to draw between a real

Teutonic literature and a Semitic literature expressed in German. The great Frederick, as is known to all, very much affected French, which was the language of his German thoughts as set forth in his voluminous “*œuvres*.” But one at least of the chief masterpieces of these “*œuvres*” was written in the true German character, which the French-speaking king engraved with steel on the backs of the French themselves at Rossbach. And so it is, again, with the Germany of to-day, whose best and truest sons are more concerned to achieve excellence with the sword than with the pen, which is meanwhile accordingly surrendered to the Jews.

Certainly, too, the Jews make a very diligent use of it in their own interest, and it must be admitted that they are born journalists of a certain type. Your German proper has no natural bent for modern journalism, being slow, honest, veracious, and scrupulous; whereas the Jew, while not exactly disfigured by the reverse of those qualities, enjoys an easy self-assurance, a fondness for the necessary backdoor and subterranean methods of his craft, a thick-skinned indifference to snubs, a keen scent for sensation, a facile power of composition, and an ingenious capacity for combination that some would call sheer inventiveness, which eminently fit him for certain posts on the Press. That English newspaper proprietors, too, were quick to discover these suitable qualities in the Hebrew journalist seems to be proved by the fact that most of the great London dailies are represented both in Vienna and Berlin by German or Austrian Jews. I do not mention this reproachfully, but only in a spirit of due classification, and as another curious proof of the growing predominance of the Semitic race in certain walks of foreign journalism. And as much, if not most, of what passes for modern “German literature” is only German in the sense that Frederick the Great's works were contributions to the mass of French culture and expression, so a great deal of the “Press opinion” which is telegraphed to London and other capitals as “German” is not in reality German at all, but only “Jewish,” and the two things are as distinct as the Suez Canal is different from the Baltic Canal.

When Lord Beaconsfield went to Berlin for the Congress he was made the object of so much panegyric on the part of the

Press as to lead his English countrymen to suppose that all Germany had "enthused" itself for him and his methods to an extent which even eclipsed the honor paid to the Duke of Wellington in Prussia after Waterloo. But the real fact of the matter was that this "Disraeli boom" resulted to a very great extent from the circumstance that he was caught up by the multitudes of his own clannish race who man the German Press, and thus kicked up into a sort of hallelujah-heroism which Disraeli himself had been the first to wonder at, and which even Bismarck found a little out of keeping with his own honest

admiration for our English Premier. Far be it from me to insinuate that the champion of "*imperium et libertas*," the statesman who brought home to us from Berlin "peace with honor," was not worthy of all praise at the hands of Berlin journalists, whether German or Jew. I have only instanced his particular case to show how the Press of Germany can manufacture opinion which is not truly German at all, as well as to make it clear to Englishmen that there are others than encroaching Papalists who have most decidedly established an *imperium in imperio* within the borders of the Fatherland.—*Nineteenth Century*.

PHASES OF CRIME IN PARIS.

BY HUGUES LE ROUX.

I.

IN Paris, whenever a quarrel, brawl, or street disturbance requiring police intervention takes place, the culprits are led off immediately to the nearest police-station. The man who has fallen on the pavement in an epileptic fit is taken in charge by the police as well as the *souteneur* who has stabbed his victim in the shadow of some street-corner, or as the gentleman who has had a dispute with his cabman, or as the prostitute who has been caught in open contravention of the police rules. If the offence is insignificant they are set at liberty; if it is more serious, they are kept locked up until evening. The prison van calls at the stations at midnight for the human harvest collected there, and it is then driven off to the Dépôt of the Palais de Justice.

At the police-station, the quietly disposed are sorted out and separated from the violent criminals. In the morning the latter are brought up for examination by the chief medical officer of the Prefecture of Police, who does his best to ascertain whether he has to do with lunatics or malefactors. The eminent man who has filled this post for many years is Dr. Paul Garnier, and he it was who kindly consented to suspend, in my favor, the rule which excludes from his examining-room all persons who are not members of the staff. This small, low-ceilinged room has witnessed many dramas, for between its nar-

row walls are conducted nightly the malefactors whom the Paris police have caught in the meshes of their net. They enter, held by each shoulder, between two warders. In their eyes one reads the terror of an animal caught in a trap. They are aware that here are the cross-roads where their fate is to be decided: on the right, the madhouse, on the left, the convict prison. And all, whether mad or only feigning madness, take refuge in incoherent or outrageous language, in stupor or convulsions. Closely observant, taking notes, or drawing up reports, Dr. Garnier sits behind his table. Sad indeed is the conclusion arrived at by his medical experience. His figures prove that during the last sixteen years (from 1872 to 1888) lunacy has increased in Paris in the proportion of 30 per cent. This increase is due to the fact that two morbid types, *general paralysis* and *alcoholic insanity*, are spreading to an alarming extent. The progress of alcoholic insanity has been so rapid that the evil is now twice as prevalent as it was fifteen years ago. Almost a third of the lunacy cases observed at the Dépôt Infirmary are due to this disease, and every day it declares itself more violently, and with a more marked homicidal tendency. The accomplice of two-thirds of the crimes committed, upon whom the criminals themselves throw the responsibility of their evil deeds, and whom the police never succeed in discovering, exists. That accomplice is alcohol! It visits upon the child

the sins of the father, and engenders in the following generation homicidal instincts. During the last ten years the criminal type has entered on a new phase. Before that date the assassin was generally a man in the vigor of his strength and manhood; he had tasted life in all its forms. Such were Tropsman, Prado, Eyraud, Pranzini. Nowadays it is the youth of barely twenty who murders. The jurymen hesitate to condemn him on account of his youth, although they are horrified at his cold-blooded ferocity, and at the absence of moral sense which he displays.

Since I have frequented the haunts of misery and vice in Paris, I have observed gutter-children by the hundred who are only waiting their opportunity to become assassins. The psychology of such incomplete beings has never been described. It will not be, however, the work of a physician to supply it. The physiology is content to point out the morbid cause of such vices, and leaves to other sciences the task of inferring their moral consequences. This is a subject well worth dwelling upon.

We have all been taught at school that the different manifestations of human activity may be classed under three heads: Will, Intellect, and Emotion. It is needless to state that such a definition is not to be taken too literally. We may, therefore, without fear of ridicule, turn to the old classical division and ask ourselves whether the being whom doctors designate as an hereditary alcoholic is in the full enjoyment of his intellectual, emotional, and voluntary faculties, the perfect balance of which engenders responsibility.

The will is a point outside the argument; these depraved street boys are often endowed with a greater share of energy of will than are numbers of honest folk. And, moreover, were I not fearful of profaning an honorable word, I should say that to pass from the conception to the execution of a crime, requires a courage superior to ordinary bravery, and which may even be compared to the daring shown on the battle-field. We are often surprised to find murderers brought up for trial at the assizes, who have been particularly noted for bravery by their commanding officers. It is certainly no moral motive that moves such fellows to brilliant deeds of valor, but the instinct of prompt decision, of bold and violent action, which

is the natural outcome of their temperament. The first effect of weakness of will, that disease from which many persons believe themselves to be suffering, is to produce a distaste for any action, however easy or habitual. With these mental invalids the faculties which are not exercised, waste away, as would an unused limb. Among this class may be found sluggards, cowards, suspicious and equivocal characters, thieves, card-sharps and pick-pockets, but no candidates for the guillotine.

Society not quite comprehending that reason alone does not incite people to right doing, is forever asking itself this painful question with regard to each criminal: "Can the man who has committed an atrocious crime be sane? Or is it a lunatic that we have before us?" This theory of intellectual irresponsibility is infinitely dear to many philanthropic souls, for they prefer to believe in disease rather than in depravity. Moreover, on reading an account of certain crimes few can repress a feeling of intellectual repulsion which induces us to say, "Such criminals must be mad." Unhappily the diagnosis of medical men rarely lends any support to those charitable conclusions. The faculty has been at fault in a few cases; these are known to all, and accordingly deplored.

It is probable, however, that not all these slaves of impulse, not all the poor creatures who have not in themselves sufficient strength of will to withstand the temptations which assail them, have been sent to asylums, but have, at least in some instances, found their way inside the convict prison. As a rule, the "hereditary alcoholic" is not only very obstinate but very intelligent. He shows great skill and shrewdness in the planning and execution of his crime, and afterward, when he is taken, in the defence of his life.

Moreover, there is a terrible flaw in these young wretches, a flaw which doctors do not observe, but which the psychologist sees clearly and notes with apprehension. It is in the emotions, in the natural affections that the evil is to be discovered. We have in French a word used to denote defect of will in man: it is *anesthésie*. There is another expression to indicate loss of reason: it is called "mental alienation." There is no special word to describe a third defect that exists, namely, absence of affectionate emotions.

It is a fact, however, that if these criminals are neither *anesthétiques* nor lunatics, their characteristics are insensibility and pitilessness.

We all possess a source of good within ourselves ; the fount of love, of pity, and of tenderness. A certain school of philosophy has advanced the theory that we are incited to virtue by reasoning—self-interest, of course, being understood. Daily observation of ourselves, which all are capable of, condemns this paradox. We are all of us aware of that strange, sweet feeling that rises from the heart, lifts us above our usual selves, and creates in us that inexplicable phenomenon called love ; love of ideas and beautiful forms, selfish love for the being who completes our life, disinterested love for our grief-stricken neighbor, pure family love for parents and for children, love for one's country, for humanity, for God. Education can develop this tendency to emotion ; it is powerless to create it. And this instinctive attraction for all that is beautiful, noble, and generous has its corollary : a horror for all suffering and for all that is base and ignoble.

This tendency is so firmly implanted in us that, apart from all reasoning, beings that are peculiarly sensitive are warned by a physical feeling of disgust against any low or depraved action. Facts that may appear childish, assume here an important significance on account of certain instincts they serve to discover. The repulsion to underdone meat for instance which is inherent in many women, children and young girls, has no other origin than that of the horror felt by all sensitive people at the sight of blood.

I remember once, the day after an article of mine had appeared describing the cruelty of the shambles, some of my readers sent me letters of remonstrance. The description of the carnage and the smell of blood had been too much for their nerves. People of that kind will certainly never commit brutal crimes.

Apart from all question of morality, they are preserved from bloodthirsty acts by the revulsion of their senses and by physical disgust.

The hereditary alcoholic finds no such barrier in himself ; if he looks within he discovers neither pity nor tenderness.

Dostoiewsky, in his *Maison des Morts*, remarks upon this prodigious want of

sensibility. "It would seem," he says, "that during many years spent at the convict prison, I might have noticed some indications of moral suffering or of regret. I positively saw nothing of the sort, and it was in the House of Correction that the strangest and most atrocious crimes were related to me with hardly dissembled childish laughter."

In order to shed a stronger light upon this type of youthful criminal, born of drunken parents, I will mention two cases chosen from among many others : they seem to me characteristic of the appalling insensibility that turns into brute beasts a multitude of men.

A few months ago I was present in Dr. Garnier's consulting room watching the prisoners from the Dépôt filing past. We were informed that a child had been brought by its parents to be examined. These people were shown in ; they belonged to the respectable working class, and were quiet and well mannered. The man was the driver of a dray belonging to one of the railways stations, and had all the appearance of a stalwart workingman. The boy was barely six years old ; he had an intelligent, rather pretty face, and was neatly dressed.

"See here, Monsieur le Docteur," said the father, "we have brought you our boy : he alarms us. He is no fool ; he begins to read ; they are satisfied with him at his school, but we cannot help thinking he must be insane, for he wants to murder his little brother, a child of two years old. The other day he nearly succeeded in doing so. I arrived just in time to snatch my razor from his hands."

The boy stood listening with indifference and without hanging his head. The Doctor drew the child kindly toward him, and inquired :

"Is it true that you wish to hurt your little brother ?"

With perfect composure the little one replied :

"I will kill him—yes, yes—I will kill him !"

The Doctor glanced at the father, and asked in a low voice :

"Do you drink ?"

The wife exclaimed indignantly :

"He, sir ! Why, he never enters a public-house, and has never come home drunk."

They were quite sincere. Nevertheless the Doctor said :

"Stretch out your arm."

The man obeyed: his hand trembled. Had these people told lies, then, in stating that the man had never come home the worse for drink? No; but all through the day, wherever he had called to leave a package, the people of the house had given him something to drink for his trouble. He had *become a drunkard without knowing it*; and the poison that had entered his blood was at this moment filling the head of his little child with the dreams of an assassin.

The question is how far education can alter so depraved a nature. Experience proves that it is much the same with these moral deformities as with the physical deformities of rickety children. After miracles of treatment, after painful operations, after the torture of orthopædic apparatus, the surgeon shows you with pride comparative photographs representing the little patient at intervals of some years. The curved bones have been straightened, the rigid muscles have been snapped; but the child remains after all a weakly creature. For instance, what amount of educational discipline could have transformed the youth whose painful story I am about to relate into a good citizen. Here, as is the case with all the children of drunken parents, it was not merely adventitious habits; it was the very marrow, so to speak, of consciousness, the essential constitution of the being, which would have had to be changed.

This wretched boy was named Joseph Le Page. He was not quite seventeen when he committed his crime. At the time Dr. Garnier first made me acquainted with him, his mother had recently died of consumption. Weak in character and worn out by a lingering illness, she had been unable to look after her children. Joseph grew up as best he could between a dying mother and a father who, although hard-working, was addicted to drink. When Joseph left school, where he had shown himself an intelligent but undisciplined pupil, his father taught him his own trade, which was the manufacture of dog-whips. The boy was not wanting in ability, and in a short time could earn four francs a day. But regular habits were intolerable to him, and whenever he managed to scrape together a small sum of money, he deserted his father's shop, and frequented the public-houses and the neighboring fairs.

The father, having fallen ill, had to go to the hospital at the beginning of the winter. Joseph was left destitute. Some neighbors, a married couple, who belonged to the same trade as his father, took pity on him. The man was an honest sort of fellow, and his wife was kind hearted and much respected in the neighborhood. They had a child eighteen months old.

One morning Joseph, in the absence of the husband, made an attempt to murder the young woman. He wanted to steal eight francs she had hidden under her pillow. He attacked her as she lay asleep, and when, suddenly aroused by pain, she screamed for help, he made off without having fully accomplished his object. After being arrested, he was confronted with his victim, at which he manifested not the slightest emotion; and, clenching his hands, he vociferated with rage:

"Give me a knife that I may kill that woman, so that I shall not be punished for nothing. I am quite ready to begin again. It is true that I am crying, but only with rage."

Four months later, when Joseph Le Page appeared at the assizes, he was still in the same state of exasperation, and full of murderous intentions. While in prison he had written out a statement, of which I have a copy. It is here faithfully reproduced in all its triviality of form and bitterness of purpose.

Joseph Le Page has traced in these lines an almost medical portrait of the "hereditary alcoholicist."

Here is the narrative:—

"STORY OF MY LIFE.

"Abandoned as I was at an early age to do exactly as I wished, it cannot appear strange that I have no taste for work. I have my father's principal fault, the habit of drinking absinthe. When I had money I drank at least two or three glasses of absinthe a day. The rest of the time I spent in loafing about. The worse my clothes were and the more disreputable my friends, the prouder I felt. Having always been cunning and passionate, I thought of nothing but how best I could make my brothers and sisters cry. To see blood flow was my great wish, and I longed to use the knife. The proof of this is that I once wounded my brother with a sword. I am reproached with not having loved my mother; if I have anything to reproach myself with, it is not that. At any rate,

I am not the only one, for my brother cannot say that at the time of my mother's illness he helped us in any way. It is because I am buried alive at Mazas that you come to crush me. You complain that I have dishonored the family. You have got nothing but what you deserve. Any other person in my place would have done the same with so wretched a family as mine. I can find nothing more to say ; I will tell the story of my crime.

"THE STORY.

"During the early period of my relations with my future victim, nothing remarkable took place. The husband seemed friendly to me ; he was a good sort and so was his wife. They have often given me food and shelter, they trusted me—they were not afraid of leaving me alone in their house, or of giving me their money to take care of. On Saturday the 12th of January I was with them when the husband brought the week's wages to his wife. That day we had our meals together and thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. On Sunday I had my food again with them, and I must say I had then no thought of murdering her. The day after, having spent the night in an adjoining room, I went, for warmth, into her room. This I often did. While I was warming myself in front of the stove, an idea that had already crossed my mind came back to me. I got up to fetch from a cupboard close by my knife, that was put away there with a bundle of tools. I put the knife up my sleeve and re-entered her room. I sat by the side of the bed upon which she lay sleeping with her child, and I waited for her to assume a favorable position. After about ten minutes I got up ; she had her face turned toward the wall. She was motionless. Holding my breath I approached. Before striking her I looked at her several times. At that moment the little girl moved and the mother awoke. I had only just the time to sit down on the chair that was close to the head of her bed. I reproached myself for not having struck her sooner, and waited for her to compose herself to sleep again. I had not long to wait. I rose, firmly resolved to hesitate no longer. I lifted my arm and brought it down again with a sudden stroke. The knife buried itself in the flesh. I drew it out to strike a second

time, but the victim awoke and said to me :—

"Ah, you have wounded me !"

"I hid my knife behind my back, and said to her :—

"It is not possible, madame, that I can have hurt you !"

"She then either saw my knife or the blood flowing. She screamed. I hurried on my coat and ran away, after having said, '*Au revoir.*' I laid my knife down at the foot of the stairs, and went away, while she was screaming out '*Murder !*'

"That is the crime.

"My intention was to kill her, and to steal the eight francs from her. As to my views, here they are in a phrase. I would kill, steal, murder, and do all the harm I possibly can. I have always had a fixed desire to kill some one, and it would be a delight to me to cut off people's heads. When I was young my dreams were all of knives and bloodshed, and my greatest wish was to imitate Pranzini. I have hardly succeeded.

"So much the worse ! Now I am taken, it is hardly the time for tears, but all the same it is unfortunate to have allowed one's self to be arrested for a mere scratch !"

We must here, no doubt, allow for a certain amount of bravado ; but the crime having been actually committed, it is impossible not to see in these intentions of a child of sixteen, a reality of purpose both perverse and terrible. Joseph Le Page was really sorry that he had not killed his benefactress. Had he been set at liberty he would have renewed his murderous attempt upon her, and upon others also.

Dr. Garnier being interrogated by the jury who were judging this abandoned little criminal, avoided using the word "responsibility." And no doubt he was right. Whoever has seen these poor children of drunkards at work, will understand that responsibility does not lie in mental soundness only, but that it also disappears when the feelings are defective.

II.

The case of the alcoholic criminal belongs properly to the philosopher and the doctor. The man whom I may perhaps be permitted to call an "accidental criminal" is more particularly interesting to the writer who wishes, so to speak, to put

himself in touch with the virgin soil of human nature. The special books in which magistrates have analyzed the psychology of criminals are, indeed, numerous. I have read most of them in all good faith, but they have not satisfied me. A magistrate is the last man in the world who is likely to understand the criminal, or to read his hidden nature aright, for he comes to the subject with a prejudiced mind, and judges him from a conventional standpoint which debars him from making any original discovery. Moreover, the magistrate is only acquainted with the criminal after the crime has been committed, when, like a hunted animal, shut up within himself, he is brought before his judge. The man who would describe the real nature of a lion from having seen him at a fair, stupefied behind the bars of a cage, would be altogether mistaken. It is in the desert that the creature is imposing and superb, but how are we to study him there in the grandeur of his freedom? All due allowance being made, it is nearly as impracticable to study the criminal on his own ground as the lion in the desert. The observer, for his part, has risks to run and feelings of repulsion to get over, while the objects of his investigations show toward him all the mistrust of the savage. Here, as in many other instances, love and charity solve the problem. In all sincerity I went to these poor people, and said, "Don't think I have come to judge you. I suspect that you have a code of honor, or rules of friendship of your own. Make me acquainted with them. I ask nothing better than to believe that in the origin of your rebellion there may be something great." And I was welcomed and received among the savage clan as a guest who, having trusted in their honor, had nothing to fear. Their welcome is extended to the friends whom I sometimes take with me to visit their gloomy quarters. Only the other day an English lady who, like myself, pities their misery, made the experiment. She accompanied me to the *Chateau Rouge*, and I venture to say that she will not soon forget her nocturnal visit to the Paris slums.

The *Chateau Rouge* is situated between the Boulevard St. Germain and the Seine, and is very nearly the last vestige of the ancient *Quartier des Truands* that stretched from the Place de Grève to the Place Maubert. There is a network of

narrow lanes all round this place, as intricate as the threads of a spider's web. At every step one comes across some old building which, in the slang of the vagabonds, is called by the rather pretty name of "Haven of Rest." These buildings are neither inns nor lodging-houses, and the men who go to eat and drink or to rest there are not obliged to give their names or show any papers. This, in fact, is the one place of refuge for the unhappy criminals who are tracked by the police, and have no longer a place wherein to lay their heads. At nightfall they flock hither from all parts of Paris. If they have any money in their pockets they hastily take some soup and wine, and immediately go up to the dormitories. These consist of large empty rooms, without any mattress or even a little straw to cover the bare floors. Here, to rest his weary, wounded feet, the vagabond takes off his shoes, and puts them under his head for a pillow. They themselves call the sleeping-rooms the "Halls of the Dead." And, indeed, the sight of the prostrate forms lying there so closely packed together that it is impossible to take a step for fear of crushing human flesh, does suggest the vision of a battle-field.

In 1870, while yet a child, I saw one of these fields of the dead by moonlight, covered with snow. The memory of it haunts me still, and even now strikes terror to my heart. And yet these rooms, full of unhappy beings lying prone upon the ground, are more terrible still, for it is the souls of these sleepers that are wounded to the death, and there is an awakening from their slumbers. At two o'clock in the morning the man who keeps the house and his servants go up to the dormitories and shake the sleepers by the shoulders, telling them to get up. The Haven of Rest is not an inn, the police look upon it as a cabaret, and at two o'clock the customers have to turn out, and the shutters are closed on the empty house. It is a terrible spectacle to witness the departure, on a snowy winter's night, of these miserable creatures whose crimes have placed them beyond the pale of humanity. With ragged clothes and gaping shoes, they crawl along with slow steps, heavy from sleep, down to the quays and the river. They must go on walking until daylight, or the policeman watching from some dark corner will pounce upon and arrest the unfortu-

nate man who has thrown himself down upon a bench from sheer fatigue. He will be asked for his papers, and taken up as a vagrant. So they must tramp on until dawn—that winter dawn so slow in appearing. At last, at seven o'clock, the day breaks, and the law allows them to sit down and rest. The sooner, therefore, to behold that liberating light, they all turn their faces toward the town, toward the east. Hunger gnaws at their vitals, and rage is in their hearts. Woe to him who meets them at that hour. We sometimes read in the papers that one of these prowlers of the night has murdered some passer-by for the sake of a silver coin, with which to procure the glass of wine and morsel of food that may save him from starvation! How did he come to this? If we really want to understand, we must put aside for the moment our habitual views of morality, and place ourselves frankly at the vagabond's point of view.

I have by me a number of monographs, containing the almost daily life for several years of some of these wretched men. The narratives are all so alike that very general conclusions, almost laws, might be drawn from them. And, first of all, this fact strikes us: the accidental criminal is more favored than ill-treated by Nature. In a workshop where some fifty men are employed, there is always one of whom his comrades say, "So-and-So, he is a clever chap!" And clever he is, for he never returns from the music halls without having his head stuffed full of songs. He remembers everything, both tunes and words; he mimics the gestures and intonations of the actors. If in the workshop there is a simpleton who is laughed at, or a foreman that is disliked, caricatures of these two worthies will be found on all the walls, and it is the "artist" who has drawn them. His reputation has extended from the workshop to the wine-shops in the neighborhood. The women know him by name, they point him out to one another, they are proud of being seen in his company, of having him as their partner at the public balls. Their attentions flatter him; he begins to think about his clothes; he imagines himself a "swell." He often shirks his work, for he is invited to all the wedding-parties, of which he is the life and soul. No one can imitate like him the mewing of a cat being strangled, just as the innkeeper is placing the stewed

hare on the table. At the joke the company nearly die of laughing. The "artist" is not less successful in the sentimental style. His memory is stored with melodies, barcaroles, and songs about cooing wood-pigeons and doves, about boats with sails swelling over the heads of happy lovers. He sings with a fine, throaty voice, rolling his eyes about with the airs of a troubadour, and women's fluttering hearts go out toward him like a flight of turtle-doves. From that moment the "artist" is lost. One day or another he will set up house with some girl whom his good looks have fascinated. How can she best prove to him, poor woman, the tenderness of her love? There are no two ways. She must assure him leisure; she cannot allow a man, so beautiful and gifted as she thinks he is, to waste himself over rough work. She longs to give him the comforts and the pleasures of life. A poor girl's earnings are not sufficient to procure such luxuries. There is but one way in which a woman of this kind can succeed. She must sell herself. At first, this is done in secret, then, by degrees, more openly, until the moment comes when her lover follows her into the street to defend her against the police, and to support her against the passers-by when they repulse her.

I have observed more than twenty cases of ruin thus effected, and have seen a clever, honest workman, in less than six months, become an assassin for the sake of a prostitute. The turning-point in his life is the day upon which the girl first sells herself with his knowledge. All our ideas of honor and jealousy are turned topsy-turvy by such a compact. It is curious to find in this world, so different from our own, that the honest workman, even with a wife and family, has nothing of the contempt which our middle classes feel for the man who lives upon a woman. We may often find in the wine-shops of the Quartier Maubert, masons who with their companions have come to Paris for the winter season, living in good fellowship, almost in friendship with the *souteneur*. It may even be said that the poor artisan, borne down by his hard work, has a secret admiration for the man who chooses to live only by love and war. He sees in him something akin to the swash-buckler of old, who in times of peace was maintained by the nuns in their convent,

so that in the hour of peril he might defend the sanctuary. On the other hand, the *souteneur* himself has a certain respect for the man who bows his head under the yoke, and has the courage to work for his living. There is, however, a shade of contempt in his respect. For instance, a *souteneur* once used this characteristic phrase to a literary friend of mine who had rendered him some little service, "Monsieur, your profession is a fine one, but, really, with your physique it is a pity to work."

Indeed, if we take a somewhat wide view of the subject, we shall find that public opinion has not always been so severe and uncompromising as we might suppose on these delicate matters. Without going so far back as to the Middle Ages, it is certain that in the last century honest folk were not scandalized by the women in society who paid their lovers' debts, and equipped them for war, or gave them jewels which they, without dishonor, turned into money at the nearest usurer's. The younger sons of noble families who appeared at Court with no other fortune than their good looks, enriched themselves by these means. The novels and memoirs of the eighteenth century are full of stories which leave no doubt on the subject. "A gentleman," so runs the proverb, "takes no money but from his sovereign and his mistress."

For this way of looking at things, so different from ours, we perceive this reason among others: the good people of the *ancien régime* were not scandalized by seeing a man living at the expense of a woman, because they did not regard money as the one and only thing. They prized it far below the advantages of birth and rank—it was quite a secondary consideration. The fact that cheating at cards did not entail dishonor, and that men of position "shifted the cut" without scruple, is a conclusive proof of the slight value at that time set upon money. Nowadays money is supreme. In the gradual decay of all those privileges which the society of other days held so dear, money has assumed the most important place; it is the incontrovertible sign of power. And it is, no doubt, because of this worship of mammon that we cannot endure this abnormal inversion of the relation of the sexes which entails the support of the man by the woman.

The indigent lower classes would seem to have retained something of the aristocratic prejudices of other times. The only condition they exact from the man is that he should be constant to the woman. The fidelity of the lover is the only excuse for the position. I must ask my readers not to imagine that I am here stating too transparent a paradox; I have already asked them to let me put the results of my investigations before them, keeping their minds free from all preconceived notions of morality, so that they may draw their own conclusions. The truth is that the fidelity of a *souteneur* is that of some mediæval knight for the lady of his heart. The man who fails in this part of the compact is, even in his own class, an object of universal contempt; and it is sometimes in order to be faithful to it that he becomes an assassin and is brought to the scaffold.

Volumes have been written about the regulations of our *police des mœurs*, and it has been said that they are monstrous. They are more than that; they are stupid, really provoking to crime. In exchange for her submission, the prostitute is authorized to ply her sorry trade, but the restrictions put upon her leave too much to the good humor and arbitrary power of the *agent des mœurs*. The result is that the woman passes most of her life in prison. The smallest pretext suffices: she has shown herself in the streets too early, she has remained out too late, or simply because, to satisfy public opinion, the officials want to publish in their statistics what politicians call "a good average of arrests."

The day after a girl has been imprisoned at St. Lazare the *souteneur* is turned out of doors by his lodging-house keeper, and he finds himself starving in the street. Temptations certainly do not fail him; he could at any moment find another companion ready to support him. He never dreams of such a thing. His code of honor and the influence of his love forbids him to have recourse to this expedient. He must "work." In the vagabond's slang this word has a terrible meaning. For the woman it means selling herself, and for the man stealing and using the knife. Even supposing that he had formerly learned a trade and were still able to practise it, he could not possibly get employment. Any employer to whom he

applied for work would naturally ask where he had last been working. He has neither character nor recommendation. If he were to pretend he had come out of the hospital he would have to produce a medical certificate. Thus he falls back upon the streets rebellious and exasperated. Whenever the police imprison a prostitute in St. Lazare they practically let loose a criminal on the streets of Paris.

I will here relate one story, chosen from among many others that I have by me, of a recent crime, which will prove what I say. Three years ago an old Italian woman from the Abruzzès was in my service; she was simple and kind-hearted. One day she said to me, "I should like to bring you my nephew Allorto, and ask you to find him a situation. He has just come to Paris." I saw the man. He was twenty-five years old, and one of the finest types of the Latin race I have ever seen. He told me he had left Italy on account of a row about a woman, in which knives were used and he had wounded a man. Allorto wished to enter my service, but I did not engage him. It was not really on account of the stabbing affray, but he was such a splendid creature that I felt he would look out of place as a domestic servant. I therefore got him the situation of a stoker in a glass factory. For several months he worked steadily at the mouth of a scorching furnace. A number of foreigners were also employed there, and the French workmen, accusing them of working for lower wages, fell foul of them, so that they had to leave. Allorto came back on my hands. I then got him employment as a stableman by an omnibus company. He was fond of horses and took pleasure in his work; but once more fate was against him. He, with all the other foreigners employed by the company, was dismissed.

Just at that time I was writing my book about acrobats and had made some friends among them. Like many of his countrymen, Allorto was a skilled wrestler. He was engaged for the part they call "the Count," and had to represent the amateur who from among the audience provokes the wrestler and accepts his challenge. For a few francs and a plate of soup he allowed himself to be thrown day after day.

One evening, when wrestling with the manager of the booth, a pretty girl called out to him from the crowd, "What! a

handsome fellow like that allow himself to get the worst of it."

Allorto hearing this, lifted his master from the ground and flung him over his shoulders. That night he lost his place. The young woman took him home, and for several months I heard no more of my *protégé*. My next interview with him was in prison, almost at the foot of the scaffold.

Here is the story in two words.

The woman who loved him was arrested for breaking the police regulations. He remained faithful to her; but one evening when he found himself without food or lodging, a man, whose character was well known in the suburbs of Paris, proposed to him to rob a villa at Auteuil that was believed to be uninhabited. Two other men were to be of the party. They found, however, a caretaker just inside the door of the house, and stabbed him to the heart.

Allorto, who was arrested the same night, refused for days to give up the name of his accomplices. To force him to do so, he was taken to the Morgue, and confronted with the corpse of the murdered man. The mother of the victim was there, a poor, little old woman, trembling under the folds of her black shawl. The police magistrate said, "Come, Allorto, you are not such a bad fellow. Here is a woman whose son has been murdered. If you refuse to speak she cannot be avenged."

The magistrate was appealing to the laws of the "vendetta," the only laws that, in his ignorance, Allorto regarded as sacred. The wretched man hung his head and murmured, like the thief upon the cross, "I am condemned justly. . . ." And he related the crime in all its details, saying in conclusion, "Now send me to the guillotine."

I knew the warder who had charge of him in prison, and through him inquired why Allorto had not brought his former honest way of living before the judge, and why he had not referred to me as a witness in his favor. This was his answer—

"That man had shown me nothing but kindness; I did not wish to cause him annoyance."

A few days later he sent to ask me for a coat. The policeman had torn his clothes in arresting him, and he did not wish to appear in rags in the photograph he was sending to his mother in Italy.

"You see," he said, "it would make her too unhappy to see me in such a condition. She would not like to show my picture to any one."

Of the ugly gash that the blade of the guillotine would make in his throat, he never thought; for that he felt no shame. I tried by every means in my power to save him, but in vain. The crime had terrified all the suburban proprietors; indeed they insisted that two heads should fall, that of the man who struck the blow, and also Allorto's. He walked to the scaffold with great courage. While the executioner was preparing him for death, the judge asked him, "Have you anything to say?" He answered, "Yes; I am an Italian, and I die a Catholic."

Thus he remembered his country and clung to his religion.

The man had aided and abetted a murder, and it may have been necessary to take his life. All the same the vision of that severed head haunts my memory, and I often think of the day when he first

came to my house and asked me to take him into my service. Had I complied with his request, he would be alive now, and he certainly would have served me with the instinctive fidelity of an untaught nature. Nor can I ever forget the words that he heard ring out from the crowd in a woman's voice:—

"What! a handsome fellow like that allow himself to get the worst of it." Those words were his death knell.

The mystery of destiny makes me shudder, although I am conscious of a passionate faith in the justice, greater than that of man, which comprehendeth all things. In that faith, then, let us live. Let us care for the weak-minded and insane, show compassion to the wretched, and hold sacred the suffering of humanity. In exchange for the tender pity we cannot but feel for them, they return to us this consoling assurance: "In the very worst of men there still remains something that does honor to humanity."—*Fortnightly Review*.

MILTON'S MACBETH.

BY PROFESSOR JOHN W. HALES.

It is one of the most curious facts in literary history that Milton at one time proposed to write a drama on the story of *Macbeth*—that more than thirty years after Shakespeare's great tragedy had been before the world, Milton proposed to take up the theme already treated with such incomparable power. Such a design seems at first sight to imply a strange want of discernment, or an extraordinary self-confidence, or a reckless audacity; "for what can the man do that cometh after the King?" But the evidence of its entertainment is decisive; and I wish now to consider what motives could have induced Milton to think of such a thing.

The evidence that he did think of it is to be found in a well-known MS. in his own handwriting, now one of the treasures of the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge. This MS. was in all probability written shortly after his return from his Continental tour, when at last he was leaving his father's roof and beginning an independent life. Till the year 1639, at the close of which he became thirty-one, Mil-

ton had been permitted by a highly-appreciative and generous father to devote himself to learning and culture, that so he might prepare himself for some great poetical effort. Everything had been done for his education that could be done. Not content with the training and the lore imparted by St. Paul's School and by Cambridge, he, with his father's sanction and approval, had continued his studies at home for some six years; and then in 1638 had enjoyed the advantage of a foreign tour, which lasted some ten or eleven months, and acquainted him not only with famous towns and scenes, but also with some of the most distinguished Europeans of his day. Thus, over thirty years of perpetual and thorough preparation had gone by; and at last the time seemed to come when the fruit of his long "wearisome labors and studious watchings" should be put forth. Milton himself clearly felt it was so. He had not been quite at ease that the promise of his youth was so tardy of fulfilment. He speaks in one of his letters—the only extant one in English—

of being "something suspicious of myself," and of taking notice of "a certain belatedness in me:" and in another to his friend Diodati ("Damon"), he remarks, "it is well known, and you well know, that I am naturally slow in writing and averse to write." Certainly, when he settled down in lodgings of his own (just off Fleet Street, on part of the site of the "Punch" office of our time), or a few months later, wanting more room for his books, in a "garden-house" in Aldersgate Street (on the east side, not far from Maidenhead Court), he recognized that something must really be done: and we find him searching for a satisfactory subject. As late as 1639 his thoughts were set upon King Arthur, as can be proved from two of his Latin poems written in that year—viz., the *Epitaphium Damonis* and the *Mansus*. But for certain reasons, the chief probably that he had realized the fabulousness of the Arthurian story ("Who Arthur was," he writes in his *History of Britain*, "and whether ever any such reigned in Britain, hath been doubted before, and may again with good reason"), he somewhat suddenly as it would seem dismissed that hero, and looked round for a substitute. In the above-mentioned Trinity College MS., most probably penned just at this period, he makes a long list—a hundred minus one—of subjects that might serve his purpose. Of these, fifty-three are taken from the Old Testament, and among them *Paradise Lost* is unmistakably the favorite; eight are from the New Testament; thirty-three are from British history; and five are "Scotch stories, or rather British of the North Parts;" and last of these, and so last of the whole ninety-nine, is "*Macbeth*. Beginning at the arrival of Malcolm at Macduff. The matter of Duncan may be expressed by the appearing of his ghost."

Now I propose suggesting and discussing two special reasons for the insertion of *Macbeth* in this list—the one historical, or having reference to the historical facts; the other didactic, or moral. But before I proceed to these, brief references must be made first to Milton's attitude to the Romantic Drama generally, and to Shakespeare in particular; and secondly, to the state in which Shakespeare's *Macbeth* has come down to us, and the manner in which it was presented in the seventeenth century.

To turn to the first of these points: there is abundant proof that Milton's dramatic sympathies were all in the direction of the classical form. Late in life, in the prefatory note to *Samson Agonistes* (published in 1671), he issued, as everybody will remember, what we may call a manifesto on this question, so far at least as Tragedy was concerned. After several remarks by no means friendly to the contemporary stage, he names Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides as "the three tragic poets unequalled yet by any, and the best rule to all who endeavor to write tragedy. The circumscription of time," he adds, "wherein the whole drama begins and ends, is, according to ancient rule and best example, within the space of twenty-four hours." And in the work itself that is thus prefaced, he gives us in fact a Greek play in English, a splendid and a still unsurpassed or unequalled monument of Hellenic scholarship and insight. But it would be a mistake to suppose that these convictions, so trenchantly enounced and so nobly illustrated, belonged only to Milton's senescence, or can be explained by his disgust with the theatre of the Restoration. Years and years before Milton had made up his mind on this matter. In the subject-list, drawn up as we have seen when he began seriously and practically to address himself to what he meant to be the achievement of his life, the dramatic form is the prevailing form—nay, the only form—entertained by him; and it is the classical (i.e., the Greek) dramatic form. In several cases he specially mentions the chorus, and of whom it is to consist. In many others the very titles sufficiently indicate the models that are in his thoughts; thus, *Naboth συκοφαντούμενος*, *Elisæus Hydrochoos*, *Hezechias πολιορκούμενος*, *Josiah αλαζόμενος*, *Herod Massacring or Rachel Weeping*, *Christus Patiens*, *Christ Risen*, *Vortiger immured*, *Hardiknute dying in his cups*, *Athelstan exposing his brother Edwin to the sea and repenting*, etc. And from the note added to the *Macbeth* entry it is certain that his intention was to treat the subject according to the usage of the Attic stage. Similarly, in one of the most magnificent of the many magnificent passages in his prose writing, in the famous account he renders of himself and his doings and his purposes in *The Reason of Church Government urged against Prelaty*, when he refers to the

form his poem may take, whether epic or dramatic, he does not acknowledge or admit under the latter head any other "constitutions" than those "wherein Sophocles and Euripides reign." He discovers the Greek "constitutions" even in Hebrew literature. He agrees with Origen that "the Scripture also affords us a divine pastoral drama in the Song of Solomon, consisting of two persons and a double chorus;" and is of opinion, Paræus confirming him, that, "the Apocalypse of St. John is the majestic image of a high and stately tragedy shutting up and intermingling her solemn scenes and acts with a sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and harping sympathies." Beyond question it was the Greek drama that was meet and right in his eyes; and the modern drama seemed a somewhat dubious growth or creature, with which as an author he meant to have little to do, however he might peruse it as a reader. For that in his younger days at least he read his Shakespeare with immense appreciation and delight, is vividly shown not only by those famous memorial lines beginning "What needs my Shakespeare for his honored bones?"—happily, the first lines of Milton's composing that appeared in print—but by a much more significant sign, in the shape of numberless allusions and echoes to be observed in his earlier poems—in *L'Allegro*, and *Il Penseroso*, and *Comus*. It is wonderful how well Milton knew his *Midsummer Night's Dream*, his *Romeo and Juliet*, his *Tempest*. Often, no doubt, he had seen these plays and others from the same source acted in the Blackfriars Theatre or the Globe.

Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native woodnotes wild.

Excipit hinc fessum sinuosi pompa theatri,
Et vocat ad plausus garrula scena suos.

So he writes in his first "Elegy," when he describes his London life during a certain absence from Cambridge. But probably from the very beginning, genuinely and heartily as he appreciated the genius of Shakespeare, in theory he was attached rather to Ben Jonson and his school; and there may be detected in his tone an anticipatory concord with the kind of dramatic criticism which prevailed in Europe till the rise of Lessing, that is, with

the habit of crying up Shakespeare's genius, and crying down his art—with the habit of estimating the modern drama by the canons and standard of the classical, instead of recognizing it as a new and distinct embodiment of the dramatic spirit. It was Lessing who first led the world to recognize the cardinal fact that Sophocles and Shakespeare represent two quite separate theatres, and that to speak of Shakespeare as a bad Sophocles is as absurd as it would be to speak of Sophocles as a bad Shakespeare. In the seventeenth century this great discovery—for so it was, obvious as what it states now seems to us—had not yet been made; and we must not be surprised or contemptuous if Milton was not in advance of his age in this respect, and so did not understand the exact relation of the Elizabethan playwrights to the Periclean. Brilliant classical scholar as he was, and the classics at that time having such an ascendancy, it is no wonder if he was by no means contented with the popular drama of his time.

We must also remember, before we note the two particular reasons that probably led Milton to think of treating, in the classical style, the Macbeth story of all the Shakespearean tragedies, that the play of *Macbeth* seems to have been strangely handled even in its author's lifetime, or, at all events, just after his death. This question cannot here be discussed at length. I can only call attention to the view taken by many competent scholars, and venture to express my thorough agreement with it, that *Macbeth*, as it appears in the first folio, 1623, is not exactly what Shakespeare wrote, but a revised version of what Shakespeare wrote. There are many difficulties about the present shape of this tragedy, as all students and possibly some "general readers" know; and they are probably best accounted for by the hypothesis that the play, as we have it, has been freely edited and modified by somebody, Middleton, very likely, who augmented the lyrical parts and multiplied the dances—operatized it, in short, if I may invent such a verb for the occasion. We may marvel that the right hand that did such a deed did not wither; we may be pleased to fancy that its owner afterward repented, and, like Cranmer, denounced such an unworthy member. But none the less the deed seems to have been done, and this tremendous tragedy was

mixed with baser matter. A further evolution of this curious process is to be seen in Davenant's *Macbeth*, the current form in the Restoration period, printed in 1674 (the year in which Milton died). "From hence" (my Lord Crewe's), writes Mr. Pepys in December, 1666, "to the Duke's house, and there saw *Macbeth* most excellently acted, and a most excellent play for variety;" and in the following month, still more significantly, he notes: "To the Duke's house, and saw *Macbeth*, which, though I saw it lately, yet appears a most excellent play in all respects, but especially in divertisement, though it be a deep tragedy; which is a strange perfection in a tragedy, it being most proper here and suitable;" in which sagacious comment many a modern critic would insert just the opposite adjectives. "The Weird Sisters," says Lamb, in a passage well known but deserving to be known yet better, "are serious things. Their presence cannot co-exist with mirth." Yet, to the audience of Charles the Second's reign, they had become comic figures, and were greeted with roars of laughter. Conceive the *Eumenides* of Æschylus presented in like fashion. Conceive Alecto and her sisterhood as she buffoons, or Pluto "entering" with the grimaces and the somersaults of a clown! This vulgarizing of *Macbeth*, of which the beginnings are discernible, as we have pointed out, in the earlier half of the century, may surely be pleaded in mitigation of Milton's offence when he dared to meditate a fresh dramatic rendering of a story already set forth by Shakespeare.

Let us now consider those two special reasons that have been suggested above as probably influencing Milton in this matter. The first has relation to the treatment of historical facts by Shakespeare in *Macbeth*—to the freedom and license with which they were re-arranged and altered. Milton's objection to Shakespeare's *Macbeth* on this score is I think suggested and proved by another entry in his subject-list, which has, I believe, never yet been noticed in this connection—viz., "Duff and Donewald: A strange story of witchcraft and murder discovered and revenged."

The principles on which the historical drama and the historical novel should be constructed are by no means easy to define. Certainly the historian has often re-

sented, and often resents, the intrusion of the fictionist on his domain. And undoubtedly many popular errors are due to the gross inaccuracies or the daring interferences with historical fact that are to be found in most plays and novels that profess to deal with history. Some writers do not shrink from rewriting what has already been written forever by the finger of time. The past is not the past with them, but a flexible and manageable present. They arrogate a power beyond that of Jupiter himself, who, however he may cloud or sun the skies to-morrow,

Non tamen inritum,
Quodeunque retrost, efficiet, neque
Diffinget infectumque reddet,
Quod fugiens semel hora vexit.

And, indeed, if they are verily "creators," how, they ask, is their creative power to be limited and fixed? And they quote, or might quote, for their charter Horace's trite dictum:

Pictoribus atque poetis
Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas.

And accordingly *quidlibet audent*. On the other hand, Aristotle insists "that it is not the province of a poet to relate things which have happened, but such as might have happened, and such things as are possible according to probability, or would necessarily have happened. For an historian and a poet do not differ from each other because the one writes in verse and the other in prose; for the history of Herodotus might be written in verse, and yet it would be no less a history with metre than without metre. But they differ in this, that the one speaks of things which have happened, and the other of such as might have happened. Hence poetry is more philosophic and more deserving of attention than history." However, the service which writers of imagination—Shakespeare and Scott, above all others—have done in exciting a real interest in distant ages—in making the dry bones live and "provoking the silent dust"—is so great and grand that we accept their works with grateful thanks, and think it a comparatively little thing that they are not always found in exact agreement with the contemporary records which the researches of the learned from time to time bring to light. Now what were Milton's views on this question? He seems

to have held that the poet, if he dealt with historical fact, should faithfully adhere to it; and, what is more, he seems to have held that the poet should deal with historical fact.

"It was necessary for Milton," as that excellent critic and writer Mr. Mark Pattison observes, "that the events and personages which were to arouse and detain his interests should be real events and personages. The mere play of fancy with the pretty aspects of things could not satisfy him; he wanted to feel beneath him a substantial world of reality. . . . His imagination is only stirred by real circumstances." Perhaps we may relevantly refer to Carlyle's insistence on the impressiveness of "the smallest historical fact," "as contrasted with the grandest fictitious event."

All those ninety-nine subjects that, as we know, Milton was revolving in his mind when he was earnestly meditating a great poetical work, are historical. All those stories that attracted him in the Old Testament and in the New seemed to him, whatever conclusions or views about them modern criticism may arrive at or entertain, to be strictly historical, not Hebrew or Christian legends. In the *Reason for Church Government* he tells us how he considered "what king or knight before the Conquest might be chosen, in whom to lay the pattern of a Christian hero." As Tasso had chosen an historical person for his hero, finally adopting Godfrey of Boulogne after some hesitation whether it should be he or Belisarius or Charlemagne, so would Milton select one of our "ancient stories"—i.e., one of our ancient histories, for the word "story" is etymologically but a decapitated form of the word "history," and in Elizabethan and even later English it is often used in its original sense. As already remarked, he rejected King Arthur because he found, after careful scrutiny, that he was not historical—that he was mainly, if not wholly, a mere mythical figment. Finally, he selected a Biblical subject, having in the Biblical narrative, as he read it, the *terra firma* his genius desired. For he accepted the Biblical narrative *verbatim et literatim*; in his eyes it not only contained the word of God; it was the word of God. And so, whenever he could, he followed closely the very diction of the Bible; and undoubtedly the comparative inferiority of

many parts of *Paradise Lost*, considered as a poem, is due to this very method. It is as if he deliberately restrained the free movement of his wings. In a certain sense, and to a certain degree, he ceases to be a "poet soaring in the high region of his fancies, with his garland and singing robes about him;" he reproduces and translates and does not create. Invention came to be regarded as of secondary importance. This view of the poet's function grew more and more upon him, and does much to explain the austerity and baldness of his latest style. And indeed, strange as the statement may at first appear, it leads us on to the immediately subsequent periods of our literature, in which poetry became a kind of decorative art—in which formal themes that belonged rather to the province of prose are taken up by the reigning poets, and argued and discussed in metre. The seeds of the school of Dryden and Pope were sown in the middle of the seventeenth century. It is by no mere accident that Pope in the opening of his *Essay on Man* almost exactly repeats certain words in the opening of *Paradise Lost*. In Milton's time the tide of the imagination that reached such a height in the Elizabethan age had not yet completely ebbed; in Pope's time it was gone far down, and often we find ourselves in a sandy tract of metrical essays and treatises, and scarcely "hear the mighty waters rolling evermore."

Pope sneers, perhaps not unjustly—if sneering is ever just—at Milton for turning "God the Father" into a "School divine;" but it is not less true of Pope and his age that the poet is often transformed into the professor, and when we are listening for a song, we have a lecture inflicted upon us; we look for a vision of Apollo, and behold a doctor of theology, or some graduate in metaphysics or in science. I say the movement in this prosaic direction is perceptible in Milton's age, and in Milton's theory at least, and in his practice, so far as he obeyed his theory. The most splendid passages of *Paradise Lost* are, in fact, just those where Milton is delivered from his theory—when he has no such facts to go upon as so often make him "pedestrian." In the first two books of his great epic, Milton has to rely only on his imagination; there is no restricting narrative to "damp" his "intended wing depressed;" and the result is one of the

finest and noblest achievements of the poetical spirit.

And so happily in art, as in the moral world, men are often better than their theories: they do not live down to their creeds. Often, no doubt, it is true that "the better is seen and the worse is followed;" but, if we may vary Ovid's familiar words, it is also often true—

Video pejora proboque,
Sed meliora sequor.

Nature is stronger than the rules and canons that are formulated for her guidance. The artistic instinct prevails over all the utterances of a self-conscious and a perverse analysis.

But, however this may be, and to whatever degree Milton's greatness and his theories are in harmony, it is certain Milton had a profound respect for historic fact, and was by no means willing to give poetry a charter to ignore or to reconstruct it. The poet might or might not adopt it as his material, and for his part he inclined to adopt it; but assuredly, if the poet did adopt it, he had no right to take liberties with it, he was bound to be faithful to it. Now what is to be said of Shakespeare's *Macbeth* in this respect?

Briefly, Shakespeare did just what Milton thought ought not to be done. Whatever may have been his practice with regard to later periods, which there is no time now to discuss, Shakespeare troubled himself little about the historical details in dealing with the more distant ones—*e.g.*, in dealing with the periods of *Hamlet*, of *King Lear*, of *Cymbeline*, and of *Macbeth*. He submitted to no such bondage as Milton willingly endured and even gladly welcomed. Not that he altogether ignored the circumstances of his plots, or wholly forgot with what age they were connected, or said to be connected; but he was contented with a mere general recognition of the circumstances and the age. His first and his last thought was to produce a picture of life; it was not historical, or archaeological, or ethical. Some local and some historical color might be introduced; but such considerations were entirely secondary and subordinate. He would omit, and he would add, even as it pleased him. He would not attempt to tread precisely in the footsteps of any chronicler, let him chronicle ever so wisely. It was the book of life he studied, and Hall and Holinshed

were valuable only as helps to that supreme study. And so in his great tragedy of *Macbeth* he drew many of the incidents from a quite different story. Nearly all the details of the murder of Duncan are, it is well known, derived from the story of King Duff's murder by Donwald. In both narratives a wife appears, who instigates her husband to crime. But it is from the King Duff narrative that the particulars of the enactment are taken.

The drugging of the chamberlains, the assassination of the too confiding guest as he slept, the pretended unconsciousness—the outraged innocence—of the real criminal, and his slaughter of the royal attendants in a paroxysm of zeal, the wild furious storm which broke over the guilty scene, as if Nature must needs vent her horror at what was so accursedly done; "the heavens, as troubled with man's act," threatening "his bloody stage"—all these things appertain in the old chronicler whom Shakespeare followed to the murder of King Duff, and not to the death of King Duncan. All that Holinshed reports of this latter event is this short paragraph:

At length, therefore, communicating his purposed intent [to usurp the kingdom by force] with his trusty friends, amongst whom Banquo was the chiefest, upon confidence of their promised aid, he slew the king at Enverness [Inverness], or, as some say, at Botgosh-vane, in the vj year of his reign.

It would be easy to mention other points in which Shakespeare varied from his nominal authority;* but this single one is enough for our purpose. For I think we may infer from a certain fact that it was this that caused Milton some discontent and annoyance. The fact is that which I have mentioned above, and which, as I remarked, has not before been quoted in this connection, and so surely not properly understood—*viz.*, that Milton mentions also in his subject-list *Duff* and *Donwald*. Evidently then in Milton's *Macbeth*, had it ever been written, the

* "With the exception of Duncan's murder [?], in which *Macbeth* was concerned either as principal or accessory, and the character of Lady *Macbeth*, there is hardly any point in which the drama coincides with the real history. . . . The single point upon which historians agree is that the reign of *Macbeth* was one of remarkable prosperity and vigorous government." So Messrs. Clark and Wright in the Preface to the Clarendon Press edition of *Macbeth*.

story of King Duff would have been kept quite separate from the story of King Duncan; the two threads which Shakespeare has so boldly intertwined would have been carefully disentangled; the confusion of two distinct historical events would have been in no wise permitted.

With the ultimate historical value of Holinshed's chronicle we are not here concerned. Shakespeare's disrespectful use of it did not spring, we may be sure, from any enlightened views as to its accuracy or importance; even the wildest of his idolaters will scarcely maintain that he anticipated the results of modern historical criticism and investigation, and so attached but slight weight to what is very largely a tissue of legends. But I may just quote one sentence from Mr. Robertson's *Scotland under her Early Kings*. "The double failure in Northumberland and Moray [Duncan had made unsuccessful expeditions into England and against Thorfin] hastening the catastrophe of the youthful king, he was assassinated 'in the smith's bothy' near Elgin, not far from the scene of his latest battle, the Mormaor Macbeth being the undoubted author of his death."

On historical grounds then Milton was dissatisfied with Shakespeare's *Macbeth*. Let us now turn to another point of view from which this play seemed to him no less, probably still more, unsatisfactory. Let us turn to the central action and thought of it, and reflect how Milton would regard Shakespeare's treatment of the great question presented.

And, first of all, let it be noticed that no other of Shakespeare's plays comes so near dealing with the very subject of *Paradise Lost*, or we may say does in fact so fully deal with it, as *Macbeth*. The subject of *Paradise Lost* is the Ruin of Man; and what else is the subject of *Macbeth*? Each work in its own manner treats of the origin of evil; each portrays a spiritual decline and fall. Adam represents the human race, but he is also as individual as Milton could make him; Macbeth is an individual, but also he is typical. Milton formally states the theme which he proposes to set forth. He bids the heavenly muse sing—

Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden.

Without any such formal enunciation, not less fully, and with far greater power, does Shakespeare paint one of man's later disobediences, the disobedience of a remote son of Adam, and how he too plucked forbidden fruit, and was expelled from his Eden—expelled from the state of happiness, honor, and peace. For indeed the story of Adam is perpetually repeated; it is a faithful image of what goes on every day in the world. Every day in the world paradises are lost, and looking back poor exiles behold their so late

Happy seat,
Waved over by that flaming brand; the gate
With dreadful faces thronged, and fiery arms;
and, "with wandering steps and slow," they have to traverse the stony tracts that spread far away outside. Thus the fall of man never ceases being acted on the human stage. Happily, too, his restoration never ceases being acted; in some sort daily the lost paradises are regained. But this brighter side of the great human drama does not now claim our consideration. It is with a tragedy of tragedies that we have now to do—one in which all that makes life worth living is wasted and lost, and he who, when we first see him, "sits high in all the peoples' hearts," is at last cast out into the outer darkness of men's hate and loathing.

Besides the fall of man Milton presents also the fall of Satan, and in his picture he gives us a scene exactly parallel to that in *Macbeth*, where the already demoralized nature of Macbeth receives a fresh strong impulse toward its fatal corruption through the preferment of Malcolm to be Prince of Cumberland.

The Prince of Cumberland! That is a step,
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires!
Let not light see my black and deep desires:
The eye wink at the hand! yet let that be
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.

In *Paradise Lost* the appointment by God of His Son to be His Vicegerent awakes similarly the evil—how strange and unaccountable an inmate!—in the bosom of Satan; and shortly afterward he thus addresses him whom we see in another book as his favorite devil:

Sleep'st thou, companion dear? What sleep
can close
Thy eyelids, and rememberest what decree
Of yesterday, so late hath passed the lips
Of Heaven's Almighty? . . .

... New laws thou seest imposed ;
 New laws from him who reigns new minds may
 raise
 In us who serve—new counsels, to debate
 What doubtful may ensue.

And so there is rebellion in Heaven, and in due time rebellion on earth, just as in Macbeth's "single state of man."

But, leaving secondary resemblances alone, I wish to dwell on the fact that Shakespeare and Milton are in these great works, each in his own way, thinking of the same transcendent problem—viz., the freedom of man's will. As to Adam, and as to Macbeth, the old, old questions arise: were they capable of resisting the terrible forces that were arrayed against them? Could they have delivered themselves from evil? How did they come to fall so miserably? Whence was engendered the weakness that undid them? How far were they responsible for such a disastrous debility? What is the real parentage of crime? Even such awful and insoluble problems are at once suggested by the careers of Adam and Macbeth. For in neither case do external causes explain the horrible mischief that is depicted. "A man's foes are those of his own household." It was the treachery of the defending garrison, not the overwhelming strength of the attack, that produced the overthrow. If Milton's serpent had had no encouragements or alliances in the heart of his victims, he might have charmed in vain. And it is not the witches that work Macbeth's ruin; it is Macbeth's own falseness that works it. When he first appears on the stage, so honored and trusted and loved, and seemingly so loyal and true, he is already in correspondence and treaty with the powers of darkness. Already he

Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,
 A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
 O what a goodly outside falsehood hath!

Those wild figures he encounters on the Heath, near Forres, only in fact give voice to the dire imaginings that already have a home in his breast.

Evil into the mind of God or man
 May come and go, so unapproved, and leave
 No spot or blame behind.

But Macbeth has invited evil to stay and abide with him, and is already saying, "Evil, be thou my good."

But the manner in which Shakespeare

deals with these dark inscrutable problems is very different from that in which Milton deals with them; and what I have now to suggest is that this manner was far from satisfying Milton, and that Milton's dissatisfaction with it was one chief reason why he was guilty of the impertinence, as it will seem to many persons to be, of proposing to write another dramatic version of the Macbeth story. Briefly, Shakespeare deals with these problems as one who feels their infinite mystery, and that they are "beyond the reaches of our souls." Milton, to speak plainly, deals with them in the spirit of a dogmatist—of one who has an exegetic scheme ready drawn up, which he perpetually enforces and reinforces. In this respect Shakespeare's humanity exhibits itself in all its breadth and depth; and it must be allowed, I think, that Milton, with all his culture and all his greatness, shows by the side of him as one of narrower vision, and a less wide range of sympathy.

The catholicity of Shakespeare's spirit—I use the word, I need scarcely say, in no limited ecclesiastical sense—is nowhere more amply displayed than in *Macbeth*, whatever faults in some respects might be found with this play. As Dryden finely remarks of him, "he was the man who, of all modern and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul." We may well apply to him Virgil's untranslatable line:

Sunt lacrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt.

He had a profound sense of the pathos of things. "But yet the pity of it . . . the pity of it." He certainly does not spare the sinner. He certainly makes us hate his sin; but in him "the quality of mercy is not strained." As we watch Macbeth drifting toward the precipice, it is not contempt for his weakness that he excites overpoweringly within us; it is rather a profound compassion; it is not a sense of superiority and pride that we stand firm, but a sense of humility—a sense that we are of like passions with him, and might too easily be drifting in a like direction. Pity and terror purify our souls. We feel ourselves face to face with

those mysteries which Heaven
 Will not have earth to know.

We are conscious of the amazing shallow-

ness of those who "take upon" them "the mystery of things, as if" they "were God's spies." We perceive with a new vividness that

There are more things in heaven and earth
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy ;

and that the truest reverence, and it may be that the most exemplary "faith," are exhibited in the submissive acceptance of the limitedness of human discovery and knowledge.

In striking contrast is Milton's attitude. He has so clearly as he believes reasoned out the matter, that he feels more impatience than pity—more anger than sorrow—as he narrates the fall of man. To him the event appears not so much pathetic as shameful. If I may put it so, he holds a brief for the Almighty as he conceives Him, and is perpetually defending Him from the charge of undue severity. He is always insisting that Adam was made perfectly well able to resist the tempter, had he been so minded. If he fell, he had only himself to blame; his Maker had done everything for him that could be expected—everything that was right. If he fell,

Whose fault?

Whose but his own? Ingrate, he had of me
All he could have; I made him just and right,
Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.
Such I created all the Ethereal Powers
And Spirits, both them who stood and them
who failed;
Freely they stood who stood, and fell who
fell.

Qui s'excuse s'accuse. And Milton's God, scarcely perhaps a Being to attract men's devotion and love, "protests too much, methinks." To Milton's intellect, indeed, there is no mystery in what seems to most men so profound a mystery. Everything is amenable to argument, and can be made entirely plain.

When first this Tempter crossed the gulf for
hell,
I told ye then he should prevail, and speed
On his bad errand. Man should be seduced
And flattered out of all, believing lies
Against his Maker; no decree of mine
Concurring to necessitate his fall,

Or touch with lightest moment of impulse
His free will, to his own inclining left
In even scale.

And so, with scarcely an exception, this merely hard-headed, and therefore obviously limited manner, prevails in Milton's treatment of this terrible tragedy. He writes for the most part like some inexorable logician, and not like a man conscious of the infirmities of his kind. Just the same spirit expresses itself in *Samson Agonistes*, especially in the scene between Samson and Delilah.

All wickedness is wickedness; that plea,
therefore,
With God or man will gain thee no remission.

Milton was himself of a singularly lofty and strong character, and lived throughout a life of noble and sustained purposes.

"Credibile est" illum "pariter vitiisque
locoisque
Altius humanis exseruisse caput."

And so he found it hard to make allowance—hard to feel any pity—for the weaknesses of ordinary mortals. He had in a high degree the faults of his virtues. And, as suggested above, his genius, with all its rich natural endowments, and with all the talents that learning and culture had contributed to it, was yet narrower—less catholic—than that of Shakespeare.

I am not, of course, attempting in this paper to discuss the profound and awful questions that are brought before us in *Paradise Lost* and in *Macbeth*. I am only calling attention to the difference between the manner in which these works, each in its own way so great and so splendid and priceless, present them to us. And I trust I have made it sufficiently clear how Milton would regard Shakespeare's presentment of them as inadequate—would be persuaded that Shakespeare had not enough emphasized the wilfulness of Macbeth's ruin, and so to his thinking had not satisfactorily asserted

Eternal Providence,
And justified the ways of God to men,

—*Nineteenth Century.*

ENGLAND BEFORE THE STORM.

BY GEORGE MEREDITH.

I.

THE day that is the night of days,
 With cannon-fire for sun ablaze,
 We spy from any billow's lift ;
 And England still this tidal drift !
 Would she to sainted forethought vow
 A space before the thunders flood,
 That martyr of its hour might now
 Spare her the tears of blood.

II.

Asleep upon her ancient deeds,
 She hugs the vision plethora breeds,
 And counts her manifold increase
 Of treasure in the fruits of peace.
 What curse on earth's improvident,
 When the dread trumpet shatters rest,
 Is wreaked, she knows, yet smiles content
 As cradle rocked from breast.

III.

She, impious to the Lord of Hosts,
 The valor of her offspring boasts,
 Mindless that now on land and main
 His heeded prayer is active brain.
 No more great heart may guard the home,
 Save eyed and armed and skilled to cleave
 Yon swallower wave with shroud of foam,
 We see not distant heave.

IV.

They stand to be her sacrifice,
 The sons this mother flings like dice,
 To face the odds and brave the Fates ;
 As in those days of starry dates,
 When cannon cannon's counterblast
 Awakened, muzzle muzzle bowled,
 And high in swathe of smoke the mast
 Its fighting rag outrolled.

—*Athenæum.*

COMPARATIVE VITALITY.

A good many London newspapers have adopted a new custom, that of publishing, besides the lists of births, marriages, and deaths, a list of the well-known personages who are ill, with the degree of their danger or convalescence, and in some cases a schedule of the names of those who call to inquire. The custom began, if we remember right, with the ravages of influenza last year, and as it is convenient

to the public, as well as to creditors and undertakers, it will probably continue. It does not add, however, to the gayety of nations, and sometimes provokes thoughts as to the inequalities which Providence permits in its gifts of health. It has long been decided that Heaven has blundered in allowing one man to be rich and another poor, and we expect shortly to see a cult spring up whose votaries will insist that all mankind shall enjoy a just equality of languor. Health will be declared unattainable by all, and disease abominable for all, and all will therefore be condemned by the "eternal law of true Socialism" to be neither sick nor well. The great obstacle to the growth of the new cult is the absence of somebody to hate, for though medicine has made many strides of late, and on the surgical side is supposed by experts to have nearly approached perfection—at least until we can make electric light shine through the body, and so reveal disasters in the interior—it has as yet given us little enlightenment as to the secret of vitality. Why does a man like the Duke of Devonshire, with splendid brains and excellent physique, die of exhaustion at eighty-three, while Mr. Gladstone, only one year younger, with the same kind of brains, and apparently the same physique, is as active and healthy as a young man? What, in fact, is vitality, the power of continuing to live, which differs so radically in every two families, that if we were all pensioned off to-morrow on our ten shillings a week, there would be as little equality in happiness as ever? Is it an energy, or a quality, or something material in the body? We all know, to begin with, that the thing exists, though it can neither be weighed nor measured, nor seen with the bodily eyes. There are families, beyond doubt, as well as individuals, over whom disease seems to have no power, who are either exempt from illness or survive it as if it were but an emotion, who, apart from accident, always fulfil the years of the Psalmist, and usually die only because the still unbroken machine has exhausted its stock of motive-power. Doctors, when called in to such persons, are always cheerful, assure the friends that there will be a rally soon, and would like, if they dared for the credit of their craft, to administer as little medicine as possible. They have not an idea as to the reason, unless it be "hereditary pre-

disposition," or, in a few cases, a cheerful temperament; but they know quite well that in such patients there is "recuperative power," and as they like cures, partly out of kindness and partly from self-interest, they are well content. And there are also families, as well as individuals, in whom the life lies low, about whose "attacks," however slight they may appear, the doctors always shake their heads, and of whom, when among themselves, they will remark: "The Blanks have a constitutional habit of dying." Such people rarely live to be more than middle-aged; they never attain old age; and when they die, they die unexpectedly, most frequently in the first stage of convalescence, from what is called a "relapse." Something is wanting in them which furnishes their rivals with staying-power; but then, what is the something? It certainly is not size, for giants die rather rapidly; and the men who are dear to Insurance Societies are usually of the medium build, or even a little under it, their weight in particular being for the most part slightly below average. Fatness is weakness, more or less. And it is certainly also not identical with physical strength, for athletes are scarcely ever long lived; women have, on the whole, if we deduct their mortality from child-bearing, more vitality than men; and very feeble men, in the athletic sense, constantly attend the funerals of far stronger juniors. Nor does the quality of vitality arise from any superior strength of brain. The able often live long and often die young; and as we have said, the Duke of Devonshire and Mr. Gladstone, men probably of the same degree of mental power—the one a Second Wrangler and Smith's Prizeman, the other a Double-First—have displayed quite different degrees of the power of survival. The great lawyers and theologians, men of abnormal acuteness, often reach a vast age; as do gamekeepers and country clergymen, with neither of whom is the brain very active or often fatigued. The greatest living poet is as old and as healthy as Mr. Gladstone; and the last centenarian recorded, or last but one, was a sort of respectable female tramp. Sir Moses Montefiore, who died at a hundred and one, was a most acute-minded man; and so was Henry Martyn, the Senior Wrangler who turned missionary, and after a life of travel not unlike that of Sir Moses, died of exhaustion just

seventy years younger. There is a fancy abroad among the cultivated that very stupid men do not reach great age ; but if they ask a few masters of workhouses and the managers of the great charities, like Greenwich Hospital, they would find that it is an error. Nor can the quality be accurately traced to any conditions or method of life. The very old are often intensely vivacious, like the well-known Lady Smith ; but they are often also very dull, occasionally almost imbecile. The rich, according to modern theories, ought to possess the highest vitality ; but as a matter of fact it belongs, taking all the world, to Negroes who were slaves in the West India Islands, and in England to gamekeepers and excessively poor women. It is extremely doubtful whether abstinence or free living greatly promote vitality—compare Cardinal Manning and any old Admiral—and in the cases of longevity recorded in the newspapers, about half lived freely, while the other half were moderate even to total abstinence. The only facts we certainly know about habits as conducive to vitality, are that freedom from anxiety is favorable to it, probably by conserving the pumping-power of the heart, and that it is in a rather singular degree hereditary, the capacity of living surviving in many families the most violent changes in the habits of each generation, even the most violent changes in residential climates. It is said that this hereditariness extends even to races, and that Asiatics live shorter lives than Europeans ; but the facts, except as regards Bengalese, are very imperfectly known, and in endurance, which should be a constituent of vitality, the Mongol, and probably the Turk, who was a Mongol once, surpass the European.

There is a strong opinion afloat that vitality is nearly akin to energy, and that a man can in a certain degree keep life in himself by will, an idea splendidly developed by Bulwer Lytton in the short tale which was the foundation of the best of his novels, "A Strange Story." The idea seems, however, to rest almost exclusively on the fact so often observed by doctors, that when the patient does not care to live he usually dies, which is only instructive as to the power of will in throwing off disease. Such despair, too, is often only a correlative of the internal and almost innate knowledge which most men possess of their own constitutions,—a mere expression of an inner conviction that the

resisting strength which will arrest the symptom we call death has been exhausted. If vitality were a correlative of will, the strong-willed races would live the longest, and they do not, the Hindoo, who can make himself measure with his body the road from Calcutta to Benares—just try it three times up and down a drawing-room—or hold up his arm till it withers, dying earlier than the European. The actuaries' records point to placidity too, and not strong will, as the correlative of vitality, the most exasperating of annuitants being gamekeepers, shepherds, clergymen, and well-to-do old ladies, who, in the popular phraseology, "never die." Those who cling to life intensely often die early ; while the indifferent live on till Death seems to have finished that furrow and yet passed them by. No ; vitality is not synonymous with strength of will, though it must be, on the evidence, a non-material quality. It is more like a "gift" than anything else, like that strangest of all capacities, the feeling for music, which must be in a measure spiritual, yet has absolutely no relation to mental force, being as often wanting in the ablest as in the stupidest of mankind. What is the source of the gift, we none of us know, and probably never shall, for we cannot hope to accumulate more experience than the great physicians have done, and they frankly confess that in every patient there is some quality making for death or survival that they can only recognize, without pretending to understand it. Besides, they do not study the healthy, and it is in the perfectly healthy, the men like the late Captain Webb—the man who swam the Channel and was drowned in Niagara, and in whose body there cannot have been a weak place—that true vitality should reside. We do not think it does, but in that "fault" in the logic of the subject lies the mystery of the whole problem, which the actuaries, with their bare descriptions of conditions of life, will never solve. Nor, probably, will anybody else, for to solve it one man's brain must be inside another's, which has never happened since the creation of the world. We shall know some secrets in medicine, we dare say, some time or other, of much value—for instance, a sedative with no reaction—but we shall not discover the *elixir vitæ* even in the limited sense which we have in this article given to the word "vitality."—*Spectator*.

TRANSLATION.

BY R. F. ST. ANDREW ST. JOHN.

Lines written by the Burmese prince, Nanda Suriya, brother of King Narapati Tsihu, of Pagan, when in prison under sentence of death, A.D. 1167.

Yes, he is one who, wealth attained,
Shall pass away and disappear.
'Tis Nature's Law.*

Within his golden palace hall,
Surrounded by his lords in state,
He sits serene.

But kings' delights, like eddies small
On ocean's face a moment seen,
Are but for life.

Should he show pity, and not slay,
But set me free, my liberty
Is Karma's work.

Of mortals here the elements
Last not, but change and fall away,
It is the Law.

The sure result of suppliant acts,
Or prayers, I wish not to transfer
To future lives :

T' escape this fate, past sins result,
Is my desire, calmly I'll wait,
My heart is firm.

Thee, gentle lord, I blameless hold,
Freely to thee I pardon give,
'Tis not thy deed.

Danger and death are constant foes,
And in this world must ever be ;
It is the Law.

—Academy.

A NEW CAPITALIST.

BY FRANCIS ADAMS.

I.

HE sat with his friend's letter in his hand, now looking at it and realizing its phrases, now losing sight of the firm, clear, "winged words," in his dreamy and tender memories of their ancient friendship.

They had not met for seven years. And in those seven years it seemed that for both of them their souls had renewed themselves as completely as their bodies. Now they stood utterly apart. Once—then—they had stood so close. He had had but two intimate personal relationships in all his life, and they had both exerted great influence on him. One of them had

* Law is *Dhamma*, the Law of Nature.

passed almost away ; the other still affected him powerfully. One was that of his old schoolfellow, Jack Daniel ; the other was that of Charlie Goulburn, a young Irish-American " Labor leader." He had loved them both and admired them both, though in very different ways. He was not aware of it, but the lines on which he at last prepared to answer Daniel's cordial and even affectionate invitation to come and visit him were laid down more or less under the direct influence of the conscience of the other friend far away.

He wrote at first slowly and with effort, tearing up more than one false start, but at last his actual feeling became clear to him, and the pen raced.

" My dear Daniel," he said—

" My dear Daniel,—Your letter gave me, as you can well imagine, the greatest pleasure. It brought back the full flood-tide of the memories of our boyhood and youth together. You cannot think how vividly some of our last nocturnal walks and talks *de omni scibili et quibusdam aliis* still present themselves to me. I can positively see us and hear us as we wandered about on that peerless summer's night through St. John's Wood (do you remember ?), and stood and watched the dawn break from the upper ground by Primrose Hill. And again, that night down at Ventnor, when we went off for our winter holiday, how the downs were covered with a thin cloak of white snow, glistening faintly in the faint light of the crescent moon and the myriad stars ; and then how we tramped all along the shore of the much-resounding sea to Luccombe Chine, and came back in the glorious dawn through the Landslip.

" Ah ! those were careless and delightful days, such as neither you (I expect) nor I shall ever quite regain. We seemed to be very close together then, and yet I can see now how far away from one another we were in reality. When we parted that pouring rainy night in Edgware Road I could have cried. You meant very much to me then—I thought, everything. Brought up as I had been, a passionate believer in my *caste*, proud of my ancestral name, a ruthless young Tory, with no redeeming feature but his equally passionate belief in the creed of *Noblesse oblige*, you came to me as a sort of liberator from ideas, fine enough once perhaps, but now effete and harmful. You trans-

formed my silly pride by teaching me the rights of others to work out their own salvation. You made me doubt and deny the heaven-born certainty of the mission of my *caste* to 'lead.' You showed me the physiological absurdity of 'high birth,' and the ridicule of taking mere social observances seriously. And all this (and how much more !) without a hard or cruel word, merely with gentleness, tact, and the indirect influence of your beautiful, kind and serene personality. How was it, then, that, six months after my arrival in the States, I had ceased to write to you and you to me ? That in twelve months we had lost all trace of one another ? That in a few years I had grown to believe that all the actual product of our friendship was the sweetness of the intercourse of two young souls ? Whether it was quite the same with you, I cannot, of course, be sure, but it seems likely enough. I had nothing to teach you—absolutely nothing. You never took Capital and its interests and obligations seriously. The fact of your father's immense wealth, and the little army of workpeople dependent on him, seemed to have little or no effect upon you. How disinterested you were in your philosophic consideration of everything ! True, that in those days your elder brother was being trained for the management of the mills and factories, and you purposed to lead the life of the cultured *dilettante* ; but your Liberalism—your Radicalism—I might almost say your Socialism (for as such I now recognize at least portions of your criticisms on the Fact Established), often called in question the just existence of the whole thing ; and so I received it.

" How is all this changed to-day ! Four years ago, in the midst of desperate organizing work in Chicago as a Labor agent—or, in your current parlance, I suppose, a 'paid agitator'—I suddenly heard your name. The Christian name accompanying the surname could leave me in little doubt that it was my old friend who had stamped out, with an utterly ruthless energy, perhaps the most justifiable strike against the tyrannous iniquity of Capital that had occurred in England within the memory of man. By degrees I obtained more and more information on the subject, and it ended at last in convincing me of a horrible view of you. I remember well the evening when I first received the

unescapable proof of this. Daniel, I went up into my wretched little bedroom in the icy loneliness of that cruel winter's night, with the blizzard lashing the rickety, trembling house, and lay on my face and sobbed (for I could not cry) over all that dear sweet past of ours, and then rose, with my teeth clenched, and a murderous hatred and scorn of you burning like white-hot iron within me. It was long and long before that passed, and something like the kindly human tolerance we ultimately owe to all who are made of this frail flesh of ours came to me, for you. You see I am just the same vehement, passionate 'partisan' that I always was, save, perhaps, that now I have lost the steady self-control which my training as an aristocrat gave me, and this I sometimes regret a little; for though it was based on the hateful sense of superiority over others, still, in this duel to the death of the possessors and the dispossessed, it is an instrument of the utmost value. Yes, I have grown to loathe and hate and despise my order from recognizing its endless harmfulness; but, believe me, that, if it is possible, I despise and hate and loathe even more the order below it—the Middle class, the Bourgeoisie; and this is the one ground of contact between my past and my present. Let me say at least this for my order. There are still men and women in it ready to admit the New Light, and to sacrifice themselves for it. Show to them the iniquity of their former privilege, and they will, many of them, voluntarily renounce it all, and throw in their lot with the exploited sufferers. Abuse the eighteenth-century French aristocrats as you please, but under Louis XVI. they were, many of them, noble and unselfish to a pitch unheard-of in any other dominant class in all history. But your Middle class—your Bourgeoisie? Never, never! At all costs, save sheer 'funk,' they must have their pound (and somebody else's half-pound) of flesh. Oh, I have not lived seven years in the States without realizing that the English landlord is an angel of reasonableness and mercy beside the American capitalist; and what is the American capitalist but the apotheosis of the *Bourgeois Imperator*? I have more hopes (small though they be) of our English gentlemen than of our English plutocrats, and of these last, you, my one time friend, have made yourself one of the

most-famous. Do you know the reputation you have among the workmen of the period? For such reputations are international now, and the Labor leader of Chicago or Sydney listens to the story of the Capitalistic leader of London, or Paris, or Berlin. You are more hated and more feared than any one capitalist in England; and this is the man without whose aid and guidance I should, in all human probability, to-day be the titled master of vast landed possessions, a waster of farms in the interests of game preserves, an expeller of men, women and children, for the sake of hares, partridges and grouse.

"My friend (I still call you so, just as I still speak to you with absolute candor, for the sake of the memory of the old time), what should we gain by seeing one another now, and making, as perhaps we should make, the effort to renew the ancient intercourse? Let me recall to you the fact that the very palace (for so I am told it is) from which your letter came to me calls up the most hideous memories. Was it not at the courtyard gates of Felixstowe that a deputation of starving women, with starving children in their arms and at their milkless breasts, came to you at the bitter close of the strike, and told you that, if their husbands could not be taken on again, death stared them in the face? How could I approach those gates, and pass through them, and enter your house as your guest—as your friend?

"No, Daniel, no! Our paths lie in contrary directions, and must, right to the end. A chance gave you the means of writing to me. You took it, and for what you wrote I thank you. It was like a voice coming from the happiest period of my life. I answer you the only way that seems to me worthy of our old relationship, so true, so pure, so noble. Do not think me harsh and pharisaical. I do not judge you—no, not for a minute. God knows I have had temptations enough in these years of dark and desperate combat, and there have been times when I came near to yielding. For to me, too, beauty and knowledge are very dear—art and music, literature and science. I too would 'fain occupy myself with the abiding.' But *that*, I think, can never be. *That* must be for our children's children, if even for them. But whenever it be, provided only that it be—not for a handful of them—not for a few—no, nor even for many

of them, but for *all*—then I should indeed be content! Oh, it is worth fighting and dying a thousand times to possess such a hope!

"My friend, once more, your hand—for the last time. Good-by."

"GERALD HASTINGS."

II.

Later in the next afternoon, sitting alone in a Russell Square boarding-house, in his bare and comfortless room, and thoroughly wearied out by a hard day's work, Hastings was suddenly aroused by a knock at the door, and informed by the servant-maid that a gentleman had come to see him, and was waiting downstairs. He followed her heedlessly to the drawing-room, where the gaunt and infrequent furniture looked more than ordinarily characterless and dingy in the one flaring gas-jet that she had evidently just lit. He expected some of his propagandist friends—he did not, in that dreary humor, care to guess which. He found himself face to face with Daniel.

For some moments they stood and looked at one another, motionless and in silence, each recognizing how much, and yet (in some way) how little, the other was changed, and then Hastings heaved a deep sigh, and turned his head away.

"Gerald, old man," said the well-known voice, with just the old musical inflection, "can't you trust me?"

Hastings looked at him quickly.

The soft, intensely black hair waved round the olive-hued face with its soft, intensely black eyes, full of a kindly, fearless and simple sincerity, just as of old. The smiling self-security of the beautifully molded lips and chin was not hid by the slight dark mustache. The physical charm of him, that something which had captivated the English aristocrat schoolboy from the very moment when he first saw his friend—that something, too, of the picturesque and oriental element in the habitually calm, yet intensely resolute nature of the swarthy Northerner;—it was singular how at this moment "the full flood-tide" (as he had said) of all these memories, the sweet and sane physical magnetism, with its spiritual counterpart of serene and perfect sincerity, touched with passion and mystery, caught and overwhelmed him, making him, de-

spite himself, love and believe in his friend once more.

A minute later they were seated side by side on the faded and torturous sofa, talking like two schoolboys, Daniel's arm resting lightly on the other's shoulder.

"Now, Gerald," he said, "I want you to come right off with me. We will get down home in time for dinner, and then we will talk up in a starry turret till the dawn breaks, just as we used to do, and tell one another everything we have been doing and thinking and suffering all these seven years."

After a short struggle with his friend's half-hearted reluctance, Daniel had his wish; led him down to the open carriage that was waiting at the door; put him into it; got in himself, and they drove off rapidly together.

"We have time," said he, "to drive all the way. We shall be in the fields and lanes in an hour, crossing into the sunset, and we shall feel the purity and beauty of things breathe full in our faces again."

"And so," said Hastings, a little dreamily, "you are married. Have you any children?"

"Yes, three; two boys and a girl, though (happily) the girl comes in the middle in point of order."

"Talk to me," murmured Hastings; "tell me about yourself. Do you know what I feel," he added, with vague, sad eyes regarding the stream of foot-passengers, "as I sit here in this luxurious carriage, and watch the pale and piteous faces? Oh, you will have much, very much, to explain to me!"

"Dear man, do you already repent that you trusted me?"

"No, no. I trust you: indeed I do. But it is hard. Perhaps some of those women in shawls there . . ." The vision of the lugubrious procession to the gate of Felixstowe rose before him.

"Oh, talk to me!" he said quickly.

"Tell me all about yourself! What did you do when I left England? Who is your wife? Is she beautiful? Was it she who made you believe in the Established Fact and fight for it? Weak women can do it to the strongest men, just as the fragile ground-creeper grows to strangle the giant tropical tree, and blooms in a wealth of poisonous honeyed blossom in its dying top before both fall in a common ruin."

There was a pause.

Then Daniel said: "I will try and tell you what you want to know, which seems to be the outline of my life since we parted. What underlies this—the spiritual struggle in the dark before I could win my way to any light—we can speak of another time; to-night, if you like, when we are alone."

The carriage, drawn by its two thoroughbreds, passed swiftly along by unfrequented streets, and the roar of the London traffic died away into a continuous murmur, still loud, but not loud enough to muffle the clear melodious voice of the speaker.

"You remember," he said, "that I wrote one or two letters to you at the ranch in Texas, telling you how Oxford impressed me, and I fancy that even then—that is, before I had been there more than a month—I felt I could not put up with much more of it. It was so obviously merely a continuation of Harrow, and I wanted something fresh and new. I wished to face life as a whole by touching it at many points, and Oxford to-day is at best the clever synopsis of academic monotony. My father, chiefly owing to my mother, who had always a blind confidence in me, and to the lethargy consequent on growing ill-health, let me have my own way. I left at the end of the second term, and went to study in Paris. There, a few months later, I lost sight of you. A letter to you at the ranch was returned to me, with the intelligence that you had gone away and left no address; and it was, I see, just about that time that I discovered I was becoming as hopelessly restless and dissatisfied as I had been at Oxford. Renan was a great personal disappointment to me. A teacher of spirituality and an ideal philosophy was visibly ending in gourmandize, and his epicurean remorse (I mean his remorse for not having been an epicure) was not to my taste. Thus, presently, I found myself in Jena, seeking out Ernst Hæckel, as a sort of moral tonic for a relaxed soul. But there, too, I found disillusionment, disgust, and the old unrest. Hæckel's limitations are fearful. A scientific Philistine with genius, who speaks of France as a frivolous abode of barbarism, and is training up mobs of young yellow-haired people in the full fervor of this outrageous creed of third-rate Teutonic Chauvinism, could not

satisfy me long. Then I went off to Italy and Sicily, with a dear little Jew anti-quarian, a Herr Doctor of Jena, and helped him to get together materials for a monograph on the Saracens in Europe, till the old restlessness came upon me once again—not this time in the shape of a personal disgust and disillusionment (it was quite the contrary); but I felt as if I were somehow blindly and unconsciously wasting myself in side-issues, and that the one great subject of my time—the genuine *Zeit-geist*—was escaping me. This made me very dissatisfied and discontented, and the more so as I for long and long utterly failed to diagnose my disease."

He paused, and Hastings listened to him with growing interest.

"Suddenly I seemed to realize myself, and I cannot tell you what joy my discovery gave me. The social problem was the one great subject of my time. It was the one question that entirely deserved and imperiously claimed a solution. Literature, art, and science were all good and to be pursued with all our strength; but what, as it were, gave the keynote to them all was the social problem. Men are, and always must be, the one supremely important subject to man—men as they live and move and have their being in this actual earth of ours to-day. The old solution to the question was—as any clear-eyed and intelligent person could see—utterly inadequate. What was the new solution? Was there a new solution?"

Once more he paused.

"It is strange," said Hastings, "how closely, so far, we both developed together."

"Before this, as you know, I had dabbled in Sociology, as I had dabbled in literature, art, and science, though without idea or method. Now I determined to set about it in earnest. And, as in all forms of the acquirement of knowledge, two things are necessary—namely, thought and experience, and that comes to mean good books and seeing things with your own eyes—I determined that I would go into the East-end of London, and still more the South, to study my question on the spot. Well, I had soon the very best opportunities. The religious people—the Salvation Army, and our own Church of England mission workers—received me cordially; and so, after a little suspicion, did the more or less secularizing Socialists

and Labor propagandists. For I was ready with both hard work and hard cash (up to a reasonable extent), and the combination is too powerful an one to be long resisted. That was five years ago, and I stopped at it for a year without the break of a day, and should have stopped probably for twice as long but for a series of unexpected events."

"Yes?" said Hastings.

"My father, mother, and brother all died within a few months. The first death I was prepared for; perhaps, even, for the second (for my mother had recently suffered from a severe illness, and she was deeply attached to my father); but my brother's death—and that means the manner and accompanying circumstances of it—administered to me what was in very reality a rude shock. I knew very little about him. We had seemed from our earliest childhood to have little or nothing in common, and had each gone his own way. Lately he had married, and his wife had died in childbed, the baby perishing also. For the last five or six years he had practically managed the whole of the huge Daniel business, and I had not been a soldier, and perhaps I may say a captain, in the Labor army without being well aware how rigorously and inhumanely he had done it. A severe and neglected cold suddenly developed into violent congestion of the lungs, and a telegram under his name summoned me without delay to his bedside. What followed was beyond expression pitiful. The poor fellow, in his fear that he might be beyond words when I arrived, had dictated a letter to me. The moment I entered, the nurse, at his nervously eager command, read it aloud to me in his presence. It was a stern, passionate appeal to my sense of duty as a man, and my sense of pride as a Daniel, to abjure my lazy and cowardly diletantism—to take on the management of the business, and to preserve it to our name. I was the last of the Daniels. He could not believe I would let one of the first names in the commerce of England—a name known with honor wherever the English flag floated—be extinguished, or (what was as bad) pass into the use and abuse of strangers. Then he began to speak. Neither doctor nor nurse could stop him. He had only a few hours to live, and nothing but his terrific will-power kept him from lapsing into unconsciousness. Many thoughts

passed through my mind. I had now arrived at certain distinct conclusions concerning the social problem—conclusions of which I was, however, still somewhat doubtful. Six months ago—three months ago—I should have called myself in practice an out-and-out Labor man, and in theory an out-and-out Socialist. Now I felt that I could not do so with any real sincerity. I still *felt* that I was both the one and the other, but I knew that my interpretation of the words would be very different from that of nine out of ten, or nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand, of my comrades. Meantime, my brother's quavering, husky voice went on, abjuring and pleading to my ears, as the devouring seriousness of his death-struck gaze enthralled my eyes. His insensate pride in our name struck me, of course, as antiquated and absurd, but I felt the pathos of the man's agonizing soul, and I am inclined to think that it was just this little extraneous human impulse which tilted the balance. All at once I lifted his hand and said to him, slowly and deliberately, that I would take the business and devote my life to the successful carrying of it on. He gripped me tight with his sharp and bony fingers, smiled, nodded, sighed heavily, half closing his eyes, and was dead."

Once more he paused, and as they rolled on down the country road, their faces faintly lit with the red sunset, he seemed again to live in that singular and significant scene.

"Well," said Hastings, softly.

Daniel sighed.

"A fortnight later," he said, "I received intelligence from the manager of our largest mills of what he called an *ultimatum* from the men. It was equivalent to a demand for a 10 per cent rise in wages of the whole of the rank and file, a ten hours' day, and the reform of many abuses of 'discipline.' I had, indeed, no idea of what was really going on around me till next morning, when a *Pall Mall Gazette* interviewer waited on me with a copy of the last evening's paper, and a request to be permitted to ask a few questions. First, I read the paper. The personal facts were all passably correct.—I learned subsequently who supplied them. It was one of my Labor friends, who owed me everything pretty well but his existence."—(He smiled, amused.) "And so,

in the main, as far as I was aware, were the facts concerning the 'abuses' in the Daniel mills. They were all admirably worked up on the usual sensational lines, and I realized like a flash that I was, indeed, as my friend the Interviewer assured me, the topic of the hour. '*What will he do with it?—An East-end Socialist Leader succeeds to the mastery of 15,000 workmen!—The Fortunes of the Daniels!*'—and so on. It was very funny. Then the Interviewer set on to me: Were the stories of the 'abuses' in the Daniel mills true? I believed so. I was going to see. What should I do? I could not tell. I was going to see. And nothing else did he get from me."

Hastings nodded, his brows slightly contracted.

"Well?" he said.

"Of one thing I was resolved. I would do nothing off-hand or in haste. I went myself straight away to Morven, where the trouble had come to a head, and interviewed the manager at length. Then I interviewed a deputation of the men. Then I tried to interview some of the workmen and workwomen separately. The state of excitement in the mill—indeed, in all our mills—was (I saw at once) intense. I think the workpeople had a vague idea that there was about to be a scramble for the Daniel millions, and they all had a right to be in it. In three days I was facing at first a suspicious and then a savage opposition. Suddenly I was given a week's notice to accede to the men's demands, or there would be a general strike. On the top of this, three of my old London friends—Labor leaders—came down, and at once sought me out. I put the matter clearly before them. They began by demurring a little, asking why I didn't accede to the men's demands before, instead of after, my investigation; but ultimately agreed to do their best to avoid the strike; and late the next night I was told I should be given a fortnight, but that, at the end of that time, I must meet my men, or take the consequences. One of the three ambassadors told me bluntly that there was nothing else to do but capitulate. He had never seen men more resolute and solid, and public opinion was behind them. Meantime the Press had let me drop somewhat, stirring foreign events having happened unexpectedly; but Tory, Liberal, and Radical newspapers, all alike

took the same tone of cynical expectation, and in my inmost heart I felt that they would not, from their own point of view, be disappointed."

"Ah?" said Hastings.

"I began my investigation," proceeded Daniel, calmly, "and in the teeth of much opposition, working day and night, carried it through, my three Labor friends sardonically 'assisting' me. At the end, I had three clear days in which to mature my proposals, and I insisted on being left absolutely alone. I knew what a momentous decision I was to make. Several times, I will admit, I felt inclined to throw up my hands, and let the men have their own way in everything. For it was utterly clear to me that they meant fight, and savage fight, on any other contingency. Might not these latest Socialistic conclusions of mine be wrong, and my old practical theory of letting the unions (they had organized a union now) practically administer things in its own fashion, be right? It was a long and severe struggle, and it might have ended either way. But a new event decided it beyond all question. A threatening deputation broke in on me. This was too much. I came down to the great meeting of my men with my proposals, based absolutely on the new, and not on the old conclusions. I had often spoken before in public during the last year in London, but this was obviously something quite beyond all that, and I was quite prepared for violence. Yet I felt strangely dreamy and lethargic. I suppose I was tired out with the stress of work. The silence when I rose was acute—almost painful. I could see nobody. It was not till I was well on in my speech, and the tempest was gathering, that I rapidly regained my self-mastery, and all the faces came out as clearly as in the noontide sun. I began by taking the abuses in 'discipline'—chiefly fines for being late and talking and 'fooling' during work-hours. Many I abolished; others I reduced to merely nominal sums, even for the old wages received. A low, strong buzzing, distinctly favorable in character, greeted me at the conclusion of the list. Then came the question of salaries. All the overseers leaped up 50 per cent, a few 70 or 80 per cent. All the skilled workmen, the industrial specialists, leaped up in the same way from 30 to 60 per cent. Everything that implied the

higher type of work, brain-work, the exercise of thought, judgment, and originality, participated in the rapid rise. Then, without waiting, I took the unskilled, or almost unskilled, workmen and workwomen. I should pay men and women who did the same work precisely the same wages, I said, and I ranked off the divisions before I stated the rise I was prepared to give. At the most it was 7 or 8 per cent; at the least it was 4 or 5 per cent. At this there was a terrible pause, and then the commotion began. I asked for silence, and began to speak of the improvements in the general conditions of the workpeople which I contemplated—houses, schools, libraries, a park, baths, and so on. The uproar kept growing and growing. I still persevered, at moments dominating it, and spoke of a system of pensions. A loud voice called: 'Pensions be d—d. We want higher wages.' That finished it. In ten minutes yells for the strike arose. My London friends gathered around me, shouting and gesticulating their remonstrances. I merely shrugged my shoulders, folded up my papers, and went out. It was folly to stop."

"And on that you fought?" asked Hastings.

"Well, not quite on that. There were many interviews, and I was ready night or day to listen and talk with any of them; but I knew quite well it was useless. The temper of the men was for war, and war they would have. To put it shortly, the Daniel workmen desired three things: the first was to have a grab at the Daniel millions; the second was, if possible, to turn themselves into permanent aristocrats of labor; the third was to pay the rank and file of labor 50 per cent higher wages, in proportion to the value of the work done, than the captains and colonels. In other words, they intended to sacrifice skill to strength, brain to body, the higher type to the lower. To concede the first two things meant commercial collapse; to concede the last meant the denial of my passionate conviction of what will prove the ruin, social as well as commercial, not only of England, but of all our civilization. Wherefore, on this issue I was ready to fight them, if needs be, to the bitter end."

"And you fought—and won?"

"And I fought—and won!"

Hastings dropped his face moodily.

"I do not understand your issue clear-

ly," he said. "It seems to me pedantic, and to inflict all that suffering for pedantry was surely criminal."

"Let us discuss the question in the abstract," said Daniel, "up in our starry turret after dinner. For here we are at the avenue, and the avenue, not being a 'palatial' one, will lead us home in a minute or two."

III.

Some hours later, the two men were lying in easy wicker lounges before one of the bay-windows of the northern turret. The faint glimmer of a single shaded taper left visible the glory of the clear and star-studded night beyond, and, as Hastings said, gave faintly the suggestion of the huge, dark surface of the revolving earth-ball, which seemed to be dipping down over the far eastern horizon, while they followed it toward the line of the swiftly-gliding dawnlight.

"You are very happy here," he said, suddenly, after a long pause; "or you seem so. With such a wife, such children, such a home, and a life-work which satisfies your conscience, I might think of you once more in the same cowardly spirit as I did as a lad, as of one to be envied. I have never seen another man or woman of whom I had anything approaching to such a thought. I may have envied this or that possession of theirs, but themselves never, and it is only my cowardice that ever envied you. Jack," he added, turning his head quickly, "tell me truly and sincerely, as from man to man, from soul to soul, *does* your life-work satisfy your conscience? Do you in your clearest and serenest hours of insight and reason, the inspired moments when no self-deception stands erect and unabashed before one's conscious eyes, do you really believe in the social course you pursued, and are, I suppose, pursuing?"

"Dear man," said Daniel, softly stretching out and putting his hand on that of his friend, which rested on the arm of the chair, "I can only answer you that four years' experience of the results of the social ideas which I have, either rightly or wrongly, conceived—four years' careful observation from within and without.—(You would smile at my mysterious disguises and aliases. I have worked months on end in my own factories, and those of other employers, unknown to any one but

my wife.)—It has all the more and more convinced me that humanity at the present moment is menaced with a most terrible danger. It is not anarchy, it is not the 'slavery' of which the Individualists are so afraid—at least it is not in the shape of which they conceive it—and their cure is worse than the disease. The instinct of self-preservation in humanity may be trusted to save us from the suicide of either a red-rampant State Socialism, or from unrestricted competition; but there is something, as I take it, in which this instinct cannot be trusted, and that is universal and triumphant ignorance, and after ignorance, corruption and sloth."

He put down his cigarette in the little tray on the smoking-table at his side.

"I have told you," he said, "that when I had been six months in the London slums, I had become simply an out-and-out Socialist and Labor man. Socialism was the ideal; Labor organization, first in unions and then as a political party, the practical means at hand with which to forward the realization of this ideal. It was not pity alone for the suffering of these people that produced this in me. I knew that in some respects their life was little more piteous than that of the lower and even of the central Middle-class above them. In other respects I knew that the masses were absolutely better off. Their life, if they have health and strength, is often less hopelessly dull and soullessly corrupt. They have at least blood in their veins, not mud, and their life is the wild life of animals, with wild animal pleasures and pains; not the slow corroding care and care and secret viciousness which so often reduce the struggling shopman below the level of even a healthy animalism. Pity indeed played its part in me the more actively that I had no idea of another world than this in which these hapless ones should be compensated by a dispensation of the grim justice Jesus meted out in the parable of Dives and Lazarus. Dives in his lifetime receives his good things, and Lazarus in like manner evil things; but by-and-by Lazarus is to be comforted, and Dives in anguish. If I could only have discovered pity," proceeded Daniel, "on which to found Socialism, then I should have regretfully realized that Socialism was a dream. But when justice showed me that it also, in its strictest shape, was an integral part of this basis, the matter entered

a new phase. I need not, I expect, tell you about this in any detail," he said, raising his hand. "You know the scientific basis of Socialism as well as I do."

"I am not sure of that," said Hastings. "Let us come to some agreement on that before you go further; for it is important. To me Capital is simply withheld wages—a formula as absolute in its way as the main formula of evolution. More and more, as it seems to me, is it becoming clear to us all that, in the domain of social science, Karl Marx's definition of Capital holds precisely the same place as Darwin's definition of natural evolution in the domain of science. When well-known writers on social topics, following John Stuart Mill and the *rococo* political economists, discourse concerning the eternal divisibility of Capital and Labor, they talk as Cuvier did of the eternal immutability of species. One shrugs one's shoulders, and discusses something else. Is this what you mean by the scientific basis of Socialism?"

"Yes, though I should not put it quite in that way."

"And you no longer cherish that amazing blunder of those from whom we should least expect it; of those who gravely assure us that civilization does not, by the mere legal inheritance of wealth, paralyze the great law of natural and sexual selection. This was an obvious fact to the slow and sure biological intelligence of Darwin. The non-appreciation of it seems to me an amazing stultification in some of his fellows, who are indisputably dowered with far swifter and more abstract intellects. Science can find no excuse for civilization in Nature, and surely Herbert Spencer's whole attack on State intervention, because it is based on opposing the struggle for existence and survival of the fittest, is one of the funniest samples of a distressing mental obliquity."

"Once more, yes," said Daniel; "though, once more, not quite as I should put it."

"You would put it more politely for Spencer?"

Daniel smiled.

"Probably," he said; "but I should try to avoid some slight confusion of thought which seems to me either expressed or implied in your polemic. However, that is unimportant. On the main point we are clearly at one, which is that

Individualism has not a leg to stand upon when it defends civilization, as we know it, against Socialism, as we prognosticate it, by alleging that the one is 'natural' and contains the great natural force of evolution as the dominant factor; while the other is 'artificial,' and means the sway of dissolution, degradation, and final death. Thus far, we had apparently developed right along the same lines, and I suppose the next question that presented itself to me was the next that presented itself to you too. Granted, the condition of the masses is pitiful; granted, it can be proved to be based on robbery and exploitation, and is therefore radically unjust; what can justify this hideous inhuman sacrifice? Clearly only one thing: the impossibility of abolishing it, except at the cost of the ruin of humanity. If only 30 per cent, if only 20 per cent—15, 10—nay, even 5 per cent—can be lifted up to anything approaching a humanly worthy existence, then the 70, 80, 85, 90—nay, even the 95—must, more or less, continue to be virtually sacrificed."

Hastings was looking at him askance.

"And you persuaded yourself in favor of the virtual sacrifice? Oh!"—he burst out, laughing dryly—"the modern Annas talks just the reverse of the old one. Culture has taught him that it is better a nation should perish than that one alleged great man should be brought to naught. It was some such rotten gospel of reaction that Thomas Carlyle, the Scotch peasant, who rattled on his order like many another *parvenu*, commercial or philosophic, furnished up, here in England, in the interests of his aristocrat patrons, under the tinsel-shape of what he denominates hero-worship—damn him!"

Daniel laughed in turn, but almost to himself, at his friend's savage outburst.

"A devout person," he said, "was confidentially telling me the other day that he was quite sure Thomas was eternally damned already. However, you are mistaken as to my powers of self-persuasion in this matter. The great god Expediency did not win my worship on that point. I had the contrary idea. It seemed to me that the danger of the ruin of humanity lay far more clearly in the other direction. No, my friend, I concluded altogether in favor of the attempt to abolish the sacrifice. Moloch, even in his latest revised

and amended shape, seems to me somewhat out of date."

Hastings answered nothing, merely raising his eyebrows, and bending his head a little. He thought he had been trapped.

"This," proceeded Daniel, calmly, and wishing to dispel his friend's annoyance, "this was more or less my state of mind at the end of the first six months of my social 'Lehrjahr,' and there, owing to circumstances, my direct conscious and scientific pursuit of the subject (if I may so call it) suddenly ceased. The results of my 'Wanderjahr,' or rather 'Wanderjahre,' came pouring in upon me like a flood. It was not so much in the shape of the facts and experiences of my work, though these also played their part. It was rather as a sort of 'Dichtung und Wahrheit' (since I am using Goethe's phraseology for it) of all my human dreams, my human hopes and aspirations during those ambiguous years. Socialism had become to me the practical creed, based on Justice and to be erected with Science. It now became to me a religion, with all the poetry of an incalculable future, which, as I take it, is the simple verifiable meaning of what the orthodox people call 'heaven.'"

He paused a moment.

"I am not," he said, "going to expatiate on this now, for it does not concern our subject. I merely mention the fact of this irruption of a portion of my life, the use and significance of which I had before then utterly failed to perceive, and which I had, indeed, come to look upon as a more or less unjustifiable waste of myself. I mention it now to account in a measure for the nebulous condition of what I have called my latest Socialistic conclusions. If I had not been occupied with thought and dream and vision concerning the far future of the race, I should not have been distracted to the extent to which, as it seems to me now, I certainly was, with regard to the path the race must inevitably take if that far future is ever to be realized. Yes," he went on, unconsciously failing in his purpose of speaking only of the actual subject, and undergoing the sweet, irresistible charm which we all find in our favorite day-dreams; "yes, if that craving for an immortality of happiness, for a continuous existence of freedom from the cruel combat which Nature

delights in—if that craving is ever to be satisfied, it can only be by the very best combinations of human intelligence and skill. All creatures own that craving. The birds that build their nests long dumbly, even as we weary humans long articulately, for a city that hath foundations. Watching under the microscope the lowest organisms known to us, I have felt the thrill of pity for these infinitesimal atoms of life which would fain, they too, live and move and have a being. In the chemist's bowls and crucibles I have recognized that the wrestlings of the warring elements prefigured, if they did not anticipate, the actual *nisus* of organic life. And how has Nature always achieved the death and destruction of all she creates? First and chiefly, by the needs of hunger, which inevitably make her children either preyers or prey, which make them all the enemies of other forms of life, and threefold the enemies of their own. Some have limited, or striven to limit, the utter ferocity of this by their combinations. Men, starting from simple aggregations, have advanced to civilized cities, nations, races. But we have always failed, just as the others have always failed, in every grade of organic life and being, because we never could make our combination at once complete enough within, and powerful enough without. China alone, by a crude but resolute effort after an unscientific State Socialism, has shown the world something of what can be done in the way of racial homogeneity, and the power of organized racial perpetuity. With us Assyria waxes and wanes before Babylon; Babylon is lost in Persia; Persia goes down before Greece; Greece before the conqueror of Carthage; Rome before the Goths. The weary heartsick tale of the ignorant human spider, continuously spinning his continuously ruined web, goes on from age to age, and sardonic and savage Nature, still unsated, contemplates our insane and fratricidal strife, never less fratricidal and insane than at this very hour. She ruins us through our stupidity. As the capitalistic monopolist, in this her true incarnation, exploits the masses of humanity by merely letting them compete among themselves; so Nature exploits cities, nations, and races. The ultimate crisis for humanity lies clearly in the hour when the globe shall become uninhabitable. As the moon is, so shall the earth be. Did the

cities, nations, and races of the moon go on competing among themselves to the end? Did they see the beauty of Nature's delusive and fleshly smile on fecund land and sea slowly transform itself into the mocking grin of the hideous skeleton of dry, lightless, and heatless death? And did no suspicion of the trick that had been played on them ever cross their minds? Or did the intellectual *élite* of that hapless stock feel, or even realize and recognize it; but, powerless to control the ineptitude of their fellows, sigh over the '*infinita vanità del tutto*,' and steal away to die? Does that same fate await us? Or may we some day discover not only the secret of life and of actual physical immortality, but learn how to arrest the cooling of the earth, or, if that be impossible (though to science all things are possible), migrate to another planet? Who can say!—who can say?"

He paused, looking out into the far and all but cloudless east, where the first glimmerings of the approaching dawn expanded imperceptibly.

"That," he said, "is one's thought—one's dream—one's vision; the ideal, the heaven of the race, and its realization, is possible—possible through developments of ever-increasing beauty, and force, and wonder. Who shall say, No? But one thing is certain: the human problem must be settled first. The danger of the ruined web must be permanently averted. Every faculty of man must be bent to the great work. We must have all mankind to choose from. Food and clothing and housing, refuge from sickness and old age, must be an axiom of human existence. The need for individual selfishness must disappear in that of the race. All energy must go out in the training of the spiritual and mental faculties. Only from a superb rank and file can we hope for a superb army from which we can choose our saviours. We have but one single foe—Nature—the deadliest foe of all, the foe who can be conquered only by intelligence, and enslaved only by compromise, and who can hold no other place but that of either victor or vanquished, of either master or servant. Nothing that runs counter to the final settlement of this, the one vital problem of humanity, is to be tolerated. If we cannot read her riddle aright, our Sphinx will surely devour us, just as she has devoured all the others.

Let us bring but one test to every question—to every effort after social progress and organization—to every law, or would-be law, the blind-worm politicians and propagandists present to us. Civilization as a spiritual and mental unity in infinite variety, but ever as a unity, based on the scientific enslavement of Nature. Two things—the cult, at all costs and all hazards, of intelligence, and the cult, at all hazards and all costs, of the physical satisfaction of the individual; and of these two, if they clash, as ignorance and greed perpetually make them clash, then the first, first!”

“No,” said Hastings, softly. “The second—I still feel that. The second.”

Daniel smiled faintly, looking before him.

“The second,” he said, “stands absolutely to win. Nothing in the long run can stop it. But the first stands possibly, and even probably, to lose. The dominant forces are against it.”

Hastings was silent.

“Such, at least, were the results of my latest conclusions,” said Daniel, still looking before him. “Labor is already for Labor alone, and it will be more and more so, I think—not less and less. Oh! we pity Labor—we pity the masses—we pity the rank and file. But what is that pitifulness of theirs beside the tragedy of the men of intelligence, the poets, painters, musicians, sculptors, the writers of talent and genius, the scientists, the inventors, the discoverers? Do you say Labor is exploited? Heavens! if Labor is exploited 5 per cent, talent and genius are exploited 50 and 500. It is brains we want—it is brains which alone can save us, which alone can help us to solve the deadly riddle of the Sphinx. With brains, I say, all things are possible; without them, little or nothing that is of permanent use. Suppose to-morrow every man was paid the just value of his work. Who, do you suppose, would gain? Whose would be the sudden rises of 100 and 1000 per cent? Why, it is the story of the Morven strike again. Give the masses 7 or 8 per cent increase of their present wage, and you do them utter and absolute justice. Give the men of talent and genius their increase of 50 and 500 per cent, and humanity is still their debtor. A really clever and able journalist told me that in Australia he found it hard for years to

earn as much as a bricklayer. On the steamers along the Australian coast, first-class naval officers, men of the modern scientific education, work harder and earn less than sailors before the mast and the men who load and unload the boats. Labor shows us in Australia, where it is alone yet powerful enough to have anything like a free hand, what it is really after, and the civilization which it rules will be a hell of mediocrity, pullulating into corruption and decadence; at best a China, at worst an easy prey for the first incursion of a more vigorous stock. It will not advance us one step toward the true civilization, not to say toward the resolution of the great human problem. Already the Labor men decree that none but a Labor man shall stand by them. Do you guess what that means? It means that the masses are to ‘run’ talent and genius to-morrow, just as the classes ‘run’ them to-day, for the profit and pleasure of the ‘runners;’ and once more the weary, heart-sick web shall be spun by the stupid spider, and Nature shall sit, savage and sardonic, enthroned on our bones, and drinking our blood from her cups of gold, while Time in the gray depths of space waits in his lethargic stupor till she too falls prone in an everlasting oblivion.”

There was a long pause, that grew into a silence, before Hastings heaved a sigh and rose slowly to his feet.

“Jack,” he said, sadly, standing gazing at the now ever-broadening and intensifying dawnlight, “I asked you to tell me truly and sincerely, as from man to man, from soul to soul, whether your life-work satisfied your conscience. Let me speak to you now as I desired you to speak to me, and as I believe you did speak—as you have just spoken. Do I feel that the cause for which I have struggled and lived, and for which I shall, in all human probability, yet die—do I, any more than you, feel, in my heart of hearts and mind of minds, that it will equal our hope and faith in it? I cannot answer, Yes. That cause, I too feel sure, will win—it is bound to win—because it stands for a newer and truer social idea than that which combats it. Christianity, with all its faults, limitations, and even vices, conquered the Paganism of Greece and Rome, which was far from being without its goodnesses, splendors, and virtues, for just that reason; and thus Socialism will con-

quer Civilization. Yes, I feel it—I know it. It may take a hundred years—two—three—four—five hundred years. It will conquer in the end. But that it will do all we—all even I—hope and trust for in it—ah! that is another thing. Jack, let me tell you all. I know, I think, the forces that are really driving us forward, as well as you do, perhaps better. I know which of them will become more and more the dominant forces that must mould and fashion the organized life of humanity in the near future. And there are moments—there have been, and doubtless there will be again—when I have been glad that I have lived now, in the dark and doubtful hours of the night, rather than in the full flood-tide of exultant day. That is all I have to tell you—only a bad dream, perhaps a nightmare. I am very thankful for death.”

Daniel's arm was round his shoulders.

“Dear man,” he murmured, “be thankful also for love.”

Hastings flung up his face.

“Oh no!” he cried; “I don't falter; I don't repent—I, with the narrow ideals and the bewildered vision of a desperate hope and a despairing faith. Onward, onward, and upward! Who am I? What am I? What does it matter? The idea is the greatest of our time—the hope the most superb, the faith the most intense. That is enough for me.”

Then suddenly:

“Look!” he said, stretching out his hand, his eyes lit, his mouth smiling.

At one steady impulse the sun had surged above the clear horizon line, and soared, huge, round, blazing, and glorious, into the thrilling blue of the heavens.

They stood together in silence, regarding his splendor.—*Contemporary Review.*

THE NEW ASTRONOMY: ITS METHODS AND RESULTS.

BY SIR ROBERT S. BALL, F.R.S.

ASTRONOMERS are at present endeavoring to become fully acquainted with the resources of a new tool which has recently been placed in their hands. Perhaps it would be rather more correct to say that the tool is not exactly novel in principle, but it is rather the development of its capabilities and its application in new directions that forms the departure now creating so much interest. We have already learned much by its aid, while the expectation of further discoveries is so well founded that it is doubtful whether at any time since the invention of the telescope the prospects of the practical astronomer have seemed so bright as they are at this moment.

In the earlier periods of astronomical research it was the movements of the heavenly bodies which specially claimed attention, and it was with reference to these movements that the great classical achievements of the science have been made. But within the last two or three decades the most striking discoveries in observational astronomy have been chiefly though by no means exclusively concerned with the physical constitution of the heavenly bodies. It is the application of

the spectroscope by the labors of Dr. Huggins and others that has disclosed to some extent the material elements present in the stars, as well as in comets and the distant nebulae. Now, however, it seems as if the spectroscope were for the future to be utilized not merely for that chemical examination of objects which is in the scope of no other method, but also as a means of advancing in a particular way our knowledge of the movements of the heavenly bodies. The results already obtained are of a striking and interesting description, and it is to their exposition and development that this article is devoted.

In the first place, it will be observed that the application of the spectroscope which we are now considering is not merely to be regarded as an improvement superseding the older methods of determining the movements of stars. It is, indeed, not a little remarkable that the type of information yielded by the spectroscope is wholly distinct from that which the earlier processes were adapted to give. The new method of observing movements, and that which, for convenience, we may speak of as the telescopic method, are not, in fact, competitive contrivances for obtaining the

same results. They are rather to be regarded as complementary, each being just adapted to render the kind of information that the other is incompetent to afford.

It is well known that the ordinary expression, *fixed star*, is a misnomer, for almost every star which has been observed long enough is seen to be in motion. Indeed, it is not at all likely—nay, it is infinitely improbable, that such an object as a really fixed star actually exists. When the place of a star has been accurately determined by measurements made with the meridian circle, and when, after the lapse of a number of years the place of the same star is again determined by observation, it not unfrequently happens that the two places disagree. The explanation is, of course, that the star has moved in the interval. Thus the constellations are becoming gradually transformed by the movements of the several stars which form them. It is true that the movements are so slow that even in thousands of years the changes do not amount to much when regarded as a disturbance of the configuration. Thus, to take an example, we know the movements of the stars forming the Great Bear sufficiently well to be able to sketch the position of the stars as they were ten thousand years ago, or as they will be in ten thousand years to come, and though, no doubt, some distortion is shown in each of these pictures from the present lineaments of the Great Bear, yet the identity of the group is in each case well preserved.

It is, however, obvious that if a star should happen to be darting directly toward the observer or directly from him, the telescopic method of determining its movement becomes wholly inapplicable. No change in its position could be noticed. It is, no doubt, conceivable that if the distance of a star from the earth were determined, and if the investigation were repeated after a sufficient lapse of time, then the differences between the two distances would give an indication of the star's movement along the line of sight during the interval. But we may say at once that such a method of research is wholly impracticable. Our knowledge of the star-distances is far too imperfect for the successful application of this method. Nor is there the slightest prospect of any improvements in practical astronomy which could enable us to detect movements of

stars in the line of sight in the way suggested. Certainly it offers no hope of a method which could compare for a moment in simplicity or precision with the beautiful spectroscopic process. Of course if a star were moving in the line of sight, there must be a certain change in its apparent lustre corresponding to the changes in its distance, and it might be supposed that by careful measurements of the brightness of a star conducted from time to time, conclusions could be drawn as to the speed with which it was moving. But the application of such a process is beyond the sphere of available methods. It would take at least a thousand years before even the most rapidly-moving star would experience a change that would sensibly affect its lustre; and even if we had the means of measuring with precision the light emitted, our results would still be affected by the possible fluctuations in the star's intrinsic brightness. It is thus manifest that the resources of the older astronomy were quite incapable of meeting the demands of astronomers when it became necessary to learn the movements of the stars to us or from us as well as the movements perpendicular to the line of vision, which had always been the subject of much investigation. It is just here that the spectroscope comes in to fill the vacant place in the armory of the astronomer. It tells exactly what the older methods were unable to tell, and it does so with a certainty and a facility that suggest vast possibilities for the spectroscopic process in the future. The principle of the method is a beautiful illustration of the extent to which the different branches of physical science are interwoven. But the principle has been a familiar one to astronomers for many years. It is the facility and success attending its recent application that has now aroused so much interest. Once it became certain that the undulatory theory of light expressed a great truth of nature, a certain deduction from that truth became almost obvious. It was, however, by no means certain that the practical application of this deduction to astronomical research would be feasible. That it has proved to be so in any degree is somewhat of a surprise, while it now appears susceptible of developments to an extent that could hardly have been dreamed of.

The logic of the new method is simple enough. Our eyes are so constituted that

when a certain number of ethereal vibrations per second are received by the nerves of the retina the brain interprets the effect to mean that a ray of, let us say, red light has entered the eye. A certain larger number of vibrations per second is similarly understood by the brain to imply the presence of blue light on the retina. Each particular hue of the spectrum—the red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, violet—is associated with a corresponding number of vibrations per second. It will thus be seen that the interpretation we put on any ray of light depends solely, as far as its hue is concerned, on the number of vibrations per second produced on the retina. Increase that number of vibrations in any way, then the hue shifts toward one nearer the blue end of the spectrum; decrease the number of vibrations per second, and the hue shifts along the spectrum in the opposite direction.

From these considerations it is apparent that the hue of a light as interpreted by the eye will undergo modification if the source from which the light radiates is moving toward us or moving from us. In order to expound the matter simply I shall suppose a case of a rather simpler type than any which we actually find in nature. Let us suppose the existence of a star emitting light of a pure green color corresponding to a tint near the middle of the spectrum. This star pours forth each second a certain number of vibrations appropriate to its particular color, and if the star be at rest relatively to the eye, then, we assume, the vibrations will be received on the retina at the same intervals as those with which the star emits them. Consequently we shall perceive the star to be green. But now suppose that the star is hurrying toward us, it follows that the number of vibrations received in a second by the eye will undergo an increase. For the relative movement is the same as if the earth were rushing toward the star. In this case we advance, as it were, to meet the waves, and consequently receive them at less intervals than if we were to wait for their arrival. Many illustrations can be given of the simple principle here involved. Suppose that a number of soldiers are walking past in single file, and that while the observer stands still twenty soldiers a minute pass him. But now let him walk in the opposite direction to the soldiers, then, if his speed be as great as

theirs, he will pass forty soldiers a minute instead of twenty. If his speed were half that of the soldiers, then he would pass thirty a minute, so that in fact the speed with which the observer is moving could be determined if he counts the number of soldiers that he passes per minute, and makes a simple calculation. On the other hand, suppose that the observer walks in the same direction as the soldiers; if he maintains the same pace that they do, then it is plain that no soldiers at all will pass him while he walks. If he moves at half their rate, then ten soldiers will pass him each minute. From these considerations it will be sufficiently apparent that if the earth and the star are approaching each other, more waves of light per second will be received on the retina than if their positions are relatively stationary. But the interpretation which the brain will put on this accession to the number of waves per second is that the hue of the light is altered to some shade nearer the blue end of the spectrum. In fact, if we could conceive the velocity with which the bodies approached to be sufficiently augmented, the color of the star would seem to change from green to blue, from blue to indigo, from indigo to violet; while, if the pace were still further increased, it is absolutely certain that the waves would be poured upon the retina with such rapidity that no nerves there present would be competent to deal with them, and the star would actually disappear from vision. It may, however, be remarked that the velocity required to produce such a condition as we have supposed is altogether in excess of any known velocities in the celestial movements. The actual changes in hue that the movements we meet with are competent to effect are much smaller than in the case given as an illustration.

On the other hand, we may consider the original green star and the earth to be moving apart from each other. The effect of this is that the number of waves poured into the eye is lessened, and accordingly the brain interprets this to imply that the hue of the star has shifted from the green to the red end of the spectrum. If the speed with which the bodies increase their distance be sufficiently large, the green may transform into a yellow, the yellow into an orange, the orange into a red; while a still greater velocity is, at all events, conceivable which would cause the

undulations to be received with such slowness that the nature of the light could no longer be interpreted by any nerves which the eye contains, and from the mere fact of its rapid motion away from us the star would become invisible. Here again we must add the remark that the actual velocities animating the heavenly bodies are not large enough to allow of the extreme results now indicated.

However, in the actual circumstances of the celestial bodies it seems impossible that any change of hue recognizable by the eye could be attributed to movement in the line of sight. Nor does this merely depend on the circumstance that the velocities are too small to produce such an effect. It must be remembered that the case of a star which dispenses light of perfect simplicity of composition is one that can hardly exist among the heavenly bodies, though it may be admitted that there is a certain approach to it in one or two remarkable cases. It is, however, much more usual for the light from a star to be of a highly composite type, including rays not only from all parts of the visual spectrum, but also of rays belonging to the ultra violet region, as well as others beyond the extreme red end. The effect of the retreat of a star, so far as its color is concerned, is that though the green is shifted a little toward the red, a bluish hue moves up to supply the place of the green, and as a similar effect takes place along the entire length of the spectrum, the total appearance is unaltered.

It is a fortunate circumstance that the lines in the spectrum afford a precise means of measuring the extent of the shift due to motion. If the movement of the star be toward us then the whole system of lines is shifted toward the blue end, whereas it moves toward the red end when the star is hastening from us. The amount of the shift is a measure of the speed of the movement. This is the consideration which brings the process within the compass of practical astronomy. We need not here discuss the appliances, optical, mechanical, and photographic, by which an unexpected degree of precision has been given to the measurements. It seems that in the skilful hands of Vogel and Keeler it is possible in favorable cases to obtain determinations of the velocities of objects in the line of sight with a degree of precision which leaves no greater margin for

doubt than about 5 per cent of the total amount. It is truly astounding that such a degree of accuracy should be attainable under conditions of such difficulty. It must also be remembered that the distance of the object is here immaterial, unless in so far as the reduction in the brilliancy of the star owing to its distance involves a difficulty in making the observations.

As the first illustration of the extraordinary results that are now being obtained by the application of the new process, I take the case of the celebrated variable *Algol*. This star is a well-known object to all star-gazers; it lies in the constellation of *Perseus*, and its vagaries attracted notice in early times. In ages when the stars were worshipped as divinities it was not unreasonable to suppose that a star whose light varied in any extraordinary manner should naturally be viewed with some degree of suspicion as contrasted with stars that dispense their beams with uniformity. It was doubtless a feeling of this kind which rendered *Algol* a star of questionable import to the ancient students of the heavens. It was accordingly known as the *Demon Star*, for this is the equivalent of the name by which we now know it. As to the peculiarities of *Algol* which have given it notoriety, these are very simply described. For two days and ten hours the star remains of uniform lustre, being ranked about the second magnitude; then a decline of brightness sets in, and the star in a few hours parts with three fifths of its brightness. At the lowest point it remains for about twenty minutes, and then the brilliancy commences to increase, so that in a few hours more *Algol* has resumed its original character. The entire period required for the decline and the rise is about ten hours, and the whole cycle of the changes has been determined with much accuracy, and is at present 2 days, 20 hours, 48 minutes, 52 seconds. The length of the period seems to undergo some trifling fluctuations of a few seconds, but on the whole the permanence of the system is a striking part of the phenomenon. Considering that these changes can be observed without any telescope, it is not surprising that they have been known for centuries. Indeed, it fortunately happens that there is a smaller star near *Algol* which serves as a convenient standard of comparison. Under ordinary circumstances *Algol* is much brighter than its neighbor,

but when it sinks to its lowest point it then happens that the two stars have almost equal lustre. It is only within the last year or two that the mystery of the variability of Algol has been at last revealed and the phenomenon of the Demon Star has received its true interpretation.

It had been suggested long ago that the loss of light might be due to an eclipse of the brilliant star by some dark companion; indeed, this theory seemed to hold the field, inasmuch as its only rival was one which supposed Algol to be a revolving body darker on one side than the other. This, however, was easily shown to be incompatible with the observed facts as to the manner in which the light waxed and waned in a single cycle of change. It was, however, impossible to subject the eclipse theory to any decisive test until astronomers were provided with the means of measuring the velocity of approach or retreat along the line of sight. The existence of the dark companion was therefore almost destitute of support from observations until Vogel made his wonderful discovery.

Applying the improved spectrographic process to Algol, he determined on one night that Algol was retreating at a speed of twenty-six miles a second. This in itself is a striking fact, but of course the velocity is not an exceptionally large one for celestial movements. We know of one star at least which moves half a dozen times as fast. When, however, Vogel came to repeat his observations, he found that Algol was again moving with the same velocity, but this time the movement was toward the earth instead of from it. Here was indeed a singular circumstance demanding the careful examination which it speedily received. It appeared that the movements of Algol to and fro were strictly periodic, that is to say, for one day and ten hours the star is moving toward us, and then for a like time it moves from us, the maximum speed in each advance or retreat being that we have mentioned, namely, twenty-six miles a second. The interest awakened by this discovery culminates when it appears that this movement to and fro is directly associated in a remarkable manner with the variation of Algol's lustre. It is invariably found that every time the movement of retreat is completed, the star loses its brilliance, and regains it again at the commencement of the return

movement. It is thus plain that the changes in brilliance of the star bear an important relation to the periodic movement. Here was an important step taken. For the next advance in this remarkable investigation we have to depend, not on our instruments, but on the laws of mechanics. We have spoken of Algol as moving to and fro, but it is necessary to observe that it is impossible for a star to run along a straight line for a certain distance, stop, turn back, again retrace its movement, stop, and again return. Such movement is simply forbidden by the laws of motion. We can, however, easily ascertain that there is a type of motion possible for Algol which shall be compatible with the results of the spectroscopic research and also be permitted by the laws of motion. There is no objection to the supposition that Algol is moving in a path which is nearly, if not exactly, a circle. In this it would only be moving as does the moon, or the earth, or any of the other planets. It will be only necessary to suppose that the plane of the orbit of Algol is directed so that it passes near the earth. During the description of one semicircle Algol will be coming toward us, while, during the other semicircle, it will be going from us, and thus the observed facts of the movement are conciliated with the laws of motion. Of course, this involves a certain periodic shift in the position of Algol in the heavens. It must, for instance, when moving most rapidly from us be at a distance equal to the diameter of the circle from the position which it has when moving most rapidly toward us. This is true, but the extent of the shift of place is far too small to be visible to our instruments. In fact, it can be shown that the size of the circle in which Algol revolves could hardly be larger than is that which the rim of a three-penny bit would appear to have if viewed from a situation five hundred miles away. It is one of the extraordinary characteristics of the spectroscopic method that it renders such an orbital movement perceptible.

The fact that Algol revolves in an orbit having been thus demonstrated, we can again call in the assistance of the laws of dynamics to carry us a step further. Such a movement is possible on one condition and only one, and that is that there is an attracting body in the neighborhood around which Algol revolves. Of course the stu-

dent of mechanics knows that in such a case each of the bodies revolves around the other. The essential point to be noticed is that the spectroscopic evidence admits of no other interpretation save that there must be another mighty body in the immediate vicinity of Algol. We had already seen reason to believe in the possibility of the presence of such a companion for the Demon Star, simply from the fact of its variability. There cannot be any longer a doubt that the mystery has been solved. Algol must be attended by a companion star, which, if not absolutely as devoid of intrinsic light as the earth or the moon, is nevertheless dark relatively to Algol. Once in each period of revolution this obscure body intrudes between the earth and Algol, cutting off a portion of the direct light from the star and thus producing the well-known effect. Here we have such a remarkable concurrence between the facts of observation and the laws of dynamics that it is impossible to doubt the explanation they provide of the variability of this famous star.

There is, however, a further point in which the facts can be made to yield information of even a more striking character, inasmuch as it is unique of its kind. It is, of course, well known that stars in general show no appreciable disks even in our best telescopes. In fact the better the instrument the smaller does the stellar point appear. This is, of course, due to the distance at which the stars are situated. It would be easy to show that if the sun were to be viewed by an observer placed on the nearest of the stars the apparent magnitude of its disk would be no greater than an eagle would seem if soaring overhead at an altitude three times as great as the distance of New Zealand beneath our feet. Of course, no instrument whatever would render the dimensions of such an object perceptible, though such is the delicacy of the sense of perception of light that the eye may be able to detect the radiation from a self-luminous object which is itself too small to form an image of recognizable dimensions on the retina. The stars, of course, are suns often comparable with, and often far exceeding, our own Sun in lustre and dimensions, but their distance is far too large to enable us to measure their diameters by the ordinary processes of the observatory. Even if the stars were brought toward the earth so that

their distances were reduced to a tenth of what they are at this moment, it does not seem at all likely that any one of them would be even then seen clearly enough to enable us to perceive its diameter. This statement becomes the more significant when it is borne in mind that there are several cases in which, though we are not able to measure the dimensions of stars, yet we are able to weigh them. If the period of revolution of a binary star has been determined, and if the distance of the pair from the sun is also known, we then have sufficient data to enable us to compare the mass of the binary system with that of the sun. It will therefore be understood that the first observations which declare the actual dimensions of a star merit the utmost attention. They constitute a distinct and important departure in our knowledge of the universe. It is surely a noteworthy epoch in the history of astronomy when, for the first time, we are able to apply the celestial callipers to gauge the diameter of a star. So far as surveying and measuring goes, this is the most significant piece of work in sidereal astronomy since the epoch, half a century ago, when the determination of a stellar distance first emerged from the mistiness of mere guess work and took a respectable position among the solved problems of astronomy. Nor is our gratification at the result of Vogel's striking work lessened by the fact of its unexpectedness. Who would have predicted some few years ago that the spectroscope was to be the instrument to which we should be indebted for the means of putting a measuring tape round the girth of a star? The process and the results are alike full of interest and are of happy augury for the future.

To explain exactly how it is possible to deduce the diameter of Algol from the known facts of its movement would lead into some technicalities that need not be here mentioned. But the principle of the method is so plain that it would be unfitting to leave it without some attempt at exposition. We are first to notice that Algol, at the moment of its greatest eclipse, has lost about three fifths of its light: it therefore follows that the dark satellite must have covered three fifths of the bright surface. It is also to be noticed that the period of maximum obscuration is about twenty minutes, and that we

know the velocity of the bright star. These facts, added to our knowledge that ten hours is required for the brilliancy to sink from and regain its original lustre, enable the sizes of the two globes to be found. There is only one element of uncertainty in the matter. We have assumed that the densities of the two bodies are the same. Of course, this may not be the case, and if it should prove to be unfounded, then some modification will have to be made in the numerical elements now provisionally assigned. There can, however, be little doubt that so far as the substantial features of the Algol system are concerned, the elements given by Vogel may be accepted. Let us endeavor to form a conception of what Algol and its companion are like. It is worth making the attempt, because, as we have already said, Algol is the first star among "yonder hundred million spheres" of which the dimensions are approximately known. First we are to think of Algol itself. It is indeed a vast object, a glowing globe, a veritable Sun, much larger than our own. The diameter of the Sun would have to be increased by almost 200,000 miles to make it as great as that of Algol. But we may exhibit the relative proportions of the two bodies in a somewhat different manner. Imagine two globes, each as large as our Sun; let those two be rolled into one, and we have a globe of the splendid proportions of Algol. But now for a singular circumstance which indicates the variety of types of Sun which the heavens offer to our study. Though Algol is twice as big as the Sun it is not twice as heavy. It is indeed an extraordinary circumstance that, notwithstanding the vast bulk of Algol, its weight is only about half that of the Sun. The Sun itself has a density about a fourth that of the Earth, or but little more than the density of water, yet Algol has a density which is much less than that of water, in fact, this globe is apparently not much heavier than if it were made of cork. We are, of course, speaking of the average density of the star. No doubt its central portions must be dense enough, but it is impossible to resist the conclusions that the greater part of Algol must be composed of matter in a gaseous state. Of course, such a state of things is already known to exist in many celestial bodies. The figures that have been arrived at must be regarded as subject to a possible correc-

tion, but it is difficult to repress all feelings of enthusiasm at a moment when, for the first time, so startling an extension has been given to our knowledge of the universe. And now, as to the dark companion of Algol. Here is an object which we never have seen, and apparently never can expect to see, but yet we have been able not only to weigh it and to measure it, but also to determine its movements. It appears that the companion of Algol is about the same size as our Sun, but has a mass only one fourth as great. This indicates the existence of a globe of matter which must be largely in the gaseous state, but which, nevertheless, seems to be devoid of intrinsic luminosity. We may compare this body with the planet Saturn; of course, the latter is not nearly so large as the companion to Algol, but the two globes seem to agree fairly well as to density. As to the character of the movements of the dark companion of Algol, we can learn little, except what the laws of dynamics may teach; but the information thus acquired is founded on such well-understood principles that it leaves us in no uncertainty. It would be a natural assumption that the law of gravitation is obeyed and must be obeyed in the stellar systems. It would, indeed, be surprising if that law which regulates the movements of the bodies in the solar system should not be found to prevail in the sidereal systems also. Everything would justify us in the anticipation that this is so. Have we not learned to a large extent the actual nature of the elementary bodies which enter into the composition of stars? We find that the ingredients of these other suns are in the main identical with those which exist in our own Sun and in the Earth itself. If iron attracts iron by the law of gravitation in the solar system, why should not iron attract iron in the sidereal systems as well? But we are not dependent solely on this presumption for our knowledge of the important fact that the law of gravitation is not confined to the solar system. The movements of binary stars have been studied, and it has been invariably found that the phenomena observed are compatible with the supposition that the law of gravitation prevails throughout the universe. It would not, however, be correct to assert, as has been sometimes done, that the facts of the binary systems actually prove that gravitation is

the all-compelling force there as here. The circumstances do not warrant us in expressing the matter quite so forcibly. The binary stars are so remote that the observations which we are enabled to make are wanting in the almost mathematical precision which we can give to such work when applied to the bodies of our own system. It is quite possible for mathematical ingenuity to devise a wholly arbitrary and imaginary system of force, which might explain the facts of binary stars, as far as we are able to observe them, on quite another hypothesis than the simple law that the attraction between two particles varies with the inverse square of the distance. No one, however, will be likely to doubt that it is the law of gravitation, pure and simple, which prevails in the celestial spaces, and consequently we are able to make use of it to explain the circumstances attending the movement of Algol's dark companion.

This body is the smaller of the two, and the speed with which it moves is double as great as that of Algol, so that it travels over as many miles in a second as an express train can get over in an hour. It revolves with apparent uniformity in an orbit which must be approximately circular, and it completes its journey in the brief period given above, which indicates the time of variability. So far the movements of Algol and its companion are not very dissimilar to movements in the solar system with which we are already familiar; but there is one point in which the Algol system presents features wholly without parallel in the planetary movements. It is that the two bodies are so very close together. I do not, of course, mean that they seem close by ordinary standards—for is not their distance always some three million miles? This is, however, an unusually short distance when compared with the dimensions of the two globes themselves. The dimensions of the system may be appreciated by the simple illustration of taking a shilling and a sixpence and placing them so that the distance from rim to rim is two inches. The smaller coin will represent the dark satellite and the larger one Algol, fairly correct as to position and dimensions. Viewed in this way it is evident that the dimensions of the globes bear a monstrous proportion to their distance apart when compared with the more familiar planets and satel-

lites of our system. The tides in such a case must be of a magnitude and importance of which we have no conception from our experiences of such agencies here.

We have dwelt thus long on the subject of Algol because it was fitting to give due emphasis to the remarkable extension of our knowledge of the universe which took place when, for the first time, we became able to measure the size of a star.

It is well known that the most difficult test-objects on which a telescope can be directed are some of those double stars of which the components have a suitable distance. If the two stars be so close together that they subtend at our system an angle not more than a few tenths of a second, then the telescopic separation of the two components is a feat to tax the powers of the most perfect instrument, and the eye of the most accomplished observer. It may, however, happen that there are double stars of which the components are much closer than this. In such a case there is not the slightest possibility of our being able to effect a visual decomposition of the pair into its components. The spectroscopic process has, however, placed at our disposal a striking method for detecting the existence of double stars, so extraordinarily difficult that even if the components were hundreds of times farther apart than they actually are they would still fall short of the necessary distance at which they must be situated before they can be separated telescopically. Indeed, we have here obtained an accession to our power so remarkable that we have not yet been able even to feel the limits within which its application must be confined. As an illustration of this process I shall take a star which is probably as famous as Algol itself. It is Mizar, the middle star of the three which form the tail of the Great Bear. Mizar has in its vicinity the small star Alcor, which is now so easily seen as to make it hard for us to realize the significance of the proverb, "He can see Alcor." It is, however, possible that the lustre of Alcor may have waxed greater since ancient times. The relationship between Mizar and Alcor is closer than might be inferred from the mere fact of their contiguity on the sky. Their proximity is not an accident of situation, as is the case in some other instances when two stars happen to lie in nearly the same line of vision. The association of Alcor and

Mizar is rendered highly probable from the fact that they move together in parallel directions and the same velocity. But this is the least of the circumstances that gives Mizar its interest. The star itself is a double of the easiest type, and is at the same time of striking interest and beauty. Every possessor of a telescope, large or small, knows Mizar to be one of the most suitable objects wherewith to delight the friends that visit his observatory, by a glimpse at a double star which is both easy to discern and remarkable in character. This is the second noteworthy point about Mizar; but now for the third and last, which is by far the most interesting of all, and has only lately been ascertained by a discovery which will take its place in the history of astronomy as the inauguration of a new process in the study of things sidereal.

Professor Pickering has, as is well known, been extremely successful in obtaining photographs of the spectra of the stars. Sufficient means having been placed at his disposal by Mrs. Draper, he has applied himself with remarkable results to the compilation of the Henry Draper Memorial. The photographs of the spectra of the stars that he has thus obtained exhibit a fulness of detail that some years ago could hardly have been expected even in photographs of the solar spectrum itself. Among the stars subjected to his camera was Mizar, and the photographs of the spectrum of its principal component exhibited, as other stellar spectra did, a profusion of dark lines. These photographs being repeated at different dates, it was natural to compare them together, and it was noticed that the lines sometimes appeared double and sometimes single. So striking a circumstance, of course, demanded closer investigation, and presently it appeared that this opening and closing of the lines was a periodical phenomenon. The interval between one maximum opening of the lines and the next was fifty-two days. If the star were a single object, then this phenomenon would be inexplicable. It was plain that the object could not be a single star; it must consist of a pair extremely close together, and in rapid revolution. The doubling of the lines will then be readily intelligible. When one of the components is moving toward us while the other is moving from us, all the lines belonging to one system are shifted one

way, and all those belonging to the other system are shifted the other way, the effect on the spectrum being that the lines appear doubled. When the stars are moving perpendicularly to the line of sight, then their relative velocities toward the earth are equal, and the lines close up again. We thus at once learn the period of the revolution of the two components. The lines must open out twice in each circuit, and consequently we have as the first instalment of the numerical facts of the system that the period of its revolution is a hundred and four days. It is, however, a peculiarity of the spectroscopic process that it provides us with a wealth of information on the subject. The amount by which the lines open when they separate admits of accurate measurement, and as this depends on the velocities, it follows that we obtain a determination of these velocities. It thus appears that the speed with which each of the component stars moves is about fifty miles a second. As, therefore, we know the pace at which the stars are moving, and the time they need for the journey, we know how large their path is, and thus we infer that the distance of the components is, speaking roundly, about one hundred and fifty millions of miles. But now we are enabled to draw a remarkable inference. We know the size of the orbits, and we know the time in which the revolutions are accomplished. It is the mathematician who enables the mass of the bodies to be determined, and the result is not a little astonishing. It tells us that the mass of the two component stars which form Mizar is not less than forty times as great as the mass of the sun. Here is indeed a result equally striking on account of the method by which it is obtained and of the startling character of the conception to which it leads. Remember that in all this the distance of the star from the earth is not concerned, for the results at which we have arrived are absolutely independent of the distance at which the star may happen to be placed. We already knew the masses of some few binary stars by the application of the older process, but in all such cases it was necessary that we should have a previous knowledge of the star's distance. This is always a precarious element, and in the majority of cases it is wholly out of our power to discover it. Now, however, we are entitled to expect large additions to

our knowledge of the stars, their masses, and their movements, notwithstanding the fact that the distances may be too vast to be appreciated by any means at our disposal.

The instances that have been given will suffice to show the versatility of the new method. It is the alliance of photography with spectroscopy that makes the present

time so full of promise. The improvement of the two arts has gone on simultaneously, and the quantity of detail that is contained in such photographs of stellar spectra as those which have been recently obtained by Professor Pickering and by Mr. Lockyer shows the immensity of the field that now invites exploration.—*Fortnightly Review*.

MAN, EAST AND WEST.

BY REV. SAMUEL A. BARNETT.

A JOURNEY round the world leaves the traveller's mind in some confusion. Old theories do not fit new facts. Some principles turn out to be only prejudices, and impression conflicts with impression. A conclusion formed in India is often upset by a conclusion formed in Japan. His mind is therefore in confusion about the things as to which people at home ask questions. He is not clear about the best form of Government, remembering both India and America; he will not certainly sing the praises of "industrialism," having seen its operation in Japan; he is neither "jingo" nor cosmopolitan, neither socialist nor individualist. He cannot easily answer the question, "What do you think?" He is conscious of thinking so many different things, and when he speaks his witness agreeth not together. He cannot take sides with the Indian people or with the Indian officials, with old Japan or with new Japan, with American freetraders or protectionists.

My mind is suffering from some such confusion of memories and of impressions, but out of the confusion has I think been evolved a greater respect for humanity. India, China, Japan and America offer very different types of character; the experience of the various peoples has left memories of things sad and bad, but the surviving memory is of the good which was in each, and the net gain of a voyage round the world is a firmer belief in man.

In India the difficulty of this belief is greatest. There are, it must be remembered, not one India but many Indias. There is the India of the Mahrattas, a hardy, highland people, who, like the Scotch Highlanders, have memories of successful forays and of triumphant victo-

ries; and there is the India of the Bengalee, a soft and easy-living race, whose triumphs have been those of the brain and not of the arm. There is the India of the Punjab with its fierce people, and there is the India of Madras, with its tame and submissive races. There is the India of the hillmen, among whom still survive primitive customs, and there is the India of the plain, to whom our civilization has sometimes hardly anything to offer. There are over two hundred different languages at present spoken in the Indian peninsula, and the history of the past is not the history of a country, but of various tribes and nations who within its limits have fought for supremacy. An Indian gentleman having travelled through Europe relates how he could discover fewer national differences than he found travelling through India. Familiar only with Eastern civilization and ignorant of European languages, Rome, Paris, Berlin and London seemed to him to be more alike than Poonah, Delhi, Calcutta and Madras.

The English traveller only slowly discovers some of these differences, and to him, as to the Indian traveller in Europe, there stand out some great common characteristics. (1) All the people are poor; (2) all have been conquered; (3) all are subject to Brahman influence.

All are poor; the Highlanders of Poonah are as poor as the peasants of Bengal, the people of Bombay as the people of Madras, the dwellers in town as the dwellers in the country. No passing traveller fails to be impressed by the prevailing poverty. The crowds he meets in the streets show by their clothing and by their looks that they are poor; the laborers in the fields often show in their spare and

emaciated frames the signs of want. "Why do they live?" is the question ever forcing itself for answer. It is not that they may enjoy food: all they eat is some coarse grain. It is not that they may dress: all they wear is a colored cloth. It is not from a sense of duty: all their duty consists in enduring and not in doing. It is not for pleasure: all their enjoyment is a pilgrimage.

The sight of the toiling people, of their comfortless houses, of the faces too sad to answer a smile, depresses the traveller, and he soon learns that it is the poverty of 250,000,000 people which affects all discussion. "What do the people talk about?" "Always the same, always about *pice*," is the answer. "A million persons lie down every night not knowing when they will break their fast," is the stock phrase of a congress man. "The people get poorer every year," is the passionate assertion of young educated Indians; and one professor, asked what he would do if the budget showed a surplus, put in no claim, after the manner of professors, for books or colleges, but pleaded only for the remission of the salt tax, which would leave every year in the hands of the poor sevenpence a head. "Why is education so backward? why are there few school buildings—no public libraries?" "The people are too poor to pay further taxes," is the answer. In India the annual income per head is only £2, whereas in Turkey it is £4, and in England £33.

How to keep people alive in ordinary years, and at the same time provide them with education, is the problem before every official, who is besides haunted by the fear of an extraordinary year when famine will sweep through his province in unchecked career. There may be differences between the various peoples who inhabit India, but the impression left on the traveller is that they are poor, sad, and dejected.

The next common characteristic is that all have been conquered, first by the Mohammedans and then by the British. The symbols of victory are still evident, and the spirit of the conquered is still in the people. The great buildings of India stand as signs of the power which swept away the rivalries of the Indian nations and the Indian religions, and established the splendid despotism of the Great Mogul. The British magistrate, enduring loneli-

ness and heat, cut off by duty from wife and children, while he sternly administers justice for a million people, is also a sign of a power which has conquered. There is nothing in the world grander than some of the Mohammedan buildings; there are few things nobler than a good English official; yet in the eyes of the Indian both represent force, and provoke in him suspicion, self distrust, and deceitfulness.

It was an impressive sight when on one Friday I looked down on 5000 Mohammedan worshippers gathered in the mosque at Delhi. Silently they gathered, and marshalled by an unseen hand and by an unheard voice—as by God Himself—they formed lines, and faced toward Mecca. Long they stood motionless, and then, at the sound of a call, the multitude fell on their faces and worshipped. The sight was impressive, suggesting the fervor and the enthusiasm of warriors who obey God; but it was impossible to forget that near at hand were the representatives of the conquered Hindoo religion, and that police had been specially appointed to prevent bloodshed between Mohammedans and Hindoos.

The work of an English official with whom I spent a day was equally impressive. He was supreme over about a million persons. He lived by himself, and had in his office the help of one British assistant. All his servants and all his subordinates were Indians. He rose early to ride out to inspect roads and engineering works; he returned to sit on committees and see officials who were in charge of various departments; he spent the rest of the day on the bench, hearing appeals, settling disputes, considering the cases of the poor, and interfering to prevent bribery. His talk, his thought, was always how to develop responsibility, how to increase happiness, and virtue, and wealth. The sight was impressive, suggesting the glory of the nation whose great men are those who have tried to do their duty; but it was impossible to forget that near at hand were the children of those who had risen in the mutiny, that there was no trust between governor and governed, and that duty was neither inspired by love nor inspiring of love.

The people have in them the spirit of the conquered, and that which is finest in the land—Mohammedan buildings and Englishmen—reminds them of the force

to which they have had to bow. They are therefore suspicious. "What chiefly strikes you in the history of the English people?" I once asked an Indian school-boy. "Their power of forming associations," was his answer. To him, familiar with the suspicion which will trust no one, this was the striking fact in our history. They are for the same reason also self-distrustful. There never could be an Indian Athanasius, to stand alone against the world. "Why don't you," we once asked an official who agreed in condemning the practice of prostituting girls as part of the temple service to please the gods, "why don't you protest?" "I could not do it alone; I should only offend," was his answer. They are also deceitful. Deceit is the weapon of the weak. The caterpillar wears its color to deceive the bird; the conquered puts on a mask to deceive the conquerors. "One thing," said an English resident, "I have learned by twenty years' service—I know less of the Indian character than when I landed." Suspicion, self-distrust, and deceitfulness are common in India, and they belong to the spirit of the conquered, as surely as arrogance, presumption, and brutality belong to the spirit of the conqueror. India has been conquered more, perhaps, because of the rivalries of its nations than because of its weakness, but, being conquered, its people suffer the effects of conquest as the English suffer those of conquering.

The last common characteristic to be noticed by the traveller among the Indians is their subjection to Brahman influence. The people of India may speak different languages, they may belong to different races, they may even have different forms of religion, but all, except the Mohammedans and Sikhs, who indeed are not influenced, seem to have admitted the supremacy of the Brahmans. "Why did that man bow to you in that way?" I asked an Indian lawyer with whom I was walking at Allahabad, as a stranger prostrated himself before him. "He sees I am a Brahman," was the answer. "Why has this fine room been built?" we asked in Bombay, as amid some squalid huts we found a good stone building. "It is," we were told, "that one hundred Brahmans may be daily fed." "Why are there so many idlers about Benares?" is the question every one asks, and the answer is,

"They are Brahmans who are fed by the pilgrims;" and when inquiries go more deeply, and it is asked, "Why does education not reach the masses?" "Why are superstitions so strong?" those who know most reply that it is because the Brahmans are afraid lest education should destroy their influence.

The secret of the Brahman's power it is difficult to discover. In early days they were at once the teachers and the nobles of the race, created, it was said, from the head of God, while soldiers and workers were created from His hands and feet. As teachers in other lands, they became more eager for ritual than for truth, and, as other nobles in other races, more concerned for rights than for duties. They enforced, therefore, in the name of religion, that ritual which gave themselves the foremost place, and they more and more adapted the ritual to the tastes of the people. Their own being the highest caste, and men being lovers of inequality, caste has received religious sanction, and it is an offence against God to take even a cup of cold water from the hand of one of a lower caste. Passion being strong, marriage is made for every man a religious duty, and woe to the father whose daughter is of marriageable age and is not married. "I shall go to hell," said to me one father, using a term which he thought would be familiar to my mind, "if my daughter is not married before she is fourteen."

The Brahman seems to retain his influence by an appeal to what is strong and weak in human nature. He takes the instinct of reverence; he binds to it the love of exclusiveness and the sexual passions; he says, "Class yourselves; satisfy your lusts, and you will honor God." He keeps his own office in the forefront, and holds his place because his teaching pleases. But his teaching means degradation. By it slavery becomes a virtue, and beastliness a religion. No nation can rise far above the level of its women. His system keeps the women down, and therefore the people down, morally and physically. They whose minds are subject to such authority will never dare and do; they who concern themselves with petty questions of ritual—asking what they shall eat and how they shall wash—will hardly grasp great principles; and they whose parents are children will never have the

manly strength to work or to fight. As the fact of the Brahman influence is realized, it is better understood why the Government fails to prevent the spread of cholera and famine. Of what use are drainage schemes when, because the Brahmans declare water to be holy, the people drink the foul and dirty fluid in which the sacred beasts have wallowed and repentant sinners bathed? Of what use are Famine Commissions when the Brahmans forbid migration, encourage idleness, and make child marriage a duty? Idolatry may in some countries be infant religion. Idolatry in India represents the dominance of the passions and the subjection of the mind.

Poor, conquered, degraded, there can be no people among whom it would be harder to learn respect for human nature. But yet the memory of the Indians, as it survives after a full consideration of all that is bad and sad, has in it more of hope than of despair. The Indians stand out in the traveller's mind, not by their poverty or degradation, but by their affection, their patience, their dignity, their capacity for admiration. Their affection has been made notorious by many a tale. The nurses devote themselves, literally giving life, for the English nurse child. The servants endure any hardships to follow a master they love. Everywhere we seemed to see among them signs of a will to be clinging or affectionate, and their records are full of tales of loyalty and of generous devotion. If now there are not as many instances of such affection as there were in the earlier days of the English occupation, it must be remembered, as a missionary said, that India has now fewer English graves, and that employers on their side more often break the bonds when they with light heart take their journey home, made shorter by steam and swift vessels. Their patience also has been told of again and again. Every one knows how the Indian can endure and wait. "Why are there so many people at this railway station?" "They are waiting," the official answers, "for to-morrow's train." His patience indeed goes to make that dignity which justifies the saying, "There is no vulgarity in India." He does not strive nor cry, he does not assert himself by speech or dress. He is not anxious to seem other than he is. Quiet and dignified, although he is as one that serveth, he

is in some respects greater than many he serves.

But the point in his character on which I would dwell is not his affection or his dignity, it is rather his capacity for admiration. "Man lives by admiration," and the Indian can admire. His favorite tale, listened to with ever fresh interest, is of a hero who would not enter heaven if his dog were excluded. He has placed among his gods an English general who was both true and brave, and I heard from Indians of differing views, how, comparing European races, they placed the British highest. They admired their devotion to principle: "The British are the only foreigners who die for what seems right;" but the same men criticising what they admired for its want of tenderness and sympathy often added: "The British, and especially the women, keep themselves aloof and alienate the admiration they might hold."

The Indian waits patiently; he is weary of the old theories and old promises; he looks out with sad and quiet eyes; he could rise to worship and to act. There is fire behind the quiet gaze, and he seems to ask, "Tell me of an object worthy of admiration." In reply, the Government often offer "shows," the Missionaries always offer Christ.

The "shows" are contemptible and speak of contempt for the people. "They must have this sort of thing," says the superior official, as he sends out a cheaply decorated procession, or gets up a durbar which his self-consciousness tends to make ludicrous. When one thinks of the Indian, with his knowledge and his intelligence, waiting for something to admire, and then turns to see the state elephants, the gay uniforms of the aides-de-camp, and the poor pomp which, in greater or less degree, the Viceroy and Governors offer, it is not hard to understand the cause of failure. "Indians need shows," indeed! They who say such things forget that the Mohammedan conquerors were Puritans, that Lord Lawrence scorned such trumpery pomp, and that Gordon retired in disgust from a court which seems to exist to dress.

The Missionaries offer Christ. The problem for Christians is that the offer has met so little response. The Missionaries are often devoted and many are learned; they preach the Christ, the tale of whose

life and death softened the barbarians ; they tell of His love and His gentleness, and they bring out the womanly side of His character. The tale rouses little admiration, and among the few who have become Christians there is not the ardent zeal of first converts. The fact is that the Indians are not rough and fierce barbarians ; they have heard of love and sacrifice, and they are waiting, we who follow Christ may think, for another side—the masculine side of our Lord's character—to be preached. "What puzzles me," said a young Indian barrister, "is how you English conquerors can worship a meek Christ." He had not realized the Christ whom Cromwell and our fathers followed into battle.

The English official, ready to die for what is right, sacrificing himself for duty, ascetic, not by starving his body, but by surrendering his will, might perhaps, if he gave from love and not from a sense of duty, win the admiration which is waiting, and so preach Christ to a weary and effeminate people.

The Indian can admire. This characteristic stands out above his poverty, his meanness, and his deceit, to strengthen faith in human nature. He has endured the worst that is possible, cruelty, and tyranny, and neglect, and yet what is best in him still survives. He has the qualities by which a man lives, and which make him equal to the highest. Through him mankind speaks, and asks to be trusted with the best. Through the Indian the lowest and the poorest plead for a Christ who will command their admiration ; for a type who will draw them to himself, and give them rest in reasonable worship.

The Indian thus makes his contribution toward the traveller's estimate of human nature. What can the Chinaman offer ? He has a bad name among Americans and Australians. His immorality, his selfishness, his low habit of living, meet their loud condemnation, and the first experience of a Chinese city tends to confirm the opinion. The ungracious looks, the surly manners, the spit of contempt at the "foreign devils," are in striking contrast to the gracious courtesy of the Indians. The sort of food offered for sale, the unspeakable stenches from the houses and gutters, the rumors of plagues, all combine to make the traveller protest that by no inducement will he live among the Chi-

nese. But the memory of such things soon passes. The rudeness, the smells, are forgotten, and we remember only that the Chinaman has by his ability and his earnestness of purpose created a civilization of his own. The people may be rude, but the rudeness represents the obstinacy which has enabled them to resist temptation ; they may eat rats, mice, and food which seems filthy, but the gross feeding represents the economy which has multiplied their race ; they may be selfish, but the selfishness rarely takes the form of dishonesty. According to the report of one of the consuls at Shanghai, a Chinese merchant will keep to the terms of an unwritten contract, even though it be to his own loss—a thing rarely met with among the European merchants of the East. "Obstinate" those travellers may call the Chinaman who think of him only as a rival ; "earnest," "purposeful," are they bound to call him who see the inventions he has made, the civilization he has discovered, the self-restraint he exercises. "He does not know what 'fear' means," is the evidence of a sailor captain who had had many of all nations under his command, and certainly the only Christian convert we met during our journey who showed originality of thought or any sign of adapting Christian teaching to his countrymen's needs was a Chinaman. This man's room was illustrated by pictures of Christian allegories, and his talk was full of earnest purpose.

It is difficult to say why a civilization which advanced so far should have stopped so short. The energy and ability which have found so much which is good for food and which is pleasant to the eye, ought, it would seem, to have gone on to discover the causes of disease and the benefits of foreign trade. Probably the check is due to the fact that the Government absorbed the God. It became, therefore, a matter of religion to obey its orders, and its orders, like the decrees of heaven, settle a man's place in this world and the next. The desire for liberty has been crushed, and the Chinaman is not what his character fits him to be. Already there are signs that officialdom is losing its power, and so in the twentieth century, when the Pacific is the Mediterranean, and the competing nations are the Russian, the Japanese, the Chinese and the English-speaking races, it may be that the Chinese

will rise to the level justified by the solidity of the national character. At any rate, even now, a very short stay in the country enables a traveller to understand more of the resources of human nature, and to put his trust in an obstinacy which will not let go what has been gained, and in a solidity which defies the passing fancies of irresponsible thinkers.

The Japanese have by much writing been made familiar to the world. Everybody knows their quaint pretty ways, their sweetness of disposition, their politeness, their fans, and their curios. Japan seems to be a sort of child nation, at which other nations look and smile as they see it playing with its toys, or trying on their clothes. Has not Sir Edwin Arnold written columns, the most widely circulated in the world, telling such things? At first the traveller finds all as he expected. He is charmed with the toy-houses, the toy-streets; charmed by the pretty graces of the little people; charmed by the gayety and the laughter, by the postures and the dresses. Gradually, however, through this surface another Japan makes itself evident, and he becomes conscious that he is among a business people with a history and a character. He landed, expecting to find an Eastern country with its mystery, its stationariness, and its subjection of woman. He finds instead a Western country, with a people eager for progress, practical, common-sensible, and with the women taking a place in the work of life. He knows how by a sort of hermit policy, the nation had shut itself up for 250 years, and excluded the experience gained by its sister nations, and it seems to him now as if, fresh from this seclusion, Japan were redoubling its energies, to gather up all that had passed during that 250 years. A Parliament with its parties has been established, an army and a navy have been modelled on the best European types, a system of real national education is in operation, the child of the governor has to learn alongside of the child of the laborer, and common schools, middle schools and universities, technical schools, art schools, commercial schools, and a sort of "college of industry" are established, so ordered that pupils may pass through any course of training. A post-office and a telegraph station are to be found in almost every village, a body of efficient police keeps order, and justice is administered by

able judges with a bar of highly-trained barristers.

While Government is thus busy, the people themselves are active. Merchants, manufacturers, men of science, and skilled workmen are at work, and signs of their labor are to be seen in the factories, the hospitals, the buildings, and perhaps, not least of all, in the poverty which begins to be apparent. Japan, which was to be Oriental, pretty, toylike, now seems to be the most western of the American States, with a specialty for curios, of which the Mikado is perhaps the chief. It is natural to regret the change, and doubtless there is some loss. Gone is the calm, gone is the patriarchal simplicity in which, because the lord cared no peasant wanted; going is the prettiness and the laughter of earlier days. But with Japan, as with the Western nations to which by character it belongs, the best must be hoped for when on the banks of the river of Time the cities grow in a blacker incessanter line, and when, as the pale waste widens around, there will come murmurs and scents from the infinite sea.

The Japanese leave in the traveller's mind the memory of courtesy and grace, but even more deeply marked is the memory of their versatility and their energy. All men, he has learned, may be polite; cabmen and prisoners may be gentlemen. I never saw more grace than that shown in the courtesy which passed between the governor of the prison at Kioto and a female prisoner. But the chief lesson taught in Japan is man's versatility. Man's energy is indomitable, and his history in Japan repeats the lesson enforced by the Jewish prophets, that though only a remnant, a stump, be left, yet out of that stump may grow branches and leaves in which generations may rest. Thirty years ago, men who have now the language and habits of highly cultivated civil servants were swaggering with two swords, and witnesses of *haro kari*. A generation ago Japan was where England was 300 years ago, but by energy and versatility, Japan, in science, education, knowledge, and history, now takes its place alongside the foremost nations. This is the more remarkable because religion seems to have had no place in the development. "No one is religious. I believe in nothing. I believe in myself," expresses the attitude of young Japan. The Japanese are curi-

ously deficient in the religious sense ; they have never made friends with sorrow, they have hid sorrow behind a ceremony, and waved off care with a blossom branch. They have missed, therefore, religion, which is sorrow's consolation, and have missed perhaps also the impulse which would make them original as well as energetic. There is, however, little doubt but that in the clash of class interests they will become familiar with sorrow, and the human nature which is energetic will not be less strong when it learns to say, "Lo, I come to do Thy will, O God." "When they want a religion they will become Christian," said the most devoted Christian we met in Japan ; "at present they do not want any, they are occupied with civilization."

Japan, drawing the traveller's mind to respect the energy which is in man, prepares him for America. Here in the United States man is everything, and the individual makes his mark everywhere. The history of California tells how one individual forced his way across the prairies and over the mountains, how other individuals occupied and held the land, and how Jones, Brown or Robinson became rich ; the architecture—if such a term can be applied where there is no grandeur and no beauty—of San Francisco tells of individual taste, of the will of one man to occupy a wooden shanty, and of another to possess a stone box ten stories high, and the commercial talk is of some individual's triumph, of Smith's operations, of Leland's combination. What is true of California is more or less true of every State. Individual energy, not the central government, and not a society, is at the root of success, and also it may be said of the confusion which is alongside of success. In the streets of the richest cities are holes and dirt which make them almost impassable for carriages, the police are often the paid agents of publicans or brewers, the city property is plundered by able lawyers, and the justice is controlled by some railway king.

Never have I been so conscious of tyranny or felt such sympathy with the men who kill tyrants as I felt in California. Out of the respect for individual liberty notorious abuses are endured, and one American citizen, to whom I had spoken warmly of what the poor or the weak suffer at the hands of a great capitalist,

answered, "Why interfere ? In America every poor man may get rich, and then have his own turn." America is founded on individualism, and the party which is "agin the government" is not socialist but anarchist, and all parties alike count Herbert Spencer their prophet.

The triumph of the individual is, indeed, great. Cities have risen in the midst of plains which, although only fifty years old, rival the great cities of the old world ; their magnificent thoroughfares are thronged by steam and electric cars, and the sky overhead is almost darkened by telephone wires ; universities, richly endowed by individuals, gather their thousand students and spread over the masses the fruits of knowledge ; the prairies and forests have been made to bring forth corn and grapes, and America now feeds the world ; railways have been carried across mountains, and steam, by a thousand inventions, has been yoked to the service of man. An army of alien immigrants is every year absorbed, and turned into eager, anxious citizens, with an insatiable love of doing, and a loud-voiced pride in their country.

In the presence of the wealth, the intelligence, the power and the glory of America, the traveller is bound to recognize the strength of individualism. There is, indeed, the ugly side, but, as it has been well said, progress is an advancing tide, and at its edge there must always be havoc. The energy which wills to get on, the ambition which seeks the highest, carries with it selfishness, and at the edge of the tide of American progress is corruption and ignorance. He who stands on the beach sees the destruction wrought by the wave on things which seemed good ; he notes the garbage it bears on its surface, but he goes away and remembers only that he has seen the rising tide. The traveller in America sees the corruption which spends by pensions and other means on an army of a few thousand men more money than the Germans spend on an army of a million, which makes taxes a source of profit to capitalists, and sells the cause of the widow and orphans in the law courts. He sees the tyranny of selfishness, and notes how ignorance boasts itself. He is indignant and angry, but when he goes away he remembers only that he has seen the rising tide of progress, and he looks on to the work which in a few years will

be done, when two hundred millions of free people, speaking one language and having one great object, trusting in themselves, and fearing God, will make their voice heard amid the nations of the world.

Man left to himself has endless resources. This is the contribution given by America to the traveller's estimate of human nature, and it calls him to trust all men more, to give to the poorest more responsibility and less relief. In the Old World, guards, porters, and a dozen appliances protect the passenger as he crosses the railway: in America there is a bare notice "Look out!" and the passenger learns to keep his eyes open. Man everywhere is more than he seems, and left to himself he will see more than he can be shown.

Nation differs from nation, but each has added something to the traveller's conception of human nature. He returns more certain that man has the capacity for admiration and for getting on, can change and also be firm. His respect is therefore increased. The devout Indian helps him to see in the versatile Japanese a capacity

for religion. The pushing American makes him more hopeful about the saddened Indian, and the stable Chinaman opens his eyes to see new qualities in the Japanese. All together help him better to understand his own neighbors. At the same time, he is conscious how all come short of the standard of true manhood. All want more principle, that love of righteousness, that fear of God, which makes character strong and homes happy. All need the lesson taught by Puritans, from Moses down to Gordon.

I return, therefore, more inclined to believe in my neighbor's own strength to help himself, and more shy of schemes which profess to help him. I would give men more responsibility; but, on the other hand, I am more inclined to ally myself with those teachers who have the Puritan spirit, who in season and out of season are conscious of law, and who in some language preach "Cling to principle. Righteousness is the first thing."—*Nineteenth Century*.

A CHAPTER IN THE HISTORY OF ORACLES.

BY BASIL WILLIAMS, M.A.

NEAR the close of the fourth century of our era, fourteen hundred years after Homer had sung the first alighting of Apollo on Delphi, the confession was at length wrung from the oracle that the days of its prophesying were over, and that the inspiration had forever passed away from the sacred laurel and the speaking fountain. This last despairing cry from the god of divination and of song is the formal acknowledgment of the triumph of Christianity, "the sinner's mournful creed," over the joyous nature-worship of the world's childhood. It speaks much for the vitality and truth of the Hellenic spirit that Apollo did not abdicate his throne as mankind's teacher and guide till after the lapse of so many troublous years. He had survived the invasion of his chosen country by barbarians from East and West and North: he had seen his chosen seat twice pillaged, only to rise again triumphant: he had remained unscathed while pagan philosophers directed their covert gibes and sneers at him; and he only

yielded finally after a death struggle, protracted through four centuries, with the new religion of the world.

Indeed, one of the most remarkable things in the history of pagan oracles is the long duration of their influence after the birth of Christ. Yet in the first few years of our era every circumstance seemed to portend for them a speedy fall before the onslaughts of the first young and vigorous faith. The oracles of Greece were almost deserted, as Strabo, Diodorus, and even the credulous Livy inform us, and nobody paid heed to soothsaying or divination. The average opinion of educated men on the subject we may take to be fairly represented by Cicero, who, though professedly an adherent of the fashionable stoicism, was more or less of an eclectic in philosophy. "Let us have done," he exclaims at the close of the "De Divinatione," "with all this divination by dreams and with every other kind of divination. For, in truth, superstition, taking advantage of the frailty of human

nature, has spread throughout all nations, and has made her yoke heavy on the minds of men."

Seeing that oracles were in such bad case, even before the advent of Christianity, it would naturally be expected that they would have been the first part of paganism to disappear before the Cross, and that the upholders of the dying faiths would have been only too willing to sacrifice them as useless relics and encumbrances, which could merely give additional opportunity to the adversary. But in reality this was the exact opposite to what took place. Three causes specially contributed, soon after the close of the Civil Wars, to give a renewed lease of life to oracles, and again to make them a potent factor in determining men's actions. The first of these causes was the influence of the early emperors, the second the tendency of philosophic speculation, while the third cause, a somewhat later one than the others, is found in the controversial methods of early Christian writers.

It is a well-known fact that the early emperors of Rome made it a fixed part of their policy to revive as far as possible the ancient beliefs and religions, in order to gain the apparent sanction of antiquity for their newly-acquired dignity. It was in exactly the same spirit that Napoleon I. gained a fictitious prestige for his Cæsarism by his alliance with the Holy Catholic Church and his concordat with the Pope. With this view Augustus made a careful collection of the Sibylline books, and laid down rules for their solemn inspection on all occasions of doubt and difficulty. He revived such ancient Roman modes of divination as the feeding of the sacred chickens, which, as Cicero tells us in his letters, had fallen somewhat into disrepute. Above all, he restored to Delphi some of its former importance, reconstituted the Amphictyonic Council, and even consulted the oracle himself. Nero also patronized the oracle by asking for a glimpse into the future. The oracular response was that he should beware of seventy-three, which he at the time erroneously understood to mean a promise of life to that advanced age. Later, however, whether he became dissatisfied with the ambiguity of the answer, or from jealousy of a rival god, he silenced the oracle by pouring blood into the cleft, whence the divine exhalations arose. But the silence

did not last long, as we find that in the days of Nerva Dio Chrysostom was told at Delphi to go in the guise of a beggar to the frontiers of the north: and the god's foresight was amply vindicated, for by simply observing these directions, Chrysostom gained an army for the emperor. Throughout the following reigns oracles were treated with the greatest respect by the emperors; and it is told that Hadrian had so much confidence in the omniscience of Delphi, that he asked Apollo to resolve the vexed question of Homer's birthplace. Unfortunately the answer was not conclusive, as it contradicted another answer which Apollo had previously delivered on the same point.

But the most amazing instance of the credulity with which any description of oracle was welcomed, even at the end of the 2nd century, is the story of Alexander of Abonotichos, as presented by Lucian. This account is especially interesting, as it shows us what steps were necessary to found an oracle, and how, when once founded, it was worked. Alexander is described as a man of striking personal beauty, and his education pre-eminently fitted him for the rôle which he was destined to play. He had been brought up by a sorcerer who was a personal friend of Apollonius of Tyana, the noted mystic and magician. Subsequently, by conjuring on his own account in the provinces, he acquired a considerable amount of skill and money. During his travels the idea of founding an oracle suddenly struck him in concert with a friend, called Cocconas. The first step was to decide on the locality: Cocconas suggested Chalcedon, but Alexander was of opinion that the people of that place were hardly stupid enough. Finally, they pitched upon Abonotichos, a town of the Paphlagonians, whose crass stupidity and superstition could be thoroughly relied upon. The sequel, however, showed that such excessive precautions were hardly necessary. They commenced operations by burying brazen tablets announcing the near arrival of Asclepius in a place where they were sure to be dug up again. At this point Alexander was left to his own unaided ingenuity, through the loss of Cocconas, who succumbed to the bite of a sacred viper. He forthwith took up his abode in Abonotichos, and persuaded its inhabitants to commence a temple in honor of the approaching god. Nor

had the good people cause to complain, for he rewarded their credulity by giving them the opportunity of witnessing the birth of a god. After secreting a tiny serpent in a goose's egg, which he carefully glued together again and placed in a pool near the new temple, he appeared in the market-place with the intelligence that Asclepius was coming. Thence he rushed in a simulated state of ecstatic frenzy to the pool, followed by the whole population. He naturally found little difficulty in discovering the egg, and astonished the gaping crowd by producing from it a live serpent. After keeping the serpent for two days in his own house, he represented it to have miraculously grown to huge proportions; for he brought out an enormous snake, which he had previously obtained from a Thessalian sorceress. By the addition of a mask in human likeness to the snake's head the machinery required for working the oracle was now complete. Inquirers were invited to bring their questions to the serpent in sealed papers; next day these were returned unopened, but containing the appropriate answers. Lucian gives a detailed account of the various devices employed by Alexander for unsealing the letters and re-sealing them again without attracting attention. Those who paid higher fees were allowed to come and hear the responses delivered from the mouth of the serpent—by means of a ventriloquist concealed behind a curtain. People from every part of Asia crowded to the new oracle, and their number may be estimated from the fact that Alexander soon became rich from the modest fees of tenpence which he exacted for each response. Indeed, the oracle would have failed in a very short time if it had not been well supplied with funds, because, in order to make it distinguished for the correctness of its answers, Alexander had to employ a large staff of spies and agents throughout Rome and the provinces, who communicated to him all the latest intelligence. The only people whom the prophet strenuously excluded from his shrine were the Christians and the Epicureans, who asked awkward questions and displayed an unbecoming scepticism as to the miraculous nature of the responses. Against the Epicureans he cherished an especial animosity, and when asked by an earnest inquirer what Epicurus was doing in hell, the oracle replied that he was bound with

leadens fetters and was wallowing in slime. Alexander had still really little to fear from the carpings of adversaries, since his fame is said to have reached the imperial household, and he was consulted by the Emperor Marcus Aurelius himself. But in all probability the emperor did not consult him more than once: for on the only recorded occasion of his doing so, when he was planning an expedition against the Marcomanni, the oracle bade him cast two lions into the Danube. This was done; but, unfortunately, the lions swam across to the opposite bank, where the barbarians took them for large dogs and slew them, and, moreover, slew the greater part of the Roman army also.

Perhaps Alexander's most successful dupe was a certain Rutilianus, a Roman senator, who held high office under Marcus Aurelius. He was so persuaded of the genuineness of Alexander's pretensions that he consulted him on every occasion and allowed him to direct all his actions. He even married the charlatan's daughter in obedience to the command of the oracle. On one occasion his credulity was accommodating enough to explain away a difficulty in which Alexander found himself landed by his prophesying. The oracle had been asked who was to educate Rutilianus's son, and had replied, "Pythagoras and the war-describing bard." As luck would have it, however, the son died almost immediately after this. "Obviously," exclaimed Rutilianus, "the oracle portended his death, for my son has now gone to rejoin Pythagoras and Homer in Hades." The answer returned to him on inquiry as to the duration of his own life was:

First, thou Achilles wert, and next Menander,
Now Rutilianus. Thou shalt live on earth
One hundred four-score years, and after, shine
A sunbeam in the heavens.

"He died notwithstanding," Lucian maliciously observes, "at seventy years of age, of a bilious colic, without waiting for the completion of the oracle." However, he survived his youthful father-in-law—who had predicted for himself a life of 150 years—and, though probably at last disabused of his simple faith, honored his memory and tried to keep up his oracle. But as soon as the ingenious inventor had departed, the oracle lost credit and ceased to impose on the world's credulity.

The phenomenal success of this oracle,

short-lived though it was, serves to illustrate the widespread belief in divination at the time, and to explain the sympathy with which the views of mystics and Neo-Platonists were received in the second and third centuries after Christ.

This brings us to the second cause which produced a revival of all kinds of divination after the birth of our Lord: the growth of philosophical mysticism. This school of thought derived its inspiration chiefly from Plato, who seems to have found a strange kind of fascination in all forms of divine possession. He frequently expresses his profound respect for responses delivered at Delphi, and readers of the "Republic" will recall his injunctions to the lawgiver, to refer new laws to the oracle for approval, and his criticisms of Homer for language attributing falsehood to the divine revelation. He also devotes many passages in his dialogues to discussions on the nature of inspiration. His theory has some points of similarity with the Biblical view of the prophetic afflatus. The mortal agent who delivers the divine message is not regarded as free, or as speaking in his own name. The divine spirit takes entire possession of the chosen person, and deprives him of all will of his own; so that in some cases, like that of Balaam in the Scriptures, he even speaks the opposite of what he would have deliberately chosen. Thus Plato calls the prophetic gift a kind of madness, akin to that of love or of poetry; for in each case the possessor is incapable of using his reason, but utters words of more than human wisdom or beauty, under the direct impulse of the god.

Plato's teaching did not have that immediate influence which might have been expected, but seems to have long remained unnoticed; partly perhaps owing to the chilling influence of Aristotle's criticism, who observes in his aggravatingly judicial manner, that it is not easy either on the one hand to despise oracles, or on the other hand to believe therein. But on account of the general decay of all religious belief at the close of the Roman Republic, and the crying need felt by thinking men for the discovery of some creed which would satisfy their religious aspirations more effectually than the formalism of a revived Roman ritual or the barbarous licentiousness of rites introduced from the East, attention was again directed to the

philosophical explanations of the Greek religion offered by Plato. The most mystic parts of his philosophy, such as his allusions to demons, who stood midway in the scale between gods and men, and his theory of prophetic inspiration, were eagerly seized upon by writers in the new school of mysticism, or Neo-Platonism as its subsequent development was called. Scepticism rapidly decreased, and Juvenal affords an almost solitary instance of it among the distinguished writers of the early empire, such as Tacitus, Pliny, Suetonius, Plutarch.

The last-named writer, who was priest of the Pythian Apollo, either at Chæronea or at Delphi, has devoted three treatises to the investigation of subjects connected with the oracle of Delphi. In one of them he discusses the meaning of the mysterious letters E I, which had been inscribed at the entrance to the temple. Tradition represents them as the result of the united efforts of the seven sages to discover some appropriate text to rival the world-famous *Γινώθι σεαυτόν*. The wisdom contained in the letters, though possibly profound, has hitherto proved inscrutable; and Plutarch, after suggesting various other interpretations, is reduced to choose, as the least improbable, the somewhat pointless rendering of the letters, as the second person singular of the verb *εἰμί*, to be. In a second treatise he gravely inquires why the Pythia no longer returns her responses in verse. The chief reasons which he offers are, that in old days men wrote in verse more naturally than in prose, while now an answer in verse would be regarded as an eccentricity, besides giving rise to possible difficulties of interpretation; and further, that whereas in old times men came to Delphi to inquire about wars and treaties, and such-like great matters, now that "wars be stayed and there is no more need of running to and fro from one country to another," the god is asked nothing but ridiculously petty questions relating to household economy or agriculture. Hence it is no longer worth his while to frame his answers in verse.

But the most interesting of the three treatises is that written to investigate the causes why the oracles do not give so many responses as of yore in their palmiest days. This dialogue has an especial interest, because in it first occurs the story of the death of Pan, which most people know from Mrs. Browning's poem. Plutarch's

account is thus rendered by Dr. Philemon Holland :

As touching the death of such (demons), and how they are mortall, I have heard it reported by a man who was no fool, nor a vain, lying person : and that was Epitherses, the father of Æmilianus the oratour, whom some of you, I dare well say, have heard to plead and declame . . . that minding upon a time to make a voyage by sea into Italy, he was imbarqued in a ship fraught with much merchandize, and having many passengers beside aboard, how when it drew toward the evening, they hapned (as they said) to be calmed about the isles Echinades ; by occasion whereof their ship bulled with the tides, untill at length it was brought close to the islands Paxæ, whiles most of the passengers were awake, and many of them still drinking after supper : but then, all on a sudden there was heard a voyce from one of the islands of Paxæ, calling aloud to one Thamus, insomuch that there was not one of all our company but he wondred thereat. Now this Thamus was a pilot and an Egyptian born : but known he was not to many in the ship by that name. At the two first calls he made no answer, but at the third time he obeyed the voyce, and answered, Here I am. Then he who spake strained his voyce and said to him, When thou art come to Palodes publish thou and make it known that the great Pan is dead. And, as Epitherses made report unto us, as many as heard this voyce were wonderfully amazed thereat, and entred into a discourse and disputation about the poynt, whether it were better to do according to this commandement or rather to let it pass, and not curiously to meddle withall, but neglect it. As for Thamus, of this mind he was and resolved : If the wind served, to sail by the place quietly and say nothing, but if the wind were laid and there ensued a calm, to crie and pronounce with a loud voyce that which he had heard. Well, when they were come to Palodes aforesaid, the winde was down, and they were becalmed, so that the sea was very still without waves. Whereupon Thamus, looking from the poop of the ship upon the land, pronounced with a loud voice that which he had heard, and said : The great Pan is dead. He had no sooner spoken the word, but there was heard a mighty noyse, not of one but of many together, who seemed to groan and lament, and withall to make a great wonder. And as it falleth commonly out when as many be present, the news thereof was soon spread and devulged through the city of Rome, in such sort as Tiberius Cæsar the Emperour sent for Thamus : and Tiberius verily gave so good credit unto his words, that he searched and enquired with all diligence who that Pan might be. Now the great clerks and learned men (of whom he had many about him) gave their conjecture that it might be he who was son of Mercury by Penelope.

Later editions of this story, which was a particular favorite of the early Christian Fathers, represent this mysterious event to

have occurred on the day of Christ's crucifixion ; and while some considered Pan to be the type of the Hellenic gods, because *πᾶν* means "all," others strangely held that it was used as a name for our Saviour. However that may be, Plutarch introduces the anecdote in order to prove that an oracle owes its inspiration to the presiding demon, and consequently fails on his death. The story is also intended to show that demons are liable to die, but seems hardly adequate for this purpose ; consequently we can hardly condemn as unfair the rationalizing criticism made by a certain Reginald Scot, Esquire, a sceptic of the 16th century, who wrote a most amusing book directed against witchcraft, magic, astrology, and all manner of divination. "Surely," he says, "this was a merry jest devised by Thamus, who with some confederates thought to make sport with the passengers, who were some asleep, and some drunk, and some other at play, etc., while the first voice was used : And at the second voice, to wit, when he should deliver his message, he, being an old Pilot, knew where some noise was usual, by means of some echo in the sea, and thought he would (to the astonishment of them) accomplish his device if the weather proved calm : whereby may appear that he would in other cases, of tempests, etc., rather attend to more serious business, than to that ridiculous matter ; for why else should he not do his errand in rough weather as well as in calm ? or what need he tell the Devil thereof when the Devil told it him before, and with much more expedition could have done the errand himself."

Plutarch does not seem to have formed any very definite conception of the way in which oracles are rendered, except that the ultimate source of all kinds of inspiration is to be found in the demons. The exact nature of these demons exercises him considerably, nor does he appear to make them much more comprehensible by comparing them, as he does, to isosceles triangles and to the moon. Besides their liability to death, they seemed to Plutarch to be partly dependent on favorable natural circumstances for the bestowal of their prophetic gifts. Hence an earthquake or some other disturbance of nature, whereby a sulphurous stream was dried up or a cleft closed, might seriously check the inspiration vouchsafed to any given oracle.

Similarly in later times Porphyry relates an oracle delivered as follows by Apollo : " I will tell the truth concerning the oracles of Delphi and of Claros. In olden times there came from the bosom of the earth an infinity of oracles, and fountains, and exhalations which inspired divine frenzies. But now, because of the continual changes which time brings, the earth has taken back unto herself fountains, exhalations, and oracles. There are now left none but the waters of Micala, in the country of Didymos, and of Claros and the oracle of Parnassus."

The interest of Plutarch's lucubrations on the subject of oracles is that he was the first to treat of them in a scientific spirit. Thus, although he was himself rather hopeless about their prospects, his work was so far effective, that he helped to revive among thinking men an interest in them, and prepared the way for their serious study by the Neo-Platonists of succeeding generations.

The Neo-Platonists proper may be said to have been founded by Plotinus. His theory of the universe was one eminently favorable to divination, as he held that the slightest motion or change of any existing thing imparted a corresponding change to everything else in the universe. Thus the flight of birds, the motions of animals, the peal of thunder, all had their distinct effects on every human being. The consequence of this was that divination became an important part of natural philosophy, and an accurate study of natural phenomena implied a capacity to foretell events.

Far the most interesting figure among the Neo-Platonists is Plotinus's pupil, Porphyry. Unfortunately, his writings on oracles are known to us only through quotations made for controversial purposes by his adversary Eusebius. But even from such scanty remains as we possess we can realize the deep pathos of a mind tortured with agonizing doubt and vainly struggling after the truth, which was always appearing within reach, only to elude his grasp. His lot was cast among those, most miserable of men, who live in an age, when

The morning comes not, yet the night
Wanes, and men's eyes gain strength to see
Where twilight is, where light shall be,
When conquered wrong and conquering right
Acclaim a world set free ;

most miserable because they never live to

see the full splendor of the light. Porphyry was one of those who felt most deeply the hollowness of the religions then fashionable at Rome, and he spent his life in trying to discover if there was any underlying good which could be extracted from them. With this aim he travelled all over the world, examining into all the oracles and studying the theories and methods of divination. But though he came to many which still seemed to possess some prophetic insight, he derived little comfort therefrom, and ended his life as a believer in a cold philosophic god-head, whom " no prayers can move and no sacrifice honor, nor the abundance of offerings find favor in His sight ; only the inspired thought, fixed firmly on Him, can have any cognizance of Him." In this utterance of one of the most earnest of the preachers we seem to hear the death-knell of the old Hellenic religion, when all its living instincts are merged into the death-like contemplation of an Eastern mysticism.

But there remains yet a third reason which helps to explain the considerable amount of credit enjoyed by the pagan oracles for so long a period. It may seem somewhat paradoxical to assert that the ancient centres of divination owed much of their prestige during the early centuries of Christianity to the influence of Christian writers ; but true it is nevertheless ; nor is the fact very difficult to explain. The early Christian Fathers found it advisable, on account of their audience, to base a great many of their arguments on appeals to the supernatural elements in Christianity, and on proofs derived from the miracles. They were, therefore, to some extent placed in a dilemma when treating of the miraculous elements in Paganism. For, while they wished to deprive the old religions of the sanction they gained from the oracles, they at the same time thought that rationalizing arguments which called into question the supra-human agencies of the oracles and accused them of conscious fraud would recoil with redoubled force on their own heads. So they adopted the explanation which Plutarch and the Neo-Platonists offered of a demoniac inspiration ; and they reconciled this explanation with Christianity by identifying the demons of the mysteries with Satan and his agents. The consequence of this theory was to give additional con-

firmation, at any rate for a time, to believers in such modes of divination; for as long as they were assured that the agents were supernatural, and had superhuman knowledge, men did not inquire very closely into their morals.

To our ears some of the remarks of the early Fathers about the oracles sound extremely ludicrous. Tertullian, for example, accounted for the frequency of correct responses by gravely declaring that the demons who inspired the oracles had ransacked the works of the Jewish prophets, and employed their knowledge of the future, acquired in this manner, to enhance their own credit. Again, a great many of the Christian writers admit the genuineness of the cures suggested by dreams in the temple of Asclepius, "for," as they remark, "the devil can surely cure diseases of which he is the author." Augustine is perhaps the most explicit on the subject, for, after attributing the oracles to the agency of demons, he gives an accurate description of the demoniac nature, and details at length, in the "De Civitate Dei," the appearance and occupations of these evil beings. After this we are no longer surprised at reading in the same book that the true explanation of the story of Apis is that the devil acted on the imagination of an Egyptian cow, so as to make her produce a calf answering to the description of the god.

Unfortunately the demons were, it appears, not allowed an entirely free hand in the delivery of oracles, for their utterances could always be stopped by the exhibition of any Christian symbol. The Fathers have numerous stories about failures to deliver responses in pagan temples and shrines, which could not be accounted for, till it was discovered that some member of the congregation was making the sign of the cross. Chrysostom relates that "Apollo was forced to grant that so long as any relic of a martyr was held to his nose, he could not make any answer or oracle." On pagan authority also we learn that the oracles were compelled to admit their inability to cope with such hindrances: for instance, Porphyry says that "it is no marvel though the plague be so hot in this city, for ever since Jesus hath been worshipped, we can obtain nothing that good is at the hands of our gods." Another story, told of St. Gregory Thaumaturgus, is a good illustration of this

point. He once spent the night asleep in a pagan temple. Next morning he had not proceeded far on his journey, before he was caught up by some emissaries from the shrine, who said that his presence had exercised so potent an effect on the presiding deity, that he could no longer be persuaded to deliver the usual responses. This meant a loss of livelihood for them, so they implored him to restore to the god his oracular power. After some demur Gregory yielded to their entreaties and wrote on a tablet the words *Γρηγόριος τῷ Σατανᾷ, Εἰσελθε*, enjoining them to place it on the altar. They followed his directions with the result that the god resumed his wonted functions. The fate which befell the oracle of Daphne near Antioch is also instructive. It had remained silent for many years under the rule of Christian emperors, but when Julian came to the throne he rebuilt the temple, which had been pulled down by the Christians, in order to give the oracle another chance. But it still remained silent, and on inquiry it was discovered that this silence was due to the fact that a certain St. Babylas and other Christian martyrs had been buried within the sacred precincts. The bones were promptly removed, and then the oracle recovered its voice.

But the early Christians did not confine themselves to giving the pagan oracles the credit of occasionally returning true answers, they even went so far as to derive arguments for Christianity from their responses. This is perhaps hardly to be wondered at, when we recall their extraordinary readiness to find Biblical allusions in the most innocent things. Some of the Fathers once discovered an old altar in Rome with the inscription, "Semoni Sancto, Deo," the title of an old Roman god. But the brilliant idea occurred to them that the inscription should have run "Simoni Sancto, Deo," and, on the strength of this, they wrote long accounts describing how Simon Magus went to Rome, and there by his sorceries and infernal arts persuaded the people to regard him as a god and to raise altars in his honor. Among numberless other intimations of the birth of Our Lord, there is the story that Augustus in his old age consulted the oracle of Delphi as to the choice of a successor. After many vain efforts to extract an answer to his question, he had to rest satisfied with the following

enigmatical announcement: "The Hebrew child, whom all the gods obey, drives me forth from hence, and sends me down to hell. Depart from this temple in silence."

But occasionally the stories were told without a due regard to chronology. It would be interesting, for example, to know on what possible basis of fact the story of Thulis could rest. We learn that he was a king of Egypt whose empire extended even unto the ocean. "It is he, as tradition hath it, who gave the name of Thule to the island which men now call Iceland. As his empire seems to have extended over all the intervening country also, it must have been of considerable dimensions. This king, puffed up with his success and his prosperity, went to the oracle of Serapis, and said: 'Thou who art the lord of fire, and dost govern the course of heaven, tell me the truth. Has there ever been, or will there ever appear, one as powerful as I am?' To this the oracle answered him: 'First God the Father, then the Word, and with Them the Spirit, Three in One, Whose power is everlasting. Get thee forth quickly from this place, thou mortal, whose life is ever uncertain.'" "On going forth," the narrator quaintly adds, "Thulis had his throat cut." As a criticism of this story it is enough to point out, as Fontenelle does, that apart from the initial improbability that God should have revealed the mystery of the Trinity to a heathen divinity, even before it was known by the Jews, there could not have been any god of the name of Serapis in Thulis' time, which must have been before that of the Ptolemies, who first introduced the worship of Serapis.

Fontenelle finds a parallel to the absurd stories accepted by the Fathers on mere hearsay evidence in an incident that occurred nearer his own time. It may be worth quoting for its absurdity and for the light that it throws on the growth of miraculous stories. A report spread through Silesia in 1593 that a golden tooth had appeared in the mouth of a child aged seven. Two years later a treatise appeared from the pen of one Horstius, a professor of medicine in the University of Helmstad, giving the history of the tooth, and asserting that it was partly natural and partly miraculous, and had been sent by God to console the Christians for their oppression by the Turks. In the

same year another history of the tooth was published by a certain Rullandus. Some time after this another man of science, called Ingolsterus, wrote in opposition to Rullandus' view of the tooth, whereupon Rullandus published "une belle et docte réplique." Then another great man, Libavius, collected all that had been said so far about the tooth, and added his own opinion thereon. Finally the tooth was examined by a jeweller, who discovered that it was simply an ordinary tooth that had been coated with gold leaf.

However, to return to the oracles. Perhaps those which played the most important part in the history of the Catholic Church were those delivered by the Sibyls. None of the Fathers ever attributed more than a demoniac inspiration to the oracles in pagan temples, but their belief is almost unanimous that the Sibyls' answers were actually suggested by God. Indeed, the common derivation of the name from *Θεός* and *βουλή* is a sufficient indication of the widespread nature of this belief. Augustine quotes long extracts from the "Sibylline books," to prove that they contained prophecies of the Coming of Christ. To judge from the following quotation, which is typical, they appear to have borne a suspicious resemblance to Isaiah and other Jewish prophets: "He shall be cast into the hands of the unbelievers: they shall strike the face of their God, and their tongues shall spit forth foul venom upon Him." Constantine the Great, who, as emperor, had abundant facilities for consulting the Sibylline books, which were kept among the state-archives at Rome, was so impressed with their appositeness that he quoted them freely at the Council of Nicea. Since that time the Sibyls have always been regarded as prophets of Christianity in the Catholic Church, as is attested by the well-known line of the *Dies Irae*—

Teste David cum Sibylla.

For many centuries a belief in the real inspiration of oracles, whether demoniac or divine, lasted throughout Christendom. It is interesting to notice in a book, written by Caspar Peucerus as late as 1570, that Satanic agency in the oracles is taken as a matter of course, and that no hint is expressed that any other view was held. In fact, it was not till the close of the seventeenth century that this theory was seri-

ously called in question. In 1683 a Dutchman, Van Dale, propounded the view that ancient oracles were simply instances of clever fraud. His learned work in defence of this view would not have attracted much attention, if it had not been translated and popularized by the Frenchman Fontenelle. But Fontenelle's book was the signal for the commencement of a violent paper-war, which rivalled in length the famous *Battle of the Books*: writers of almost every nation took part in it, till at length the doctrine, which had held ground for so

many centuries, was finally dissipated. Still, however much we may pride ourselves on our freedom from the romantic beliefs of our forefathers in demons and witches and Satanic inspiration, we proclaim our inability to dispense with occult means of investigating the future, by our ineffectual efforts to replace the demons by the prosaic devices of palmistry or spirit-rapping, "scientific religion" or Madame Blavatsky.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

THE TEMPER OF ANIMALS.

THE old theory that animal good-temper might be accounted for on the ground that animals are sensible of pleasure and pain, but not of advantage and disadvantage, was only a half-truth, for animals are subject to jealousy, and jealousy is the direct result of a feeling of personal disadvantage. But it draws attention to the fact that occasions for disagreement in the case of most animals are rare and unusual. Questions of domicile are almost the sole ground of discord in the animal world, with the exception of the fierce dissensions raised at pairing-time, and even in the last case combat is only general in the case of polygamous animals. Deer fight more fiercely than wolves, and wild sheep than lions; and though there is, or was, an eagle in the Zoo which was caught locked in the talons of another eagle when fighting in the spring, the fiercest birds are usually friendly with their own species, and while ruffs and black-game fight like gladiators for their wives, the eagles and the peregrines as a rule mate in peace. Proximity, the severest trial to human temper, seldom ruffles the animal mind, and different species live in harmony together, each seeming, as in the case of the owls and the prairie-dogs, or rooks and starlings, rather to prefer than shun the society of the other. The choicest spots for homes are naturally the source of warfare among birds, and other animals frequently fight for the possession of some favorite breeding-place. Badgers and foxes which have shared the same earth during winter often fight for sole possession in the spring, when the fox invariably wins, a result which would hardly be expected from the

relative physique of the two animals. But such quarrels are only for the sake of rearing their young, not for selfish reasons; and even apprehended pressure on the food-supply rarely excites ill-will, except in the case of the largest carnivorous birds and animals, which require a wider range for hunting, and drive their young to other districts. The rodents and ruminants are less jealous; and that strong social and gregarious instinct which the existence of ill-temper as a permanent characteristic would inevitably destroy, keeps them together in peace and harmony. They love society, and not the least marked difference between the temperament of animals and men, is that animals do not by mere contact irritate each other,—a positive and not unimportant compensation for the absence of the gift of speech.

Since occasions of difference are so few, nothing but the assumption of an ancient and inbred malignity in animal minds, such as the author of "Three Men in a Boat" supposes in the case of fox-terriers to have been due to a double dose of original sin, could justify the view so generally held that animals are, as a rule, ferocious and ill-tempered, a notion summed up in Mr. Burnand's conclusion in "Happy Thoughts," that most of the creatures with which he came in contact in the country were, "when not dangerous, always very uncertain." The exact contrary would be nearer the truth. Animal temper is naturally pacific, equable, and mild. Bad temper is the privilege of more highly organized natures; and the mild resentment of the placable tiger finds its development in the apoplectic fury of

the mandril and the measured malice of mankind. Horace's suggestion, that Prometheus added to the ill-temper of man the strength of a mad lion, must be taken literally. The general law of good-nature in the animal world makes the exceptions all the more remarkable. Quarrelsome species appear among a friendly tribe, just as an ill-tempered individual does in a kindly species. The ruminants are a most peaceful race, yet deer are savage, and so is that handsome Indian antelope the nyghau. A tame stag is a very dangerous pet, and even the beautiful roebuck has been known to kill a boy in a wild fit of rage. But the fiercest and most vindictive of all, with the exception of the Cape buffalo, is the South African gnu, which never loses its ill-temper when tamed, and always remains among the few dangerous animals which the keepers at the Zoo have to deal with. Hardly less ill-tempered are the zebras and the wild asses, which suggests that human mismanagement is not entirely to blame for the occasional ill-temper and obstinacy of mules and donkeys. To the ill-tempered species we may add the camel and the two-horned black rhinoceros. The last is really ferocious, charging down on any creature, man or beast, without provocation, and capable of inflicting mortal wounds even on the lion, the elephant, or its own kind. But among all the larger creatures of the animal kingdom, it is difficult to find more than a dozen species which are, as a class, ill-tempered, unless we include all those carnivorous animals which exhibit a certain ferocity in the capture of their prey. But it will be found that, apart from this law of their being, such animals are not, as a rule, either ill-tempered or malicious. On the contrary, their natural bias is toward good-nature, and it may be inferred that the fierceness exhibited by them when actually striking their prey, is rather a gradual development from a particular necessity than an essential part of their nature. The good-humor of the lions and other *felidæ* was well illustrated by a scene at the Zoo a few weeks ago. The young lion from Sokoto was much intent on breaking in the iron shutter which separates the house it now occupies from its former quarters next door. Apart from the very proper wish to assert a right to its former domicile, it had the irritating stimulus supplied by an ill-tem-

pered and decrepit old leopard which was growling on the other side of the shutter, and even went so far as to insert one of its longest teeth into the crack between the shutter and the wall, as a reminder to the lion of what was waiting for it on the other side. The lion was striking constant heavy blows on the door, and was so intent on its occupation as to disregard the call of its keeper. The keeper quietly attracted its attention by pulling its tail!—and the lion at once desisted, rubbed its face against the keeper's hand, and lay down to be stroked, patted, and have its mane caressed. A very beautiful puma close by exhibited all the pleasure of a friendly cat at being stroked, and the tiger from Turkestan allowed itself to be fondled like a big dog.

That good-tempered races contain very ill-natured individuals, raises the difficult question of temperament. A good authority on horses, Mr. Mahew, endeavors to show that ill-temper among them is accidental, not innate. In his work, "jibbing" is shown to be due to brain-disease, shying to defective vision, and temper to the mismanagement of man. There is much truth, but also much error here. Those best acquainted with the nature of domesticated animals know how greatly the temperaments of individuals differ. Take, for instance, the case of three highly bred young Jersey heifers, of which the writer has watched the up-bringing from their earliest days. They have never been frightened or struck; they have not even heard a rough word from their earliest days, even when they jumped the garden-fence and browsed on an apricot-tree. One is as gentle and domesticated as a well-bred cow can be, the others are ready with their horns at any or no provocation. The same is true of horses: some are so ill-tempered that they will kick or bite at any living thing that comes near them. It is as impossible to trace these dislikes to any known cause as it is to find a reason for the antipathy which cows have for hares. However great our liking for horses, we cannot deny that some of the best thoroughbreds are revengeful, quarrelsome, and liable to frightfully sudden fits of rage. No doubt this evil temper is often accompanied by splendid qualities of endurance. Chestnut horses, which have generally the most uncertain tempers, are perhaps the most high-couraged. But

courage and temper are not always allied ; and temper and human management are not necessarily connected. "Bendigo" and "Surefoot" were both trained in the "Seven Barrows" stable by the late Mr. Jousiffe, who always avoided any severity of treatment, and never ran his horses "light." Each as a three-year-old won a great race, "Bendigo" the Cambridge-shire, "Surefoot" the Two Thousand Guineas. Both carried off the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown, worth £10,000, later in their career. Yet "Bendigo" had a perfect temper, while "Surefoot's" is well known to be ferocious. "Bendigo" would train himself, and however well he ran in trials on the White Horse Hill, his trainer knew that he would do still better on the race-course. In his last race, when he was just beaten when carrying a crushing weight, Watts gave him one stroke of the whip. But the horse was doing all he could, and the jockey did not touch him again. In the stable, the big brown horse was almost as friendly with strangers as he was with his devoted attendant, "Bendigo Pat," and the writer has seen no prettier sight than that of his trainer's little daughter hugging "dear old 'Bendy's'" nose. The horse had the courage and gentleness of a knight of romance. "Surefoot," on the other hand, under identical treatment, was dangerous in the stable, and savage even when running. In

the actual race for the Derby, he tried to bite the jockeys on the horses in front of him, and when being put into the horse-box for the journey, gave more trouble than a Murcian bull. Yet this savage temper was not accompanied by unusual courage and endurance, and in severe races the even-tempered "Bendigo" was his undoubted superior. "Peter," another race-horse noted for his stubborn obstinacy, once gave an interesting object-lesson in temper as between man and horse, at Ascot. The horse fought with his jockey (Archer) for twenty minutes at the post, but the indomitable good-humor of the jockey won. When the flag fell, the horse went off with a rush, but stopped in the middle of the race to kick. Archer neither moved nor struck him, and "Peter" then went on like the wind, and won ! But horses of this temperament are the exception, not the rule ; and the success with which we have developed power and courage, without producing animals like "Cruiser," or the celebrated "General Chassé," of whom his owner, Mr. Kirby, the dealer, who sold largely in Russia, used to say that "the Emperor Paul was nothing to him," is one of the triumphs of domestication. The union of reckless courage and habitual ferocity is rare in the animal world, and the general law of good-nature remains absolute and unquestioned.—*Spectator*.

LITERARY NOTICES.

A POPULAR CYCLOPEDIA.

CHAMBERS'S CYCLOPEDIA. A Dictionary of Human Knowledge. New Edition. Vol. VIII., Peasant to Roumelia. London and Edinburgh : William and Robert Chambers, Limited ; Philadelphia : J. B. Lippincott Company.

The eighth volume of the revised edition of Chambers's Cyclopædia, there being ten in all, shows the same thorough and careful work as its predecessors. It is the cheapest of the leading cyclopædias, and fills its special part as well as the *Britannica* and Appleton's. That part is to give all the essential facts down to the latest date on all the questions and subjects involved in human knowledge, without discussing matters with the fulness of its

great English rival. The number of topics treated, we believe, is larger than in any other cyclopædia. The contributors, it need scarcely be said, are among the leading philosophers, scientists, men of letters, and specialists of Great Britain, Europe, and America. Among the leading subjects and writers in Vol. VIII. are : Peking, by Professor Legge ; Pennsylvania, by Frank B. Greene, M.A. ; Pentateuch, Peter, by Rev. J. Sutherland Black ; Persia, Persepolis, by Major-General R. Murdoch Smith ; Peru, Pizarro, by Clements R. Markham, C.B. ; Petrography, by Professor James Geikie ; Phœnicia, by Canon Rawlinson ; Phonograph, by Thomas A. Edison ; Piquet, Poker, by Henry Jones (Cavendish) ; Pitt, by W. E. H. Lecky ; Poetry, by Edmund Gosse ; Polar Exploration, by John

S. Keltie ; Alexander Pope, by H. D. Traill ; Prussia, by Findley Moorhead ; Psychology, by Professor Sorley ; Pyramid, by Stanley Lane Poole ; Quaternions, by Professor Knott ; Rabelais, by Walter Besant ; Reformation, Renan, by P. Hume Baron ; Religion, by Professor Flint ; Rembrandt, by P. G. Hamerton ; Rifled Arms, by Major-General Arbuthnot ; Roman Catholicism, by Rev. Dr. Gildea ; and Rome, by Canon Isaac Taylor and Dr. J. P. Steele The articles on Pennsylvania, Peru, Petroleum, Philadelphia, Phœnicia, Phonograph, William Pitt, Pittsburgh, Edgar Allan Poe, Poetry, Prisons, Protection, Rabelais, Railways, Rhode Island, Rifles, Rocky Mountains, and Roman Catholic Church are copyrighted in the United States. The volume contains four maps—Pennsylvania, Queensland, Rhode Island and Roman Empire. The whole cyclopædia will be completed by September first, it is promised by the publishers.

AFRICA AND AMERICA. Addresses and Discourses. By Alexander Crummell, Rector of St. Luke's Church, Washington, D.C., Author of "Future of America," "The Greatness of Christ," etc. Springfield, Mass. : Wiley & Co.

The contributions of negro scholars and students to the great national problems, especially to the race problems of the day, are always welcome. If there were more of them it would be conclusive evidence that the negro race itself was rising to a position and power which in themselves would greatly help to solve these problems. The future of the colored race in the United States is a very important question, which does not lose its gravity with the passage of time, and still in a hundred direct and indirect ways asserts itself, though tariff controversies, silver agitation, and other immediate issues appear to distract and occupy the public mind. Mr. Crummell, a negro clergyman of Washington, D. C., in the volume before us reprints a number of sermons, lectures, and addresses, some of them pulpit efforts, some orations of occasion, bearing mostly on the question of his race and its future in America. We do not see that the author has presented to the world any theories or plans of racial development which have not been pretty fully discussed before ; nor does he throw any special illumination on a topic which is full of uncertainties, aside from the probable working of

the fundamental laws of growth which have guided the evolution of all history. It is quite well established that the right only establishes itself in the ultimate result of things—when right, in other words, becomes might. This may not be as it ought to be, but it is the all-potent human fact. It will be a long time before the "colored brother" can possibly achieve that place which pure doctrinarism in ethics would seem to grant to him as a matter of right. We only speak now of the status of the race in America—infinity in advance of his level in any other region short of Paradise. It was only a few years ago when the negro was for the most part a chattel ; but even as a chattel his condition and opportunities were far in advance of those which distinguished his place as an uncivilized pagan. Slavery was a horror and a crime, but it had its part in the philosophy of civilization, and a most important part, fraught with all the issues of life as well as those of death. That since his emancipation he has made the progress in intellectual character and morals to which he must be credited is a most significant fact ; that he may be expected to make still more progress in the next generation is to be expected. But self-emancipation from the hereditary effects of centuries is slow work, no matter what the law of political equality may give in its encouragement and opportunity. Mr. Crummell is for the most part fully cognizant of these facts, and his advice to his people is sound, that they must "work out their own salvation" with fear and trembling. His addresses on the conditions of negro advancement in America are sound and sensible, and worthy of being read by every thoughtful man of color ; and he lays stress on the fact that the work must be done by the negro himself, and only incidentally by the aid of the white philanthropist and politician (these terms do not always coalesce, in spite of the confusing chatter of demagogues). Similarly Mr. Crummell believes that the negro will be the most important factor of the evangelization and civilization of his aboriginal land, and that the missionary influence of Christianity needs the negro himself as the worker among his pagan analogues. He puts his points with both force and moderation, and shows all the qualities of a clear and judicious thinker. Colored men who are really interested in the progress of their people, both in this country and Africa, will find it to their advantage to listen to utterances so well adapted to instruct and stimulate.

THE TRAGIC COMEDIANS. A Study in a Well-Known Story. By George Meredith. With an Introductory Note on Ferdinand Lasalle by Clement Shorter. Boston: *Roberts Brothers*.

The story of Ferdinand Lasalle is a tale of much interest in its literal facts. The father of German Socialism, the one great thinker who forty years ago gave it a sound philosophy, and on whose broad theorems all that is best and soundest in Socialism is still based, he lived one of the most prominent figures of his period till he was nearly forty years of age. Then he was seized by a madly romantic passion for a girl hardly out of her teens, and the end of the complications which resulted, entanglements which could not have been more curious and remarkable if they had been spun out of a story-writer's fancy, was a duel with another lover of his mistress, in which the great philosopher and orator, for he was both of these, was mortally wounded. Lasalle was the son of a rich Hebrew merchant of Breslau, and after a university career became a Socialist agitator. He acquired an enormous following, and in many of the great cities his arrival was marked by a public triumph. Unpopular as he was both in virtue of his race and of his teachings with the upper classes, by the sheer force of his intellectuality and personal charm he made himself greatly admired and esteemed by the foremost men of his time. Even the iron Bismarck, a statesman against whose prejudice Lasalle ran the deadliest tilt, has put on record his enthusiastic recognition of his genius and regret for his untimely death. Profound thinker as Lasalle was, he was full of warm human blood and was fired with the imagination of the poet. His genius burned with the flame and smoke of passion, as well as with the pure white light of the speculative thinker. To such a make-up as his love in its very midsummer madness became possible. It was his Nemesis and slew him prematurely. Had he lived through the exciting period of the seventies (he was killed in 1864), one can scarcely fancy a rôle too great for this man to have played, even though there was only room for one actor of colossal and predominating genius. The unfortunate subject of Lasalle's passion and the occasion of his death, Helene von Racovitz, by her second marriage became Madame Shevitch, the wife of a well-known Russian exile, and lived for a number of years in New York, where many literary men and

journalists will remember her as a gifted and charming woman.

George Meredith has presented a picture of Lasalle's crowning episode, and attempted, with a large measure of success, to unravel the obscure play of cross purposes which animated the comedians in this tragedy. The problem is this: Helene, herself a woman of genius, burning with a passionate fondness for a man of great genius who idolized her, is at first proof against all the bitter and rocky prejudices wherewith her own family try to separate her from the other true half of her heart. Even the young Wallachian count, who had been a half-accepted suitor previously, acquiesces in the woman's overpowering love for the great Socialist. Lasalle had twice refused, at Helene's solicitation, to run away with her; he would win her boldly and honorably with her parents' full consent, so confident was he of his power of ultimate mastery. The family by mingled brutality, persuasion, and deception, and with the assistance of the perfidy of Lasalle's friends, who had been empowered to act as mediators, finally make a breach. Each lover misunderstands the other. Lasalle challenges the father of Helene, and the cartel is accepted in his place by the Wallachian lover, who, utterly devoid of skill, meets a great master of weapons (for Lasalle was universally accomplished), and by a chance-directed shot kills him. Within a year Helene marries the Wallachian as the only prop and consolation of her bruised soul. To make this tangle of contradictory facts coherent and consistent with the working of natural motives in the heart of a woman, in the main good and honest, and deeply in love, too, with the man slain, is the task Meredith sets for himself. He succeeds measurably well in his analysis; but this is not the piquant charm of the book. It is not that George Meredith loves to sport with paradoxes, but on account of the agility, dexterity, and expert skill with which he does the juggling that one finds him so fascinating. His latest book has all the flavor of the Meredithian *genre*, but one can scarcely help fancying that his genius, harnessed as it is to certain facts, the sequence of which it has followed with painful fidelity, does not shine with quite the same fire; that his wit is a little cramped and artificial; that his pathos creaks with a little sense of mechanical effort, and that his philosophy is more dry and fallacious than we are accustomed to expect from

one who even in his more whimsical moods cuts so close to the bone of truth. This author belongs to the order of men, who should always be possessed by their genius, not possess it. But with all the reservations which might suggest themselves to students of Meredith—an ever-widening clientage among English-speaking people—the new book is more than welcome. Even with the noblest wines it is not every vintage which yields the finest *crû*, though all are good.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

PROFESSOR MAHAFFY writes of the great Dutch theologian, Professor Abraham Kuenen, as follows :

"He had been failing for some time, and died after a long illness. Indeed, when I last saw him, three years ago, he already showed signs of age which I had not expected. All the sweetness and the kindliness of the man remained, but it seemed to me saddened with the consciousness that his life was drawing to a close. At that interview he spoke to me with the deepest feeling of his great colleague, Cobet, who had sunk into second childhood. When I first saw him, at the tercentenary of his university, both were in the zenith of their fame, though Kuenen was not yet formally the head of the theological school. His master, Scholten, the father of the critical Dutch school, was still hale and vigorous. But even then there was no doubt as to the relative greatness of the two theologians. Neither of them was such a man as a stranger, who had only heard of their conflicts with the orthodox, could have anticipated. Kuenen, in particular, was a tall, gentle, patient-looking parson, much like a studious country rector in England. He was no mere critic, but an intensely earnest man, who worked as secretary of a society for the defence of Christianity, but who came to regard all the Christian documents as the development of a great ethical, not of a supernatural progress in the history of man. Younger men do not remember the sensation created by Kuenen's studies of the Old Testament, seeing that his arguments have leavened even orthodox theology, and colored the views of several of our best English divines. But in their day the "Godsdienst" of Israel and the "Prophets" of Israel made a great stir, and their translation into many European languages secured for them a very widespread

interest. If Scholten was the father of the Dutch school, Kuenen is now the father of a European school which ranks among its leaders great men in Germany, France, and England. The scanty admission of this parentage by some of his younger disciples in Germany is probably akin to the scanty acknowledgment of Cobet's merits by his Teutonic neighbors. Yet in England, where there were the strongest prejudices against his naturalistic views, Kuenen has always been regarded with sincere respect. It is not likely that he would have gained this exceptional position but for the perfectly calm and objective tone of his criticism. He never exults over a defeated opponent ; he never claims credit for any originality ; he writes as a man thinking of his great subject, and of his subject alone. This it is which makes Kuenen's works eminently religious, in the sense in which he himself understood religion. As he says of the prophets of Israel, 'That which they themselves possessed, and therefore could awaken in others, was religion, no mere speculation, but a reality of life. Because it was such, it could—nay, it must—find acceptance and become public property.' This it is which makes it well-nigh impossible for the most ardent adherent of traditional views to regard him as a foe, or even as an opponent, but rather as a fellow-searcher after the truth, whose heart is right with God, even if his reason may have led him astray."

THE death is announced of Mr. C. D. Yonge, who through a long life was a busy scholar and man of letters. He was a son of the Rev. C. Yonge, of Eton College, and took a first class in classics at Oxford in 1835. He published a great number of Latin and Greek school-books, of which his English-Greek Lexicon, which was begun at the instigation of the late Dr. Okes, and originally appeared in 1849, was the most successful. In 1856 he brought out a "History of England," in 1860 a biography of the Duke of Wellington, and in 1866 a "History of France." Histories of the English navy, of the Revolution of 1688, biographies of Lord Liverpool and Marie Antoinette, and other books, were issued by him in rapid succession. Mr. Yonge, who held the chair of History and English Literature at Belfast, was over eighty years of age, and went on lecturing and working till the week previous to his decease.

PROFESSOR KRALL, of Vienna, in examin-

the bands of a mummy, probably of the age of the Ptolemies, which for the last forty years has been preserved in a museum, has found a strip of linen with several hundred lines of Etruscan writing. In this text, which is the longest we possess in that language, some words occur that are to be found in Etruscan inscriptions known to us, but the whole cannot, in the actual state of Etruscan studies, be deciphered. The cloth was, no doubt, written on for some other purpose before being carried by ship to Egypt, and there used for the wrappings of a mummy. The publication of the text by the learned discoverer is awaited with the keenest interest.

THE Naples correspondent of the *Athenæum* writes under a recent date :

"A large donation was made last week to the library of the University of Naples. The generous donor was the Signora Gigia Rosnati, widow of Vittorio Imbriani, once so well known and so highly esteemed as a man of letters in Naples. The library of the late Vittorio Imbriani consists of 10,000 volumes and of 6000 opuscoli, and has been presented to the University on the following conditions : That it shall be placed in one room, which shall take the name of Imbriani ; that the books shall not be given for reading outside the library ; and that, should the University change its residence, those books shall be always gathered together in one room. The room is already decorated with a lifelike portrait of Vittorio Imbriani, the work of Achille d'Orsi, and above it are the family arms of Imbriani. On this interesting occasion her own likeness was presented to the widow of Imbriani by the librarian, the Count Alexander Moroni, in the name of the *employés* in the University. It is in *ceramica*."

It may be gratifying to some to know that "Old Moore" and "Zadkiel," on account, it is said, of their portentous pictures and utterances, have been prohibited this year from entering Turkey. It is not beyond possibility that the exclusion is not due to the supposed cause, but because they have come under the notice of the Sultan's chief astrologer, who regards them as deviating from the standard of astrological orthodoxy.

LADY BURTON is preparing, besides writing Sir Richard Burton's life, his "Catullus" and his "Pentamerone" for the press. She intends to produce, by degrees, all his still unpublished works, the smaller things in maga-

zines, and his unfinished works as a miscellaneous collection.

In the new volume of the "Dictionary of National Biography" (Inglis to John), Mr. Sidney Lee writes on Samuel and William Henry Ireland, the Shakespearean forgers, and on Jane (Seymour) ; Mr. C. H. Firth on General Ireton ; Dr. Richard Barnett on Edward Irving, Mrs. Jameson, and Richard Jefferies ; Professor Tout on Isabella of France, Edward II.'s queen, and Archbishop Islip ; Mr. W. P. Courtney on Cyril Jackson, Dean of Christchurch ; Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse on John Jackson, R.A. ; Colonel Vetch, R.E., on General Sir John Jacob, "of Jacob's Horse ;" Sheriff Mackay on James I.-V. of Scotland ; Mr. S. R. Gardiner on James I. of England ; Dr. A. W. Ward on James II. of England and on William Stanley Jevons ; Mr. T. F. Henderson on James, the Old Pretender ; Mr. Lionel Cust on Cornelius Janssen, the portrait painter ; Mr. Leslie Stephen on Lord Jeffrey ; Mr. Russell Barker on "Judge Jeffreys ;" Mr. J. A. Hamilton on R. B. Jenkinson, second Earl of Liverpool, and on Douglas Jerrold ; Dr. Norman Moore on Edward Jenner, the discoverer of vaccination ; Professor Laughton on Admiral John Jervis, Earl of St. Vincent ; Mr. J. M. Rigg on Sir George Jessel ; the Bishop of Peterborough on Bishop Jewel ; the Rev. William Hunt on John, King of England ; and Mr. R. L. Poole on John of Salisbury.

THE Rev. Dr. Strauss's book on "Religion and Morals," after having been translated into Spanish, is now being translated into Mahratti, in order to be introduced into Jewish schools in India.

MR. LESLIE STEPHEN was presented recently with some silver plate, subscribed for by eighty-three writers in the "Dictionary of National Biography," in order to commemorate their association with him while he was editor. The presentation was made on behalf of the subscribers by Dr. Norman Moore, at whose house (94 Gloucester Place) the ceremony took place. Mr. Stephen, in thanking the subscribers for their gift, expressed the regret which he felt on being forced by the state of his health to resign the editorship of the dictionary ; but he hoped, as a contributor, to maintain his connection with the great undertaking to which he had already devoted much labor and several years of his life.

THE French Government has appointed a

commission of experts to organize in the Bibliothèque Nationale an exhibition of documents illustrating the approaching fourth centenary of the discovery of America.

An important volume on the life and work of Robert Browning, with numerous translations of his poetry into Danish, has just been published in Copenhagen. The author, Dr. Jón Stefánsson, says that Browning will be an important factor of European culture in the coming generation.

The next volume to be presented by the Goethe-Gesellschaft to its members will consist of a series of documents and records relating to Goethe's management of the Weimar-Theatre, which, as we reported before, were discovered in 1890. The publication, bearing the title of "Beiträge zur Geschichte des Weimarer Hoftheaters," will be edited by Dr. Suphan, the director of the Goethe-und Schiller-Archiv. It will be published next spring.

MR. W. C. HAZLITT has just completed, for Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein & Co., a volume of Tales and Legends which may be considered National either by origin or naturalization. By reducing the narratives to a uniform prose form, and clothing them in characteristic diction, he has endeavored to present many favorite stories of our ancestors in a more readable and attractive shape. In all cases he has embodied as far as possible the latest information on each subject; and the version of Robin Hood, it is believed, now presents to the general reader for the first time in its true light the outlines of the career of that famous ballad hero.

THE death of the Duke of Devonshire is a greater loss to the learned world than it is (directly) to politics or society. Almost ever since he took his degree at Cambridge, in 1829, with double honors, he has been most intimately associated with academical affairs. In that very year, at the early age of twenty-one, he was returned to Parliament for his university, though he forfeited the seat for supporting the Reform Bill. From 1836 to 1856 he was Chancellor of London University. In 1861 the Senate at Cambridge chose him to be their own chancellor, in succession to the Prince Consort. He was also the first president of Owens College, and the first chancellor of Victoria University, both of which bodies owe much to his administrative ability. The Cavendish Laboratory at Cambridge bears

witness to his munificence; while science acknowledges no less gratitude to him for serving as chairman of the Royal Commission on scientific instruction and the advancement of science.

MR. E. W. B. NICHOLSON, Bodley's librarian, is about to issue, through Mr. Quaritch in London and the Clarendon Press Depository in Oxford, the first two of his "Bodleian Facsimile Series," which is to consist of faithful reproductions of some of the rarest printed works in the Bodleian. Instead of pursuing the usual course of issuing limited editions at the highest price at which a comparatively small number of people will buy, he intends to issue unlimited editions at the lowest prices which will allow a moderate profit; if they cannot be sold at a profit, he is still ready to go on with them so long as they do not involve absolute loss.

A COMMITTEE of the Senatus of St. Andrew's University has been formed, with the view of aiding Scottish students in their studies in Paris and other French towns, and of reviving the old friendly feelings which subsisted in the past between academic Scotland and France. The matter has been warmly taken up on the other side of the Channel; and a *comité franco-écossais* has been organized, with M. Pasteur as president, and including the rector, six deans of faculty, and various professors of the Sorbonne, the Collège de France, the museum, etc., as also M. Francisque Sarcey, M. Larroumet, Director des Beaux-Arts, and other persons of influence in various directions. M. Lavissee, the secretary, has undertaken various good offices toward Scottish students recommended to him by the Scottish Committee. The arrangements were announced, for the first time, last year, but already a considerable number of students have taken advantage of them. An annual "Scots College Dinner" has been started in the French capital. An Hôtel has been engaged for the ensuing year; and it is proposed in the near future to approach the governors of the ancient Scots College in Paris, with the "view of obtaining quarters within at least a portion of the historic building." Similar arrangements to those made in Paris have been inaugurated in the University of Montpellier, under the direction of Professor Flauhault, Director of the Institute of Botany; and it is proposed to found there a residential hall, to serve as a Collège des Écossais. A similar movement is also on foot at Lyons. Much of the credit for

originating and organizing the whole scheme is due to Professor Patrick Geddes, of Dundee, already well known in Edinburgh in connection with various successful undertakings that have for their end the promotion of the social side of university life in Scotland.

MR. HENRY NORMAN'S long-promised book on Japan is to be called "The Real Japan: Studies of Contemporary Japanese Manners, Morals, Administration, and Politics." To these are added chapters on "Japan for the Japanese" and "The Future of Japan." The book will contain nearly sixty illustrations, reproduced from photographs taken by the author.

THE *Allgemeine Zeitung*, of Munich, in an article on Mr. Hall Caine, says that "The Scapegoat" gives him a claim to recognition not only as an English but as a European man of letters. The book is to appear shortly in a German translation.

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MISCELLANY.

THE PANGS OF PATEKNITY.—The *couvade* is a word not to be found in the dictionary, but its meaning might be guessed by analogy with *couver*, to brood like a hen. It belongs to the *patois* of Béarn, and *savants* have accepted it gladly to express a custom which has no name in civilized speech, nor could be described by any tolerable periphrasis. The usage is, in brief, an obligation of the husband to lie down and be nursed for a certain number of days when his wife has borne a child. I had the rare luck to observe the *couvade* in operation once on a time; without understanding it, of course. Walking through a Dyak "house," I noted that one of the doors was hung with branches and palm-leaves. (It may be well to explain that the long veranda which one traverses—three hundred or perhaps a thousand feet in length—is bordered on one side by doors, each opening into the single chamber devoted to a family.) It stood wide, and I saw a number of women busy therein. These pleasant people do not object to the intrusion of a white man; none but kindly memories are associated with him—or were not thirty years ago. The decorations suggested festivity, and I entered. But on this occasion a stranger was not welcome, evidently. The women gathered hurriedly to obstruct my view, not speaking but alarmed and annoyed. I retired, but not before remarking a man stretched on the low ledge beneath the aperture in the roof called a win-

dow. He was shrouded in a blanket of bark, across which lay half a dozen handkerchiefs and cloths of bright hue—all the finery, no doubt, which he and his friends could muster. The man I saw was about to become a father. Preparing for that event, he lay down on his best mat, with all his ornaments, and sweltered under a blanket to avoid the possibility of a chill. Provisions were stored beside him; the bronze siri box, filled with betelnut, lime, tobacco, and pepper-leaf, stood handy. For eight days he would not quit the chamber; for four he must not even bathe. While the father lay thus "in the straw," it may be asked, what was the mother doing? Nothing in particular. Nobody congratulated her; nobody took any pains to make her comfortable. She nursed her baby, looked after the other children, did the housework as usual, and attended to her husband in the pains of child-birth.

The custom would be extraordinary enough if it were found in one race of man alone. But it rules more or less over a great part of the world. Few probably regarded Strabo's report of it in North Spain until Mr. Tylor unearthed contemporary accounts to show that it still survives in the Basque Provinces. When a man has a child there he goes to bed forthwith, and the neighbors congratulate him. At various points on the French side of the Pyrenees the same practice is observed—especially in Béarn. Since Strabo is proved correct in the instance, we cannot reasonably doubt the statement that a like usage prevailed in Corsica, Thrace, and Pontus. As for modern instances, the Jesuit Dobritzoff tells of it in South America. So soon as a child is born, "you see the husband lying in bed, huddled up with mats and skins, lest some rude breath of air should touch him; fasting, kept in private, and for a number of days abstaining religiously from certain viands; you would swear that it was he who had had the child." Of the Acawoios and Caribs in Guiana, Brett states: "On the birth of a child, ancient etiquette requires the father to take to his hammock, where he remains some days, as if he were sick, receiving the congratulations and condolences of his friends. An instance of this custom came under my own observation, where the man, in robust health and excellent condition, with not a single bodily ailment, was lying in his hammock in the most provoking manner, carefully and respectfully attended by the women, while the mother of the new-born infant was

cooking—none regarding her." De Tertre adds another detail. After forty days' confinement the old women pay a visit to the father, and score his body with the sharp teeth of the agouti. Then they rub pepper into the wounds, causing frightful inflammation, sometimes death. After this treatment the man is free, but for six months afterward he must eat no birds nor fish; which means that he may as well stop at home and doze the hours away like an invalid—the effect desired, probably. In brief, from China to Peru, literally, the *couvade* may be traced.

Professor Max Müller imagines that the ordinary laws of human intercourse will account for everything. We know what a fuss the women make when a relative is going to have a baby; how they snub the head of the household and lead him a wretched life. "It is clear," says the professor, "that the poor husband was first tyrannized over by his female kinsfolk and afterward frightened into superstition. He then began to make a martyr of himself, till he became really ill, and took to his bed, in self-defence." Again: "Would it not be best for him to take to his bed at once and not get up till all was well over?" People who know savages by actually living among them will find it hard to take this explanation seriously. Shortly, it may be said that among them mothers in law have nowhere any influence in their daughter's household—quite the reverse—and that the amazed husband would promptly put a stop to the fussing of his female relatives. Since the conundrum is practically "given up," I offer my own solution. The *couvade* arose from male jealousy—from the determination of the savage to be master in his own house. At the birth of a child alone is his supremacy challenged. Then Nature herself thrusts him aside. To recover what he thinks his proper place, he—or rather his remote forefathers—insisted on lying-in, dieting, and so forth, while the mother went about her business, and nursed him. So he asserted his command even against the laws of nature.—*Frederick Boyle, in National Observer.*

TOWROWS.—The word towrow is apparently an intensive form of the word tourist. By substituting the affix "ow" for "ist," we obtain a term of increased and odious significance. A tourist is anybody who is not a native of a district, nor travelling on business, nor staying in a country-house with his friends, the aristocracy. In fact, a towrow is

what the Americans call a summer visitor, for the towrow is not a winter bird in those latitudes. In winter, all of us who migrate and do not possess villas in alien lands may be styled towrows. The word is generally used as a term of contempt and distrust; as the same term in Latin once stood for stranger and for enemy. All towrows are enemies. It is pleasing to reflect that the Pope, if he notes a party of English marquises in the Vatican, may call them towrows—perhaps actually does so. In the same way, when Livingstone spied Stanley in the distance he would have said, had he used the modern dialect, "Beast of a towrow!"

The towrow proper, however, is really capable of being a very noxious animal. The poet long ago spoke of the English with pride in their port, defiance in their eye. It was thus that he saw the lords of humankind pass by. We are no longer the lords of humankind, but our less educated and reflective citizens still behave as if they were, when on a holiday. They conduct themselves in Paris or Nice as if they were in a conquered city, not openly sacking it indeed, but behaving with boisterous and disdainful high spirits, swaggering, shouting, giggling at the poor foreigner, and demanding marmalade for breakfast. Nearer home, as in the Highlands, the towrow displays the same glorious pride. He is a high-handed invader. If there be a country-house which is open on show-days to his curiosity, or a park in which he is permitted to wander, he makes more than the most of his opportunity. Not content with shouting and tramping through the picture-galleries and libraries, the towrow flattens his nose against the windows of rooms where the family cowers in hiding. "My eye, Bill, 'ere's his boots!" a towrow has been heard to exclaim, as he scrutinized the bedroom of an unaffected earl. "Here they are, 'aving their tea and toast-esses!" is a cry which will rally a horde of towrows round a drawing-room window. The towrow has come all the way from Middlesex to Caledonia, and no false delicacy prevents him from staring at quiet people as they partake of tea. Towrows will even pitch their own equipage in front of drawing-room windows, light a fire, and enjoy their own meal, without any disagreeable sense of intrusion. Yet, if a party of the high noblesse were to stare into the windows of the towrows, and smoke in their back gardens uninvited, it is highly probable that they would be kicked out, and that the papers would ring with their

insolence. The punishment and rebuke would be richly merited, but a squire would be blamed for aristocratic brutality if he requested a towrow to take "his shadow from the door," as Mr. Poe said to the raven.

When he picnics he leaves his greasy papers scattered all over the grass and among the bracken. One has known a towrow, finding a salmon rod in a boat by the Tweed, to fish the cast with the greatest calmness. And this after erecting a bottle as a mark and pelting it with stones! Were I to mention the names of those illustrious in science and literature who took part in this hideous orgy, it would be plain that the spirit of Towrowism is no respecter of persons, but may animate the old, the cultivated, and the famous. For a towrow to enter a garden and eat the cherries and gooseberries is no unusual occurrence. Like St. Augustine in Carthage of old, he does not, perhaps, care so much for the fruit as for the "lark"—not that the saint actually employs the word *alauda* in his interesting confession. The towrow at home may be a harmless, unoffending person. When he is abroad and on a holiday, then all the ancient masterful spirit of our race breaks out, and he behaves like Gauls or Goths in Rome or Alexandria. It is a pity that he is not more refined; but even refinement, as we have seen, may break down under the influence of a picnic by the riverside; sportsmen may become poachers, and elderly glories of science may strew the gravel with broken glass. French, Dutch, Portuguese, and other tourists in England do not trample on all the decencies of life and box the police. It is only the English who thus misconduct themselves. The American confines his outrages to carving his name where it should not be, and perhaps to chipping off a few memorials of Scott and Shakespeare here and there. The carving of names is an abuse so ancient that it must be deeply rooted in our fallen nature. The Greek mercenaries of Psammetichus cut their names and addresses on the legs of a colossal figure at Abu Simbel, about B.C. 600. The amusement of their indolence is now historical; we learn that a Greek towrow could write at a very early period; but no student of our history three thousand years hence will need the penknife of the towrow on his neighbors' doors to assure him that elementary education was universal in our free but singularly mannerless country. That "twopence for manners," when will it be added to the rates? We all need it—above all, the free and inde-

pendent towrow. If these reflections induce but one reader to ask himself, "Do I ever play the towrow?" and to repent if the answer be unsatisfactory, they are not indited in vain. For the rest, let us bury the sandwich-papers of the towrow wherever we find them disgracing a beautiful landscape.—*Andrew Lang, in Illustrated London News.*

MEN OF THE DAY: M. JAN VAN BEERS.—The son of a Flemish poet, and descended on his mother's side from Anton van Dyck, whom he is said by his admirers to greatly resemble, he was born full of mirth at Lierre, in Belgium, six-and-thirty years ago; where, so soon as he could hold a pencil, he began to draw hideous caricatures of those nearest and dearest to him. They sent him to the Academy at Antwerp to improve his style; which he did, caricaturing his teachers always with facility and present enjoyment, and sometimes with consequent difficulty and trouble; for with all his capacity he was unable to appreciate the serious side of things. But being full of love for Art, he worked hard with his brush until he became an artist; and being gifted with very remarkable eyesight, he acquired a fineness of touch which has upon occasion led critics to deny him his art, saying that his work was impossible to any but a machine. And having in this and in other ways attained notice, he transported himself and a room full of clever, eccentric pictures to London, where he attracted much attention as a greater than Wiertz in his own line and as a painter who had in some sort thrown away much bright talent upon clever trifles. But lately he has shown a tendency to serious work, so that some quite remarkable portraits in miniature have resulted; and though he has been sneered at as a sensational dabbler, yet he is still full of promise. He is an original man, whose work may be known by its originality. He likes pretty women for his models; and he admires "chic." He has painted admirable landscapes; which he keeps. He is so artful that he can give a dinner which would have filled Lucullus—with envy. Yet he is without envy for others, being a good fellow, and always ready to help a friend, even though he be an artist; yet he has a quick way with him. He often commends other men's work; but he has not been heard to praise one of his own pictures. He can paint an eyelash which is invisible to the naked eye; yet he does not use a magnifying-glass for his work.—*Vanity Fair.*